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THE BOOKMAN

THE AMERICAN PARENT AND CHILD

By Rufus M. Jones

WHENEVER we undertake to deal seriously with any deep-lying problem of life we always find ourselves carried around in a circular process. It seems to be impossible to settle one thing until another thing on which the first depends is settled. You cannot get well of your illness until you take exercise, but you cannot take exercise until you get well. You cannot sleep until your nerves are quieted and you stop worrying, but the bother of it is that your nerves will not get quieted and you cannot stop worrying until you have had a good sound sleep. Life seems unalterably looped up, like that famous snake with his tail in his mouth, so that wherever you begin your process you get back eventually to the place you started from.

Our present problem is the American parent and his child. The first observation to make is this: that the level of our American civilization cannot be appreciably raised nor the quality of it greatly improved until the American parent contributes a larger degree of moral and spiritual guidance to the development of his child than is the case in our country at the present time. But here our vicious circle swings its recurrent curve in on us once more. How can we ever expect to get a nobler and higher spiritual type of parent until we have exalted the general character of our civilization with its well known materialistic drift and the prevailing drive for social position?

We need not, however, be too much depressed by this old dragon of a circular process. It is only a bugaboo designed to frighten those who seek excuses for leaving things as they are or to encourage the Laodiceans in their ancient policy of inaction. It is good American doctrine that *the way to resume is to resume.* The way to face the parent problem is to cut through the logical tangle with its loops and curves and *do something* constructive toward a solution of it. Everybody knows in a vague general

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way that our boasted educational system for some cause or other does not produce the results we should reasonably expect of it. It fails to exert the degree of molding, shaping power over the lives of our American young people that we have a right to look for. Brilliant boys and girls, those who are near-geniuses and possess abounding intellectual energy, usually come through our schools and colleges with a large stock of knowledge, with sound mental habits, with capacity to think, with good imaginative power, and with the attainment of magnanimous aims. But the ordinary boys and girls, who fill our schools and colleges and form the rank and file of our youthful population, drift along untroubled by a spark, are inaccurate, unimaginative, incapable of thinking things through, and morally and spiritually unformed — not seldom malformed.

It is of course not possible to fix all the blame upon our educational institutions from the kindergarten to the college for this serious failure. Personally I am of the opinion that they do fail of their mission far more than they should and much more than most Americans realize, but part of the failure is certainly due to the lack of cooperation on the part of the homes from which the children come. No educational system, however well designed and applied, can ever succeed completely in forming the fundamental basis of mental and moral character if there is no constructive cooperation at home, or if, as often happens, the home is a positive handicap to the task in hand. Fifty years ago when Darwin's great creative contributions were reorganizing human thought, much, and probably undue, emphasis was put upon the hereditary factors of life. It was then generally believed that the newborn child comes potentially loaded with the intellectual and moral gains of his ancestors. He was thought to be heir of all the ages, receiving as an unearned increment the slowly accumulated achievements of the forerunners in his tribe and family. We speak much more cautiously today on the subject of the inheritance of "acquired characteristics". In fact, almost all biologists and psychologists unite in the conclusion that there is very little evidence that those traits — physical, mental, or moral — which an ancestor has acquired by his own personal efforts are ever transmitted by heredity to his offspring.

How, then, does the child acquire the gains of his forebears? If they do not come to him over that slender bridge which we call the germ plasm, that almost invisible bridge which links him in vital, organic union with the past, how does he get the slow accumulation of mental and moral habits and customs, of speech and manners which are essential to life and to culture? He gets them through imitation. He acquires them by living correspondence with the family group in which he is embedded. At first of course this imitative process goes on unconsciously. The child reacts to smiles and to sad expressions on the mother's face with no more consciousness of volition than when he shuts his eye to avoid a threatening object. He is in fact almost as sensitive to *suggestion* as is the hypnotized subject. He gathers his important stock of social emotions and sentiments and he forms the springs of his voluntary movements here in the milieu of the family without even knowing that the mighty process is going on. Then comes the formation of speech by this same method of imitation, so that the man of fifty often,

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in fact generally, reveals little traits and habits of speech common to his family and bears the marks of a peculiar *patois* which "bewray" his connection with a certain local group. Not less important is the stock of ideas and ideals, the psychological climate, and the religious warp and woof which that same family is weaving into the fundamental structure of the child's mind by this same method of imitation and subconscious suggestion, working as silently as the grass grows or the buds open into leaves.

Here we come upon the primary formative influence of life. No educational influences can altogether reshape what the primitive environment of the home has once for all shaped. The basic disposition, the springs and motives of action, the central nucleus of habits and customs are here laid down as a permanent foundation which can be rebuilt only with great difficulty. That subtle and evasive thing we call "atmosphere" is an immense element in the formation of the inner life of the developing child. The *spirit* of the home is a thousand times more important than the explicit rules and commands that are enjoined. Materialistic aims, crude or sordid sentiments, unwholesome aspirations not only blight the lives of father and mother, but they taint and corrupt the growing souls of the little children who are doomed to live in that environment. The school and the college can make only slight headway in their efforts to develop a sound, magnanimous person out of the child that has been warped and twisted out of plumb by the unconscious forces that were powerfully operating when the foundations of the character were being laid down.

This thing of course works both ways. I have dwelt upon the debit side unduly for I was occupied above in explaining why our educational systems are often ineffective, why teachers seem frequently to labor in vain. But these same forces that slant the malleable youth in unfortunate directions and produce a *set* of character and a tangle of habits and disposition which baffle the teacher and professor, may equally well organize and form those inner tendencies and springs that shape the gentleman, the scholar, the moral hero and the saint. Goodness is just as contagious as badness. The atmosphere of refinement and peace is as effective as is the atmosphere that makes for crudity and temper. If there are no sin-tight compartments of life so, too, there are no holiness-tight compartments. It is Monica that explains St. Augustine; it is Susannah Wesley that accounts for John Wesley.

> She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
> Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
> On him, and he believed in her belief.

I do not forget that there are some children who seem not to respond in the normal way to the constructive influences of home and family. "Atmosphere" appears to have no effect on these cases. They come into the world with a peculiar twist that baffles the wise and gentle mother. It seems as though a cuckoo had hatched in the wood robin's nest. Nothing works here according to normal expectations. Robert Collyer used to say: "The amount of grace that would make a saint out of John wouldn't keep Peter from knocking a man down!" These curious and trying exceptions to all our known laws of heredity and imitation must be admitted, but the central fact remains solid that in the normal course of things and for the average

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offspring, home influences, family customs and habits, moral and spiritual atmosphere, the type of culture and the dominant aspirations form the invisible food by which the child's soul is nourished and permanently shaped.

The great "complexes" which dominate individual lives, for good and for ill, are usually formed early and are always unconsciously organized. At the centre or nucleus of a complex there is probably always an instinct which acts as the organizing force. Sometimes of course these instincts are abnormal and indicate hysteria, but on the other hand every normal person reveals the powerful operation of mental complexes, i. e. organized systems of instincts, emotions, and tendencies toward action, which will operate unconsciously or subconsciously as soon as the proper stimulus is given. A child who collects stamps forms, or may form, a complex built around a centre of interest. Everything connected with stamps becomes interesting. All mail is watched and inspected. Every visitor is solicited and exploited. Advertisements are scanned. Another child forms a butterfly complex and still another one has an autograph complex. But these somewhat external and superficial aspects are only illustrations of what a mental complex is like. The profound and vital ones which make us lovers or patriots or devotees of great causes, which line us up in parties or cliques and which settle whether we are to be caught in the maelstrom of the materialistic drift or be raised up on wings as eagles and soar with the idealists — these are largely formed in the pervasive atmosphere of the home and are strongly shaped by the estimate of *values* which reigns in the lives of the family circle.

Having said so much in general about the formative forces of home life, it is time to draw closer in on my central theme and discuss the peculiar traits of the American parent and endeavor to decide whether our way of home life is an asset or a liability. It must be said that we have carried the principle of democracy and self-government in the home further than is the case with any other country in the world. The old idea — most clearly exhibited in the ancient Jewish home — of absolute parental *authority* and patriarchal headship has yielded in America to a wholly different method of management. The authoritative father said to one son, "Go" and he went; to another, "Come" and he came. The modern American father is a friend and comrade of his boys, at least that is the American ideal. Both father and mother "flock" with their children in close intimacy and warm and friendly relationship. They understand each other and matters of important concern are settled not so much by authoritative command as by discussion, consideration, mutual give and take and finally, when the returns are all in, by group judgment. The children, often quite little children, have their voice, their interests and desires are considered and they count as autonomous persons.

Of course it naturally follows that in some families this democratic method spoils the children. They discover how to "work" their parents. They get out of control, they run their parents and become insufferable. But it is a decided question whether those same parents who fail under this commune-soviet form of home rule would do much better on an authoritative basis. "Sir", Boswell reports Dr. Johnson to have said, "there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, while one aims at power

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and the other at independence." There were "spoiled children" even under the old plan and the "scrap heap" was probably as large then as it is now. There is no known substitute for wisdom, insight, common sense, tact, grace of personality, and power by inherent right of character. When those tremendous traits are missing there will be disasters, whether under the old system of authority or the new model method.

There is certainly nothing better in this world of mutability than the intimate companionship of parents and children. When a child cannot play without going to the neighbors, and can discover no way to have fun without an excursion from home, there is something missing from the full-rounded reality of home life. Better even than comradeship in play is comradeship in work. The wise and successful parent draws the child into the family activities, so that they become corporate and mutual tasks. But these things cannot be done from above down. The parent can succeed in these efforts at cooperation only by becoming child-minded, by really feeling and thinking as a child does and by sharing truly the aims and hopes of the child. Once the corporate love spirit is formed the problem of discipline is solved, and happy cooperation and fellowship take the place of command; the birch rod becomes as antiquated as blood-letting is for croup. It is no easy achievement to be sure — no moral achievements are easy — but when it *is* achieved it is an immense and wonderful success.

But it can be said emphatically that mere "goodness" on the part of the parents will not win this goal. Parents often wonder why they fail with their children. "We certainly tried to be good," they say. "We prayed for guidance. We followed our best light and we swerved neither to the right hand nor the left. We walked softly before God and did righteously all our days, but our children disappointed us and loved not the ways of truth and rectitude." There are many cases like that. The tale is an ancient one, constantly repeated in modern times. No, "goodness" is not enough. Goodness of intention alone will not make a safe physician, a successful surgeon, a great schoolmaster, a convincing preacher, nor will it make a wise and victorious father or mother. That is an art which calls for other qualities of personality in addition to goodness of heart. One must know how to be a good friend, and to be a real friend one must discover how to share one's life with another. There is no open sesame short of that, there is no master secret but that.

This new model type of home is one of our great American experiments and it can, I think, be pronounced to be as successful as is our experiment of democracy in the city, state, and nation. No form of democracy works perfectly and smoothly in our imperfect and unfinished world. Freedom is a difficult shoot to train. It runs wild easily and gets out of hand if ever vigilance is relaxed. The price we pay for our chances to practise freedom is always great, and we must admit that nowhere on the globe is freedom of the ideal sort yet attained. St. Augustine once said: "Love God and then do what you like!" By which he meant that, if the soul were centred on God so that His will had become formed within as a kind of second nature, such a man could be turned loose and left free to do what seemed to him best. To use Dante's great words, he could be "crowned and mitred" over himself. But when

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we ask for concrete cases and look about for individuals to whom we could safely say, "Do anything in the world you want to do", it must be admitted that we do not find so very many. In any case freedom comes and can come only after discipline has done its perfect work.

To assume that egoistic instincts and unordered and unorganized native tendencies will of themselves produce a good child without the application of any restraints or moral and social discipline, is to expect miracles. It means leaving the burden of nurture and guidance to the angels! Some parents do that and go jauntily on, trusting that heaven will break in and accomplish what they neglect to do for their children. But they might just as well neglect their golf game and still expect angels to carry the balls straight forward no matter how much they slice their stroke!

It will be seen, I hope, that I nourish no vain delusions about bringing up children successfully without discipline, especially in the earliest years, but I return to put my emphatic approval upon what I have called the great American experiment — the application of democracy to the home life. I have turned aside from my main theme to insist that democracy is not a magic phrase, it works no wonders like that "blessed word Mesopotamia". It is a success only for people who keep wide awake and pay the cost of the precious thing. A democratic home, i. e. a home in which every member, including the little children, has a vital part and makes his own contribution in the formation of aims and decisions, is not one that runs itself, like an automatic thermostat. It is, on the contrary, one which calls for a special and peculiar outlay of daily wisdom, sanity, balance, grace, tact, and watchful judgment. Slow moral education and training is the only adequate substitute for dominating authority. But, as I have said throughout this article, we shall never have sound American education until the fundamental work of education, especially of moral education, is done in the home. We may double our taxes, pay adequate salaries to teachers, tear down our school buildings and build greater, reconstruct our imperfect systems, and yet we shall have the same amorphous product until the father and mother, without any salary, get down seriously to their job and do it with insight and power. The church has lost in some measure its authority over the child as well as over the parent. It will never regain it in the old mediæval sense. This makes the fundamental culture of the home all the more important and vital, and it means that the home is the real cornerstone and foundation of the civilization of the future.

The seeds that are planted in these early years of life, the aspirations, the ideals, the dominating springs of emotion and action, may not seem to the anxious parent to amount to much. He may think, as he often does, that his labor has been in vain. His child is not all he expected him to be in those thrilling moments when God first gave him his child, newborn and fresh molded. But let him reflect that what is soundly and solidly formed in early youth — the slant and tendency wrought into the fibre of the growing boy or girl — is sure to remain as a mighty tugging force in after years. We learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter. The processes once started go on pushing in the molecular structure, and the centres organize themselves subconsciously in the direction in which they have been set. The

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grain and millet seed sown in the Volga valley of Russia in the summer of 1921 produced no harvest for that year, because there was no rainfall to sprout it; but after the awful year of famine that same grain, undecayed in the dry ground, in the summer of 1922 burst forth into life and yielded a good harvest in the autumn. The deep-lying roots of life are very persistent, and the vital forces of character and personality reassert themselves when the chance comes for it. Many a discouraged parent finds at a later day that he builded better than he knew — and so did *she*.

SONGS TO BE SAID WHILE WALKING

By Hazel Hall

DESTINATIONS

PEOPLE walking up hill
Say with dubious pace:
A road so ruthless cannot
Lead to a pleasant place.

People walking down hill
Speak with certainty:
This neat road must be leading
To an orchard, or the sea.

THROUGH THE RAIN

PASSERS, pass me like the rain.
Be shadow shapes that curve and lean
With every turn of wind; refrain
From being felt and being seen.

Walk less and drifting more, go by
Unheard, or with the certain sound
Of water slanting from the sky
And falling softly on the ground.

Be meaningless; over my mind
Blow like gusts across the pane.
Leave me alone and free to find
The cooler meaning of the rain.

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OUTSIDE LITERATURE

By Joseph Conrad

HAVING been prompted by a certain literary suggestion to reflect upon the nature of Notices to Mariners I fell to examining some of my old feelings and impressions which, strictly professional as they were, have yet contributed in the end toward the existence of a certain amount of literature; or at any rate of pages of prose. The Notices to Mariners are good prose but I think no critic would admit them into the body of literature. And it is only as compositions in prose that I believe myself competent to speak of them. And first let me thank God that they do not belong to imaginative literature. It would be dreadful if they did. An imaginatively written Notice to Mariners would be a deadly thing. I mean it literally. It would be sure to kill a number of people before its imaginative quality had been appreciated and suppressed. That their style must be clear and concise and the punctuation of the ordinary kind would not necessarily militate against their being regarded as literature. The Maxims of La Rochefoucauld are concise enough. But they open horizons; they plumb the depths; they make us squirm, shudder, smile in turn; and even sigh — at times; whereas the prose of the Notices to Mariners must do nothing of the kind.

And it doesn't. A mariner detected shuddering or sighing over a Notice to Mariners would simply (to speak in unliterary language) be not fit for his job. All means of acting on man's spiritual side are forbidden to that prose. In those compositions which are read as earnestly as anything that ever came from printing press all suggestion of Love, of Adventure, of Romance, of Speculation, of all that decorates and ennobles life, except Responsibility, is barred. What we expect from them is not suggestion but information of an ideal accuracy, such as you do not find in the prose of the works on science, which is mainly imaginative and often solemnly mystifying. That is why some quite decent men are moved to smile as they read it. But there is no mystification in the language of truth contained in the Notices to Mariners. You would not want to smile at them. No decent man would. Even Mr. Punch, to whom as a great burlesque poet nothing is supposed to be sacred, and who has been seen lately taking liberties with the explosive atom, would not dream of making fun out of Notices to Mariners. Mr. Punch knows better. He knows that for an inspired poet who sees the mystic relations of sublunary matters Notices to Mariners are things to be read reverently. They are like declarations of a minutely careful Providence. They can be imagined as dictated in a quiet voice by the angel who, in the words of the song, sits aloft to watch over poor Jack. They belong to a prose which, if certainly not immortal, is revelatory to its own generation.

Addressed to a special public, limited to a very definite special subject,

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having no connection with the intellectual culture of mankind, and yet of some importance to a civilization which is founded on the protection of life and property, that prose has only one ideal to attain, to hold on to: the ideal of perfect accuracy. You would say that such an ideal may easily be captured by a steady, prosaic mind devoting itself for a few minutes (the Notices to Mariners are short) every day to the task of composition. Why, yes! But what about misprints — the bane of authors?

And then the absences. I mean the absences of mind. It is a fact that the most pedestrian mind will sometimes take a flight from the office where it works (I suppose Notices to Mariners are written in some sort of office) toward subjects of poetic fancy, its children, its lady love, its glass of beer, and such other things interesting to its mortal envelope. I often wondered what the author of Notices to Mariners looks like. I have tried to represent him to myself as a monk, a man who has renounced the vanities of the world, and for preference belonging to the order of Trappists who are bidden to remember death — *memento mori* — and nothing else. A sobering thought! Just suppose the author of Notices to Mariners acquiring convivial habits and sitting down to write a Notice in that happy frame of mind when nothing matters much and one letter of the alphabet is as good as another. For myself — who am not convivial in that sense and have written a varied lot of prose with a quite ridiculous scrupulosity and an absurd seriousness — I don't mind confessing that if I were told to write a Notice to Mariners I would not pray perhaps — for I have my own convictions about the abuse of prayer — but I would certainly fast. I would fast in the evening and get up to write my Notice to Mariners at four o'clock in the morning for fear of accidents. One letter is so soon written for another — with fatal results.

It happened to me many years ago to endanger the course of my humble career at sea simply by writing the letter W instead of the letter E at the bottom of a page full of figures. It was an examination and I ought to have been plucked mercilessly. But in consideration, I believe, of all my other answers being correct I was handed that azimuth paper back by the examiner's assistant, with the calm remark, "You have fourteen minutes yet." I looked at the face of the clock; it was round like the moon, white as a ghost, unfeeling, idiotic. I sat down under it with the conviction of the crushing materiality of time, and calling in my mind the assistant examiner a sarcastic brute. For no man could have gone over all those figures in fourteen minutes. I hope my exasperated consternation at this check could not be detected. It was funny even to myself. Then, just at the moment when my sinking heart had touched bottom, I saw the error staring at me, enormous, gross, palpable. I traced hastily a capital E over the W and went back to the desk with my sheet of blue paper in a still shaky hand. The assistant hardly glanced at it before he let it drop, and I saw then that in my lack of comprehension it was I who had been an unqualified brute. For in his remark about the fourteen minutes he had clearly tried to give me a hint. He was a charming young man, obviously poor, with an intelligent, as if suffering, face. Not exactly sickly but delicate. A sea voyage would have done him good. But it was I who went to sea — this time bound to Calcutta.

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And it was in Calcutta, a few months afterward, that one morning my captain on going ashore saw me busy about the decks and beckoned to me in that way ship masters have, or used to have. I mean ship masters who commanded their ships from truck to keelson as it were, technically and spiritually, in motion and at rest, and through every moment of their life, when the seaman's calling was by the mere force of its conditions more vocational than it can be at the present day. My ship master had that way of beckoning. What way? Well — all I can say of it is that one dropped everything. I can't describe it better. So I dropped whatever I was doing and he said: "You will find a Notice on the cabin table. Go in and enter it on the proper Admiralty sheet. Do it now." Which I hastened to do.

That examination, the issue of which had hung on a capital letter, had caused me to be officially certified as fit to undertake that particular duty; and ever since then my familiarity with Notices to Mariners, which are not literature, went on growing through a course of years, up to the moment when stepping ashore for the last time I lost all touch with the most trusted kind of printed prose. Henceforth I had to begin (while totally unprovided with Notices to Authors) to write prose myself; and the pains I took with it only my Maker knows! And yet I never learned to trust it. I can't trust it to this day. We who write prose which is not that of the Notices to Mariners are forgotten by Providence. No angel watches us at our toil. A dreadful doubt hangs over the whole achievement of literature; I mean that of its greatest and its humblest men. Wasn't it "Papa Augier" who, being given a copy of "Hamlet", glanced through it expertly and then dropped it with the dry remark: *"Vous appelez ça une pièce, vous?"* The whole tragedy of art lies in the nutshell of this terrifying anecdote. But it never will occur to anybody to question the prosaic force of the author of Notices to Mariners, which are not literature, and his fidelity to his honorable ideal — the ideal of perfect accuracy.

AT HIS FUNERAL

By Witter Bynner

THESE busy motions have no life at all
Compared to motions death has now unmade;
No living person at his funeral,
Never a moving form of the parade,
Affords the power of the silent face,
This gathered energy, ungathering,
Compared to which no passion, no embrace,
No parentage, no pain mean anything.

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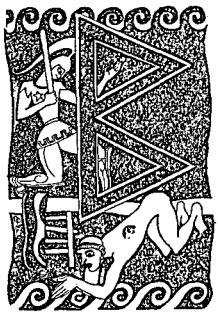
THE PARODY OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

III: THE RESCUING WAVE

(The Tale of Hero and Leander Retold in the Combined Manners of "Challenge" and "The New Adam")

By Louis Untermeyer

With a Sketch by Herb Roth



BUOYANT, he swung down Ninety-Second Street,
Remembering the summons of her face,
The happy challenge of her laughing feet
And all the lures of her impetuous grace.
And, as he strode there, vibrant and alert,
He felt unnamable urges rise and race
Up from the casual stones — even the dirt
Grew lyrical and swept his tossing blood.
Healed of the city's scars, the daily hurt,
His pulses triumphed on a livelier flood
That bore new armies flashing through his veins
And scattered stars upon the radiant mud.

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Hero watched the rains
Dig at the street with grey and greedy claws
And wondered, as she tried to pierce the panes
With burning eyes, where her Lee Ander was.
What blows might fall in such malevolent weather?
Surely he would not dare? . . . She had to pause,
Her cheeks grown whiter than a leghorn's feather* . . .
Surely he would not dare, this furious night,
To breast the stream and, wild to be together,
Attempt Hell Gate, an hour's relentless fight
With pitiless waters and inimical rocks.
He is not quite so mad, she thought, not quite . . .
Yet, as she drew the shades and keyed the locks,
She left, high in her room, a single light,
One crack still glowing through the night's black blocks.

* A White Leghorn's, obviously. AUTHOR.

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Leap, blood, that scorns the torpid dead!
Sing, corpuscles, that scream and scorch!
Sweep the old tissues rapt and red;
Swing the new atom like a torch!

Swarm through these feet of walking earth;
Scatter the living flames of strife!
Storm through the heart with raging mirth!
Batter this lethargy of life!

Fling the bright challenge! Let it spread,
Drifting into a vivid rest. . .
Bring the beloved and passionate head
Swiftly to the magnanimous breast.

Breathless, Lee Ander surged along the dock,
His mind more rushing than the tumbled river.
Then, poised on eager toes to meet the shock,
Taut with a tense, premonitory quiver,
He dived, headlong, into the howling torrent . . .
Up, now, straight up, he made the sea deliver
His body to the frenzied upper current . . .
Trying to gain through the Australian crawl,
He felt a multitude of dark, deterrent
Fingers upon him . . . But he flung them all
Behind him with a lunge of scornful feet.
And, as he saw the outraged lightnings fall,
He lashed arms, laughing like a parakeet,
Cutting the waves with ever strengthening stroke.
Then, as his plunging triumph seemed complete,
The sagging heavens bent toward him and broke
In fury where he gasped. Down he went . . . down
Into a smothering world that tried to choke
The flame of his desire. He could not frown
Away this violence; he could not curse.
Not one fierce adjective or forceful noun
Found grim expression in his New York verse.*
Suddenly, a forlorn and friendly wave,
Snatching him up, like some gigantic nurse,
Hurled him far out above his watery grave . . .
And when Lee Ander twitched his eyes once more,
He saw, too bruised and blissful to be brave,
That he was reeling on the Brooklyn shore.

* Shouldn't this word be "voice"? PRINTER.
Stet. AUTHOR.

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"Cutting the waves with ever strengthening stroke"

A moment there he heard the invisible hums
Of deep sea dirges, choirs, funeral hymns,
But then, up from his toetips to his thumbs,
He felt new rhythms pounding through his limbs—
While marching brasses and majestic drums
Trumpeted: "Hail! The conquering Hero comes!"

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

V: RUSSIA

THE funny boy with the sty in his left eye came running down to my cabin. "Go up and have a look," he said.

I went up and suddenly, as always in life, one of the great events came quietly up and met me. One had not been prepared . . . one had not known . . . and life worked a fresh brilliant thread into the pattern.

The ship was cased in silver. That had happened in the night. Yesterday afternoon it had been very cold and the wind had come ruffling across the sea furring the grey water, "making cats' skins out of it", the boy with the sty had said. It had been bitterly cold but an angry noisy cold, hurting you because the wind hated you and wanted to whistle you to the horizon.

Now there was no wind — not the whisper of a breath. The ship was cased in silver ice over every part of it, silver spars and masts and boats and ropes, and the boards, although the men had sawdusted them, slipped away from you.

A silver ship sailing upon a painted sea. No, "painted" is too mundane a word — the sea, mother of pearl, glass, a vast mirror of color that quivered with hidden light as you looked at it. Nothing moved; the silence walled us in. And you could have walked from horizon to horizon across that mother of pearl translucent floor.

Miss Julie's Crystal Box — seen by me at last. For one moment the curtains parted and I gazed through . . .

I was in the Arctic on my way to Murmansk and, a moment later, we were skidding down the crazy Murmansk railway, and a moment later than that Cossacks were clearing the Nevsky, women were fighting for bread on the other side of the Neva, Protopopoff was hiding in a cellar, Kerensky was standing on a tub in the Duma screaming — and the old world tumbled through a hole into limbo.

II

That Arctic moment, my first sight of the Arizona Canyon, my first visit to the Bargello in Florence, the house of Vettius in Pompeii, the first gaze at the temples at Girgenti, the first time I saw my friend publicly and loudly acclaimed, the performance of a Greek play in the Greek theatre at Syracuse . . . those are the moments to trust life by.

Bills, unexpected indigestion, mean things that other people have said, mean things that you yourself have said, income tax, newspaper articles, tumbling against your will out of love, a man beating a horse, a woman drunk, your best friends' inability to appreciate your best books, sudden boredom with your own guests, desperate disgust with yourself, someone

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taking your seat at the play and refusing to move — these are no tests at all.

But you have to discover this for yourself. No number of copybook maxims will teach you anything. Slipping on your own piece of orange peel means more to you than all Newton's cleverness. Quite so. You have to discover it for yourself.

I discovered just before the outbreak of the European War that I was never going to be a great writer. Before that I wasn't sure. And what is a great writer? Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare . . . Yes, and then — Great Writers, Second Class — Euripides, Virgil, Cervantes, Balzac, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Whitman, Dostoyevsky — not one of these either? And then?

Good Writers, First Class — Thucydides, Horace, Petronius Arbiter, Marlowe, Pope, Sheridan, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Chekhov, Mérimée, George Sand, Baudelaire, Kipling, Hawthorne . . . Lots of others. Not one of them either? And then?

Good Writers, Second Class — Suetonius, Xenophon (dull fellow), Mrs. Gaskell, Gray, Cowper, Bagehot, Gissing, Daudet, Grazia Deledda, Kuprin, Bret Harte . . . Lots and *lots* of others. What, not in this class either? Well, you never know. . . . You *may* write. . . . A depressing business anyway.

Then why, having been ten years at it and knowing now that you're never to be one of the chosen, why go on? Aren't there enough books in the world already? Don't you really know (it was once pointed out to you by an irate critic that you didn't) the difference between the real books and the sham ones? You can make your living in other ways — a schoolmaster, a secretary, a journalist, even a mayor of a small town. . . . Well? The war answered it for me.

I went on, I go on, because I can't help it. Because I LOVE it. Because I simply ADORE it. Because nothing on earth can stop me.

III

IT? What is IT?

Writing stories.

Standing beside some carts in a Galician lane, my knees trembling with terror, the wounded moving restlessly on their straw, the afternoon light like the green shadow of a dried up conservatory, I found a pencil and, steadying my shaking body against the cart, I wrote PART II. CHAPTER I. . . .

I licked my pencil and ducked. The shell was nowhere near me — it never *was*. I continued. The green light faded into mud — I wrote still, my fingers trembling. . . .

I had nothing else to do — only to wait with the carts. They set a house on fire quite close to me, and by the light of that I continued to write.

IV

We are told that just now we must not talk or write about the war — there is a kind of conspiracy of "Hush", and in some curious way it does seem that the after war troubles of these recent years have kept us in the war with a kind of against-our-will disgust. We had hoped by now to have some perspective — We have less than we had two years ago.

But perspective or no perspective I can see already I think what will always be the war's crucial moment to myself — perhaps one of the crucial moments in the history of the world — namely the attempted Korniloff-Kerensky coup d'état in Petrograd three months after the first revolution.

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Had that coup d'état succeeded — and had it been properly attempted it would I am convinced have succeeded — there would have been no Bolshevism. All that Russia at that moment was waiting for was ruthless control. Korniloff could have given it. He was prevented. Lenin gave it instead.

For three days in Petrograd we knew that the attempt was coming; for three days the whole town, knowing, eagerly waited, panting to consent. It did not come. There was treachery somewhere, weakness somewhere else, vanity over all, a plausible villain in the offing — and the world's history turned a new corner.

Russia sinks back and away from me. My time there was so short, my knowledge of the language so slight. I wrote two books for my own sake that I might capture an atmosphere that would I knew escape me afterward. Those books have made many friends and did at the time I think lead certain people to think more kindly of Russia than they would otherwise have done — but they have pulled down upon my back a cartload of troubles!

On one side there have been all the kind people who have demanded from me a knowledge of Russia that I never of course for an instant possessed. "But you have written books and lectured about Russia — you must *know!*" — and then when I tried to explain that the books and the lectures were simply the experiences of a foreigner who stayed for a moment in the country, loved it but never even learned its language, heads were shaken and there were murmurs about "false modesty" and the rest.

Very irritating on the other hand for all those who had a real knowledge — Bernard Pares, Harold Williams, Maurice Baring, Aylmer Maude, and the others — to hear me quoted and applauded, knowing, as they all well did, my ignorance. I here take off my hat to them for their kindness to me and their forbearance; if I at times caught the merest whisper of an echo of their irritation that was not their fault!

All the same, why should I be so modest? I am trying to tell the exact truth in these papers and the exact truth is that I think "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City" not to be bad books. They are not bad books because, as records of a foreigner's apprehension of a country at its most critical time, they are true. And as to "The Secret City". I was the only foreign novelist in Petrograd at the time. It has that interest. The background of "The Dark Forest" until the last twenty pages is literal truth. As to the characters, well, Semyonov is not so far away from the truth as some people have thought and he certainly is not Dostoyevsky. "Dostoyevsky! Dostoyevsky! Dostoyevsky!" shouts everyone as soon as anyone writes about Russia.

But Dostoyevsky *is* Russia. They are like that. "The Possessed" is the most marvelous prophecy in the fiction of the world. Read it and see whether the whole of Bolshevism is not there. Chekhov too. Wonderful genius! The last act of "The Cherry Orchard", the third act of "The Three Sisters" acted by the Art Theatre in Moscow before the revolution, the greatest art in the world today.

There is a scene in "The Three Sisters" when two middle aged lovers sit at a table looking at one another while excited friends crowd the windows at the back of the room to watch a fire on the opposite side of the street. As acted by Stanislavsky and Mme. Knipper, Chekhov's widow, it must be the

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perfection of the actor's craft. Nothing to do. They sit and look at one another. He hums a little tune, she catches it from him, half tenderly, half mockingly smiling. The blaze of the fire, the noise of the crowd in the street, the excited comments by the window — all these go by them imprisoned in their hopeless affection.

The genius of the people lies in this ironic protest against the life to which they are condemned. Ironic protests; no action. That flood of talk that swept the country during the first months after the revolution — who that witnessed it will ever forget it? Talk, after the first day or two, overweighted with pessimism and foreboding. The worst would come because the worst always does come; and when those grim presences Lenin, Trotzky, Radek, and the others rose out of the dust they had only to lift their long hands over the landscape and the country was like a dead man. So for the time . . .

V

I remember once in Galicia a day when it seemed that we should most certainly be captured by the Austrians. How strangely we of a sudden all lay down and waited.

We had been pushing along dusty sun baked roads for weeks in the first confusion of a retreat that, had we but known it, was to last for months to come — and we had pushed with all the desperate energy of a nightmare. And now suddenly the springs broke and we lay down like broken dolls on the dirty floor and went to sleep.

We had taken refuge I remember in the half ruined chateau of some Galician nobleman; this lay on the outskirts of the little town of T——. We lay down in the baronial hall and looked up at the naked Juno and Jupiter, the cupids with their rosy posteriors, the brown fauns and the marble fountains painted on the sky blue ceiling. Much of the plaster had tumbled from the walls and lay in flakes about us; the floors were thick with dust; there were some broken gilt chairs and a great organ with tarnished pipes, a picture hanging crooked on a cord of a lady in a white hat and a little dog. . . .

It was very hot and I slept, a sweaty sticky sleep in which I moved through a sea of glue toward a shore of toffee. Suddenly I woke, and woke with a certainty, sharp and almost pleasant in a kind of acid coolness, of imminent death. I lay and stared at the pink chested Jupiter and knew that very soon, within an hour perhaps, I would die. I was even sure of the manner of my death, and I saw quite clearly that the Austrians would blow up the bridge near us and ourselves with the bridge. One loud bang, the sensation following of a violent hit on the chest, and then — nothing. I had no doubt at all. The strange thing was that I had been on many occasions during that year in much danger; I had been, several times, in a shaking quiver of fear; and yet I had always been sure that I would not, that I could not, die. Now I knew that I was going to die and I had no fear at all, no anxiety.

What followed was perhaps the most important half hour of my life. Lying there in the sunny dust I knew that my approaching physical death was a matter of no importance to myself at all. I had my own personal conviction, not sought for by me, that the failure of my body to continue was for my personal identity a matter simply of moving from one room into another.

Now in my life many people had assured me that this was so and many

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equally good (and perhaps cleverer) people had assured me that it was a ludicrous notion. Until this moment I had had an open mind and had only noticed how easily I was overcome by the arguments of the materialists, did I ever attempt to argue; how extremely foolish many of the experiments and statements of the spiritualists sounded, and how beautiful and unreal the dogmatic religion of my father and mother —

And now I had, for the first time in my life, a little piece of conviction all to myself! I remember that that was my chief feeling, that now at last I was sure of something. I looked round at the others; two of the doctors were awake and squatting beside a wooden box were playing cards with a very dirty pack. One of the younger men was lying with his mouth wide open and flies were walking in and out of it. Two of the sisters huddled together asleep were like a pile of grey hay; the smell of iodine, chloroform, and bad sausage that accompanied us everywhere was heavy in the air.

How different they all looked from half an hour ago! How different the room and how alive and interesting the world! I thought that I would tell them about my conviction. They were always instantly interested in any religious or philosophical question, however trite — yes, the very stupidest of them.

And then I realized that I had nothing to tell them, nothing at all. Had I seen Jupiter descend from the ceiling and had he introduced Juno to me and were I able to present them both to the assembled company, *that* were indeed something to wake them for! But to say that I had had a sudden conviction! No use to anyone else at all.

I lay back and waited. The sensation of imminent death came closer and was very curious indeed. It was something like the sinking under an anæsthetic but not quite that; something like the frozen constriction of a nightmare, and yet not that either; something like the fear of making some awful *bêtise* before an assembly of clever persons; something like bathing in a warm sea under a heavy shower of rain . . .

Then I was suddenly restless. I moved about. I went and felt the pipes of the organ. I watched the two men at their cards. I picked up a book lying face downward on the gritty floor — "Thelma" by Marie Corelli in a Polish translation. I tried to think of something — my friends, my sins, my virtues, of a lady who had sent me a letter from London saying I was a coward because I was not in the English army, of a dog I had at home, of a friend . . .

Bang! The report came. The plaster fell in showers, the picture came down with a crash, there were cries and exclamations, everyone awoke.

Another bang. A third!

I waited.

Nothing more. Our chief appeared to say that the Austrians had blown up the bridge behind us. We were to move on at once. We had plenty of time. . . . I had not died. But I had my conviction. My life would never be the same again. As we moved on once more along the dusty road I carried with me a fine carelessness, a magnificent bravado.

Of course I lost that soon afterward. But I still have my conviction.

VI

How trite and platitudinous in actual statement that (for oneself) tremendous experience becomes. We Anglo-Saxons have a shyness and

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awkwardness in speaking of religious experiences that is foreign, I think, to all other nationalities. It is not always so even with us as Bunyan and John Wesley and Christina Rossetti and Richard Jefferies and Mark Rutherford and Barbellion bear witness; but in the masterpieces of English fiction how seldom any real religious sincerity is achieved! I can think at this moment only of "John Inglesant" and "Tanner's Lane" although there are I suppose others. Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Stevenson, Meredith, Hardy, James — in the works of none of these are spiritual experiences discussed or analyzed. Colonel Newcome and Adam Bede are I am afraid of the "prig" family. Think of the clergymen of Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope! One would not suppose from their authors' accounts that they had ever in their life's experience uttered a single prayer. . . .

And how simple and perfect is such a passage as the discussion between Paul and Prince Andrew as they cross the river in "War and Peace", or the tale of the impious clerk in Chekhov's stories! How real and moving the "Curé de Tours" of Balzac or Björnson's "God's Way" or the religion of the peasants in Nexö's "Pelle".

I have mentioned my own experience only because it is exactly true, just as I have recounted it, and because I wish that more people would say just what they think about such things.

Of all that I left behind me in Russia, that is what I miss the most: the perfectly free and natural discussion of every sort of human experience. When I have said this to my own countrymen they have often shuddered with horror at the possibility of such indecent exposure. Our English reticence has great virtues I am sure but it makes life less interesting.

I suppose that the natural retort to the Russian method is to point to Bolshevism; for practical life an open and fluid intelligence is a most dangerous thing. No one who saw those groups gathered like flies round lumps of sugar, talking, talking, talking up and down the Nevsky Prospect for months after the March revolution will deny that, but the Russian inability to be shocked has immense virtues.

Here in England fear strikes at our vitals — fear of platitude, fear of derision, fear of exposure, fear of after regret, fear of self-revelation, fear of being thought too clever, fear of being thought too stupid, fear of discomfort — and so before we know where we are we die, having lived without learning anything at all about our fellow creatures.

Before I end these few words about Russia I would like to say how immensely I believe in Russia's future. In another hundred years Russia will be the dominant country in the world. The only thing that has kept her back has been the ignorance of the peasants, and in a hundred years from today the peasant will not be ignorant.

I shall not see that dominance but I like to think of it. In the Russian character there is an idealism that cannot die, there is also the determination to face facts, and there is the poetry that can turn facts into beauty.

What we are seeing now is a country inert through ignorance. Even now light is breaking.

Finally, her rise, her progress, her victory will come from within herself.

I am glad that for a moment I was able to share in the crisis of her history.

(To be continued.)

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"THE BEAUTEOUS MAJESTY OF DENMARK"

By Henrietta C. Bartlett

(Miss Bartlett's article is especially interesting when considered in the light of John Barrymore's interpretation of "Hamlet". Mr. Barrymore stresses Hamlet's relation to his mother and gives a particularly striking performance in the closet scene, in which he is admirably supported by Blanche Yurka as the Queen. Here we see Hamlet's tortured love of his mother almost overcoming him. It is a passionate, tender, poignant love scene in its essence. Mr. Barrymore's interpretation brings what seems a new note to both the playing and the literature of "Hamlet". — J. F.)

IN the various criticisms on the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, one character seems to have been ignored to a surprising extent. Hamlet and Ophelia are treated in the fullest way; Polonius, the Gravedigger, even Claudius and the Ghost are brought out in detail; but the Queen, who is in a sense the pivot on which the whole play hinges, is neglected by critics and generally impersonated by minor actresses.

In discussing her character it is important to consider the changes from the earlier to the later form of the play. In 1602 it was entered for publication in the Stationers Register, but the first edition did not appear until 1603 and then in a very different shape from our accepted version. It is generally conceded that the 1603 "Hamlet" is a badly printed and garbled text of the first state of the play, adapted by Shakespeare from an earlier drama, perhaps written by Thomas Kyd. There are changes in the names of two characters — Polonius is called Corambis and Reynaldo, Montano; the play is nearly a third shorter; and most important from our point of view, the Queen is made to state definitely her ignorance of the murder. After the exit of the Ghost in the closet scene the Queen says:

> But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven
> I never knew of this most horrid murder.
>
> HAMLET
> And mother, but assist me in revenge,
> And in his death your infamy shall die.
>
> QUEEN
> Hamlet, I vow by that majesty
> That knows our thoughts and looks into
> our hearts
> I will conceal, consent and do my best
> What stratagem so'er thou shall devise.

Also there is an entire scene between the Queen and Horatio which does not appear in any other edition. In it Horatio reports to the Queen Hamlet's safe arrival in Denmark after the attempt to murder him and the Queen definitely decides to join Hamlet's side against Claudius, of whose treachery she is now convinced. She says of Claudius:

> Then I perceive there's treason in his
> looks
> That seem'd to sugar o'er his villany
> But I will soothe and please him for a
> time
> For murd'rous minds are always jealous.

And goes on to inquire of Hamlet's safety and send most loving messages to him. It is interesting to see that when Shakespeare rewrote the play (the complete edition appearing in 1604 bears the notice on the title page, "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was"), he

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omitted the actual denial by the Queen and cut out the entire scene between her and Horatio. Some critics have argued that he meant by this to show that Gertrude was guilty of compliance, but I think the proofs are all against it; the question has been very ably discussed in an anonymous article published in 1856 under the title, "An attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an accessory before the fact".

In reading the play with a view to determining her share in the King's death, one finds that the King himself makes no such accusation against her. It is her faithlessness which causes him to command Hamlet to leave her to

> . . . those thorns that in her bosom lodge
> To prick and sting her . . .

and in both appearances he shows his love by directions to Hamlet for her protection and care. It is not likely that even an indulgent husband would have forgiven her his murder. When Hamlet pleads with her in the closet scene he implores that she cease to live in sin and thereby repent of her crime: there is no accusation of murder, it is the shame of her sin with Claudius that is driving Hamlet mad. Claudius himself in all his self-reproaches does not in any way imply that she was an accomplice but merely one of the chief causes for the crime; it is Claudius, not Gertrude, who dares not endure the mock murder in the play. And finally Gertrude herself never indicates by word or act that she knew her first husband died an unnatural death. Her sin is great but it is not murder, and her horror at Hamlet's accusation of his uncle has also the shock of surprise.

A careful comparison of the two versions of the play makes it evident that in the final form Shakespeare purposely omitted all evidence that Gertrude turned against her second husband at the end. She was undoubtedly greatly in love with him, and even her love for Hamlet could not change her. It is one of the interesting points in her character that she could be so true to a bad husband when she had been so false to a good one.

It is universally conceded that a man is apt to resemble his mother; where did Hamlet draw his wonderfully complex and interesting nature but from Gertrude? His father was a simple, strong, loving nature and did not show any of the characteristics which have made his son the most discussed character in fiction. But when we turn to Gertrude, we see the same emotional complex personality which has fascinated us in her son.

As regards the wonderful charm and beauty of the Queen, all the characters agree. In his first soliloquy Hamlet says that his father was

> . . . so loving to my mother
> That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly . . .

and at his first appearance the Ghost says:

> But howsoever thou pursuest this act [his revenge]
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught. Leave her to Heaven.

Again later in the play he charges Hamlet:

> But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
> O, slip between her and her fighting soul.
> Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
> Speak to her, Hamlet.

What is the burden of Hamlet's thought both before and after he sees the Ghost? The horror of his father's

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murder, it is true, but also the shame of his mother's sin with Claudius. What causes him to lose faith in humanity and drives him to his cruel attack on Ophelia but the knowledge that his beloved mother had been false to her first husband? It was not the supposed loss of Ophelia but the actual overthrow of his ideals of womanhood which goaded him to those bitter taunts at the chastity of the innocent girl. Hamlet adored his mother so that even in his reproaches his one idea was to redeem her from her fault and win back for her the peace of soul which she had lost. His excuse to himself for his accusations is:

> I must be cruel only to be kind.

Of Claudius's devotion, the proofs are patent. He himself says, after speaking of the Queen's love for Hamlet:

> And for myself —
> My virtue or my plague, be it either which —
> She's so conjunctive to my life and soul
> That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
> I could not but by her . . .

Perhaps the most pathetic testimony to the Queen's charms is that of poor Ophelia. Distracted by the death of her father and Hamlet's supposed madness, she seeks the companionship of the fair and gracious lady who, with all her faults, has been a loving friend to the motherless girl. When Ophelia gains admittance her cry is:

> Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

In looking over the long list of actresses who have played the part of Gertrude, it is surprising to see how few are of note. Yet Lady Martin likens her to Helen of Troy in her fascination for the men with whom she came in contact, and she seems to belong with Helen, Cleopatra, and Mary Stuart in the fatal effects of her charms.

In Dr. Furness's Variorum Shakespeare Gertrude is assigned 156 lines and Ophelia 171; the Queen's part cannot therefore be considered a slight one. Surely the scene between Hamlet and his mother in the closet is one which offers a field for the greatest histrionic abilities. Consider too the combination of undoubted devotion to her only child and passionate love for her second husband; who but a great actress can fitly portray those delicate shades of meaning!

When Richard Burbage created the rôle of Hamlet in 1602 the parts of all women on the English stage were taken by boys; we are left to conjecture as to the names of the first impersonators of Ophelia and Gertrude. It was not until 1660 or 1661 that the first English women acted in public, and it is probable that Mrs. Davenport, who played the Queen to Betterton's Hamlet, August 24, 1661, was the first woman to fill the rôle of "the beauteous majesty of Denmark". From that day to this there have been few celebrated Gertrudes, though Mrs. Prichard, who played the Queen to Garrick's Hamlet, was a great actress of tragedy, and we know that the renowned Siddons herself played the part when her brother, John Philip Kemble, was the melancholy Dane. It would be interesting to see what a great actress would make of the part in our own time, and it may be that some day we shall see Gertrude impersonated so that she will take her proper place among the great characters of the Shakespearian stage.

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MUME AND TUME

By Annie Steger Winston

With Sketches by Muriel Hannah

PINKY JOHNSON peeped through the glass of the door. It was an incredibly beautiful door, all over delicate iron vines and tendrils. The floor of the piazza was of little pieces of colored marble. Long windows, three on each side, descended to the same level. Over each a white shade was blankly drawn. From the shrubberies of the smooth, green, sun blotched terraces came the rich, thick "Glup! Glup!" of a young mocking bird.

"Look like ain' nobody at home," remarked Pinky Johnson to Rosy Johnson.

Beside each small dusky damsel was a tin bucket of blackberries gathered from the weedy hollows which still intersected the town's most fashionable suburb, and from its hinterland, where scattered negro cabins, with little garden plots and lines of drying linen, lurked here and there among the pines and sweet gums. From this reservoir, the mansion dwellers sought — and mainly failed—to satisfy the demands of domestic service. Why should one work for the "white folks" — further, at any rate, than taking in their washing — when one had one's own corn and cabbage patch, and one's own chickens; with creek and river, moreover, offering fish for the catching? The born cook — and what negro is not a born cook? — can make, even of catfish and eels, delectable dishes. Then, too, of course, changing industrial conditions opened new possibilities even to unskilled labor. Altogether, the denizens of Turtle Creek Bottom were comfortably independent of the hilltop dwellers — as the hilltop dwellers by no means were of them.

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The servant problem, in fact, was, so to speak, the fly in the ointment of the whole community's peace — inducing, even in those distinctly not by nature acrimonious, a tendency toward acrimony.

"It is disgraceful to see those great strapping women lolling about down there — when we can't get servants for love or money!" the mistress of the house with the beautiful door had said, only the week before. She was a pretty woman, who looked pretty even at breakfast time, and even when flushed, fatigued, and slightly embittered by exertions in behalf of breakfast not conspicuously successful. She could play a good game of golf and a stunning game of tennis. The indoor athletics of housework decidedly did not appeal to her.

If he had been as wise as he was clever, Ran Winchester would have avoided argument. But he liked to thresh things out. It was, perhaps, the lawyer in him. He had a lean, thoroughbred face, and black hair with an obstinate "cowlick" on top faintly suggestive of an Indian's scalp lock.

"It strikes me", he said, "that we are not altogether fair to our dusky neighbors. Why shouldn't they live their lives in their own way, just as we live ours? I don't see that we have any natural claim to their services. If the simple life under their own vines and fig trees appeals to them, they have a perfect right, so far as I can see, to pursue it —"

"And leave us to scorch over stoves, to break our backs with brooms, to — to —?"

"If we choose. It is pretty bad, of course — intolerable, in fact. We shall have to find some way of meeting the problem. But — pardon me, darling — it is no concern of theirs, except as part and parcel of the human spectacle. They don't compel us to live in ridiculously large houses, entailing no end of trouble, or impose on us burdensome standards of living. We can live with idyllic simplicity, if we like, as well as they — and be as self-sufficing. Or, if we can't, they are not responsible. A jug of buttermilk underneath the bough, a good corn pone — and thou —"

They were a congenial couple, the Winchesters; congenial, as a rule, even in their sense of humor. Hers, just now, was in eclipse. Across the charming breakfast table (the table, at any rate, was charming: shining old mahogany, beautifully set out with china and silver, on lacy white oases of mat and doily), she looked at him poignantly, reproachfully.

"I don't see the joke of it."

"There isn't any joke. I'm in earnest; about the jug of buttermilk and all. Especially about the corn pone. And — of course — the 'thou' —"

"Thank you."

She did not sound grateful.

"The servant problem will never be solved while we simply stand off and complain of them. We'll have to learn to take them more humanly."

"It is they that are doing the standing off," she said.

He abandoned theorizing—for which she was obviously in no mood.

"Do as little as you can, honey," he urged.

"I am doing as little as I can, but even that means miles of steps. I don't mean to complain. I'm *not* complaining. I'm just explaining why I'm cross, and tired, and — horrid."

She held back tears; and he pretended not to notice. Tearful scenes were not to the taste of either.

"I like 'em horrid," he said, rather eloquently. And then: "You do nobly,

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but there is no sense in killing yourself. Why not chuck everything and take a nice little trip?"

Correctly Pinky Johnson diagnosed the situation. Today the house was closed — manifestly closed. Though upon the porch were still the cretonne cushioned wicker chairs, inadvertently left out.

Pinky Johnson peered ineffectually through the grill work of the door. Rosy Johnson, her junior by a year though about her equal in size and identical in equipment of pig tailed hair, sleazy blue gingham, and bucket of blackberries, clamped her brown right foot prehensilely to her brown left leg and pensively awaited developments.

"Rich folks goes 'way in de summer time—'way off yander somewhere. . . . Let's set in de chairs."

They sat down in the two largest of the rocking chairs, and rocked with zestful violence.

"Seem like to me", Rosy Johnson suggested, "dey'd been 'fraid de rain would spile 'em."

"What does rich folks like dat keer 'bout rain spilin' nothin'? All de same, ef I could git in de house, I'd put in de chairs, so nothin' wouldn't hurt de quishions."

Pinky Johnson passed her small light-palmed hand caressingly over the flowery pattern.

"I got on a dress like dis," she announced. Often they dropped without preliminary into the game of make-believe.

"I got on one des' like de lace curtains up stairs," Rosy Johnson took it up; "made wid a trail. An' blue shoes."

"Dis my chair."

"Dis mine."

They rocked; throwing high the light soles of their brown feet. The game of "Dis is mine" and "Dat is mine" was an old favorite of theirs. Sometimes they quarreled at it; especially, sitting on their own doorstep at twilight, about the equitable division of the moon and stars. Then, if Daddy chanced to be at home, from the interior of the cabin — whence came savory scents from Daddy's supper — would issue stern parental command to "shet up dat racket!" He had no idea of foregoing all paternal duty, even if the weight of obligation lay somewhat lightly upon him. Daddy came home only when out of a job, or when inclined to "res' up". Mammy was a fading memory. Yet not without effect her blood — the blood of a born cook — ran in the veins of her children. Even as little snapping turtles snap when hardly out of their shells — to borrow another's simile — the "li'l Johnson gals" from their tenderest years were more or less competent to cook — when there was anything to cook. Their larder was, on the whole, a precarious one. However, not without reason it was said among the neighbors down on Turtle Creek, "Dem chillun ken take keer o' deyse'f."

Just now, their meal bucket was low; their store of "screenings" for their chickens also well nigh exhausted. The latter was the more important circumstance. "Humans" can go "hongry" without serious harm done, but "hongry" hens refuse to lay. Eggs were the "li'l Johnsons'" chief source of revenue — aside from Daddy's slight occasional small coin contributions. He did, though, buy things at the store for his own eating, by which, when he was at home, they profited somewhat. When he would have a chicken fried — one of theirs — they would have some of that too: the back and neck and wings; and live on

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the memory of it. "Good as fried chick'n!" was their summit of praise.

In blackberry season they sold blackberries. The reasons for selling blackberries had seemed to them today, when they set out, somewhat more urgent than usual. Through some subtle subconscious change of attitude, their interest in the enterprise had waned now. Even the question of the screenings wore a different aspect.

"I b'lieve we done been pamp'n' dem hens too much," remarked Pinky Johnson, apropos of nothing.

Rosy Johnson's young heels described zestful arcs in the balmy air, as she rocked luxuriously and unreservedly concurred.

"Hens sometimes too fat to lay good. I wonner we ain' thought o' that. An' dere's plenty o' fishin' worms dey ken pick up, ef dey'll take de trouble to look for 'em."

"'Sides", pursued Pinky Johnson, "why can't us buy screenin's out o' de blackberries we gwi' sell tomorrow?"

"Sho!" assented Rosy Johnson in a voice guttural with content.

Not every day does one have a chance to sit at ease upon such chairs, in such a porch.

"What dat cluckin' in de li'l low magnolia tree?"

"'Tis young mawkin' bird, sho's you bawn!" Pinky Johnson responded. "'Tis my young mawkin' bird!"

Rosy Johnson streamed after her.

"'Tain' yo' young mawkin' bird no mo'n 'tis my young mawkin' bird!"

They caught it with little difficulty, and bore it triumphantly to the porch. The inchoate songster was too young for any great terror of human society. Big headed, brief of tail, mounted upon smooth, long, india rubber-like legs, sleepily indignant of expression, carrying in his short, fluffily ruffled plumage an indefinable rakish suggestion of having been up all night, the "po' li'l hongry mawkin' bird" received voraciously the refreshment of blackberries, and with clarion clucks objected fiercely to his hostesses' participation in the feast. They, too, by the way, were hungry.

"Let's name him Brudder Johnson," Pinky Johnson proposed.

"How you know he's a he?"

"He boun' to be a he — he so greedy an' grumptious! — He sho do 'joy his vittles, don' he?"

"I don' reckon he as tired of blackberries as we is," rejoined Rosy Johnson. "I wush I had some sho 'nuff eatin', don' you?"

It was ten o'clock. Their apology for a breakfast had been of the slightest. Their natural brown was somewhat sicklied over with hunger pallor.

"Course I wush I had some sho 'nuff eatin'!" Pinky Johnson was brusque. "Dat ain' gwi' git me no sho 'nuff eatin'. Ef us wan' sho 'nuff eatin', we-all better go 'long an' sell de res' o' dese blackberries 'fo' dey gits squshy on us."

But an unspoken reluctance to leave the paradise they had found was common to both.

"What we gwi' do wid Brudder Johnson?" the younger sister suggested.

The elder welcomed the deprecation.

"Dat so."

Once more they fell to playing with the bird. They might be hungry, but often before they had been hungry. Absorbed in enjoyment of Brudder Johnson and the beautiful premises — though their peaceful penetration extended no farther than the doors — the claims of nature might wait.

"Don' let's make no mess on de white folks' pretty po'ch," they cautioned each other.

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"They fell into an exhilarated cakewalk"

Nothing was further from their minds than any thought of trespass or depredation. Admiring curiosity alone moved them to investigation.

"Let's see how 'tis 'roun' at de back," Pinky Johnson suggested. Rosy Johnson assented. Brudder Johnson's "Glup! Glup!" indicated that he was of the same mind.

"Des' look at dat glass room hitched on behin'!" pointed out the leader of the party.

She tried the door of the small conservatory — emptied now of plants — and it opened.

"Dis de parlor, I reckon," she said. "Dey ain' had time to furnish it yet, or maybe dey savin' up dere money to git sump'n extry fine. You ain' nuvver seen fine glass room like dis, Brudder Johnson!"

"Glup! Glup!" remarked Brudder Johnson.

"Dat in dere", she continued, to Rosy Johnson, "is de dinin' room. Dey mus' have mighty fine eatin's to go 'long wid all dem fine doin's!"

"Dey sho mus'!"

Rosy Johnson looked hungrier than ever. Pinky Johnson herself found

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the thought of "mighty fine eatin's" slightly inconvenient. She changed the subject.

"Let's play like dis glass room's a house for Brudder Johnson to lib in. You didn' nuvver 'spect to lib in fine glass house like dis, did you, Brudder Johnson? An' dere's a nice spider web wid a nice fat spider in it. Dere's a whole chance o' spiders in here! — You stay right here, Brudder Johnson, ketchin' spiders and 'joyin' yo'se'f, while we-all looks 'roun' li'l bit."

"Glup! Glup!" assented Brudder Johnson.

They shut up the young bird in the conservatory, and pursued their explorations — in a purely sightseeing spirit.

"Dey done lef' a window open," Pinky Johnson discovered. "Dey didn' ought to lef' a window open. Somebody mought git in an' trouble sump'n."

"Dey sho mought", Rosy Johnson agreed, "cep'n' it so high up."

"Course 'tis high up! But what's to hender nobody f'um clammin' up dat good strong crotchety tree dat's right agin' de li'l po'ch? When you in de li'l po'ch, all you got to do is to hist de window, an' step right in!"

"I ain' gwi' brek my neck!" said Rosy Johnson positively.

"Who talkin' 'bout yo' neck, gal? I ain' talkin' 'bout yo' neck nor you neither. I des' s'posin' how somebody'd git in ef dey wanted to git in. I ain' talkin' 'bout you an' me."

Still they lingered there.

"Dat sho is a nice tree," Pinky Johnson said. "I got a gret min' to clam up it." She climbed the fine old oak. Encouraged by her example, Rosy Johnson followed.

"I could git in de po'ch des' as easy as dirt!" Pinky Johnson vaunted. "What you bet I can't?"

"I bet you a hund'ed million dollars!"

"Des' look!"

She accomplished the feat.

"'Twas easy as rollin' off a log! Come on. What you skeered of, gal? I'll kin' o' pull you in!"

Timid as mice, Pinky and Rosy stood in the House Beautiful. Their intention went no further than looking around.

"Des' look at dat bed wid de flounces on it, an' de kin' o' pigpen 'roun' de top!"

"Ain' dem pretty flowers all ober de chairs and sofies?"

"Look at all dem shiny silber things on de bureau!"

"What you reckon dey got in 'em?"

"'Tain' no harm", Pinky Johnson considered, "in fin'in' out!"

Liberally they sprinkled themselves with toilet water. Each in turn powdered her face luxuriously.

"I sho does love hats!" sighed Pinky Johnson. They were trying on rich treasures of millinery found in a small adjoining room.

"Me too," concurred Rosy Johnson. "But I pow'ful hongry!"

"You all time bein' hongry!" the senior sister reproached her. Not that she herself was free from the same weakness. She was taking a second turn at putting on the most admired of all the hats: one thickly massed with crushed pink roses. The very pigtails of hair which it crowned tingled with pleasure. "*I* ain' sayin' I hongry, even ef I is hongry!"

Rosy Johnson's face, under an orchid straw toque resting upon her young ears, remained wistful.

"I sho would like li'l sump'n 'nother to eat—'sides blackberries! Maybe ef we look we mought fin' sump'n."

The idea was a taking one. The owners of the house — after the fash-

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ion of the rich — had no doubt gone away for the summer, leaving who knew what toothsome, perishable stores behind.

" 'Tis a sin to let good eatin's rot," pronounced Pinky Johnson piously.

Refreshed by food, they skated on the slippery floor of the main reception hall, and gave vent to their sense of satisfaction in song; Brudder Johnson, from a cage ingeniously constructed of a wire meat cover placed over a large china platter and set on the tiled hearth, joining in with chirping clucks. He too had had his share of the good cheer which the house provided.

"Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll!
I wants to go to Heaben when I die,
To see dat Jordan roll!"

"Let's play 'tis we-all's house!" proposed Pinky Johnson, Rosy Johnson warmly concurring.

Over on the golf course of the country club, two men talked together, in the desultory way men talk under such circumstances.

"Wife away?" the other man said to Ran Winchester.

"Yes. Gone to Atlantic City for a little rest. I'm off tonight to —"

He swung his club — once more oblivious of all but golf.

"Swing low, sweet chayut, comin'
for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chayut, comin'
for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chayut, comin'
for to carry me home!"

The small interlopers sat on the steps singing placidly, and watching the automobiles passing toward the club. For nearly a week — a week of enchantment — they had been in complete possession. It was a marvelous playhouse which kind fortune had provided, and they made the most of it. It is true that each evening as the sun sank, and the shadows spread, misgivings were apt to arise lest the people of the house were "dade" and likely to reappear as "hants" — misgivings impelling a nightly return to their own cabin. But in daylight, they were dauntless. What was there to make them afraid?

"Swing low, sweet chayut, comin'
for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chayut, comin'
for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chayut —"

They had had a good supper. Sumptuously they were living on the land. They had washed the dishes and put them away. "Playing house" was not all play. Or rather, not the least zestful of plays was playing at work: the wielding of broom and duster, the cooking of things on the stove — the gorgeously nickeled and enameled stove the very lighting of which had been in the beginning high and thrilling adventure. Even now, sitting there, in the peaceful light of sunset, Rosy Johnson's thoughts were of things culinary.

"Couldn' us cook a chick'n good, ef we-all had a chick'n to cook?"

"We sho could."

"We is got chickens — at home," she hinted.

"Yas, an' dem chick'ns is gwi' stay at home." Pinky Johnson was crushing. "Dem ain' cookin' chick'ns — not for we-all. Dem is layin' an' settin' chickens. 'Course ef we-all could fin' a wil' chick'n, 'twould be diff'unt."

It was not easy to dismiss the idea of a chicken feast cooked on that fine stove. A foraging expedition in search of a wild chicken the next day yielded a chicken sufficiently wild for all practical purposes. With their best

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skill they prepared and fried it, and baked corn pones to accompany it — to say nothing of cakes and dainties drawn from the stores of the establishment.

"Let's have a party!" they said, relishingly, to each other.

"Look!" Mary Winchester said. "We left the electric light on!"

"Where?"

"In the dining room. Don't you see?"

Their automobile was drawing up to the house.

"That's odd," Ran Winchester said. He got out and went to the window.

"What is it?" she called in a tense whisper, seeing him stand transfixed.

"Come here!" he whispered back.

Trembling she crept to his side.

The electrolier, turned on for added festivity of effect, blazed down upon banquet and banqueters. Pinky Johnson wore a snuff colored velveteen smoking jacket, turned wrong side out to display the quilted crimson silk lining. A French confection of blue tulle with sweeping ostrich plumes crowned her pigtailed head. Rosy Johnson was attired in a pink silk eiderdown quilt, draped in train effect, and Ran Winchester's top hat, trimmed with two full blown natural magnolia blooms tied on with a tinsel string. . . .

These lendings, shed in frantic flight, lay huddled upon the floor.

"I don't see how you can laugh," Mary Winchester said.

"I don't see how you can help laughing", he retorted, "especially as the Gold Dust Twins don't seem to have done any material damage." He stood still. "The Gold Dust Twins," he repeated slowly.

Still upon the table was the remnant of their interrupted feast.

"Fried chicken and corn pone — *as is* —!" he said.

"Glup! Glup!" said Brudder Johnson from the conservatory.

"I do believe they have shut up a young mocking bird in there!" exclaimed the mistress of the house in the tone of one discovering a crowning horror. "Do let it out instantly — instantly."

Surprisingly, next morning at breakfast, the same "Glup! Glup!" greeted them from the same direction. Returned through the open sash, Brudder Johnson was calmly hunting spiders.

"Young things are astonishingly easy to tame," Ran Winchester commented casually — and yet not altogether casually.

Terror stricken, Pinky Johnson and Rosy Johnson huddled together on the doorstep of their cabin as the day of their disaster drew toward night. There was a lonesome look about the shadowy surrounding woods, and lonesome sounds were abroad in the air.

"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

The eerie call, loud and near, grew past all bearing.

"Go 'long 'way f'um here, or we-all whup you sho 'nuff!" the elder culprit shouted back resentfully — and grew yet more pensive under her own punitive suggestion. The younger also sank, if possible, slightly deeper in depression.

"What you reckon de rich folks gwi' do to us?" the latter questioned.

There was small comfort to be derived from her companion.

"Skin us alive — ef dey uvver ketches us!"

"What you reckon made us done it?"

"De debble!" said Pinky Johnson.

But youth is elastic, and things were

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very quiet and peaceful in Turtle Creek Bottom, next day. The cluck and cackle of hens replaced the uncomfortable cry of whippoorwills. Before the scattered cabins weedy bunches of yellow lilies shone in the sun. Here and there some neighbor hung out clothes, or hoed among her beans and cabbages. Where the road wound downward and ran on toward the river, now and again some figure plodded by. It was a world apart from the world of the "rich folks". By the time the small Johnson sisters had had their scant midday meal, they felt almost safe. How would the "rich folks" find them here — let them be ever so vengeful?

They could even discuss irrelevant general subjects, as for instance the marks of class in automobiles. The road to the river was a bad one, in no favor with automobilists; a fact which gave added interest to the occasional passing of a car.

"De nose is de thing to go by," Pinky Johnson instructed Rosy Johnson. "Long-nose aut'mobile heap mo' stylisher dan short-nose aut'mobile. . . . Dat a pow'ful long-nose aut'mobile comin' down de road. Wonner what it stoppin' at Mammy Liza's for?"

"Mammy Liza pintin' over dis away," remarked Rosy Johnson.

For a wild moment, they looked at each other. Then Pinky Johnson leaped from the doorstep, dragging her junior after her.

"Run!" she panted.

With the instinct of weak creatures to "play dead" in moments of extremity, they kept hidden behind their cabin and observed a deathly stillness, even in face of the patent failure of flight.

"We have come on a perfectly peaceful mission, young ladies —" it was the gentleman speaking. "We haven't the slightest desire to interfere with your life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Come out, and let's talk things over."

He spoke as one speaks to a trembling horse, trusting to tones rather than to words.

"Of course if they are not here", Mrs. Winchester took it up with careful clearness, "we can't tell them what we came for: to offer them a nice home, and nice wages, and plenty of time to play and to go to school, if they will help around the house —"

There was a tense pause. Two pigtailed heads peeped forth, slowly followed by two bashfully writhing bodies.

"Here we!" they said, in unison, in the falsetto of respect.

It was the gentleman who put the finishing touches to the transaction, elevating it into almost ritualistic dignity.

"Do you solemnly engage and bind yourselves to wash dishes and chase dust with zeal and discretion?"

"Yas, suh!"

"Will you sedulously exercise your natural talents for simple and savory cookery?"

"Yas, suh!"

"Will you seek to acquire the abstruser art of making the jelly jell and the custard cuss?"

"Yas, suh!"

"Will you meticulously respect the demarcations of Meum and Tuum?"

"Yas, suh!"

Rooted to the ground, they watched the long-nosed automobile depart.

"Ain' he a noble-talkin' gent'man?"

"Ain' she a pretty lady?"

"What you reckon is Mume and Tume?"

" 'Tain' nothin' to bodder we-all!"

Nothing to bother, and bothering

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about nothing, they fell into an exhilarated cakewalk.

"Hop light, ladies, same's I do!
Hop light, ladies, O Miss Lou!"

"Dem chillun on dere high ropes," Mammy Liza, smoking her pipe before her cabin on the rise of the hillside, elevated her voice to remark to Mammy Sue, similarly engaged before her own domicile. Somnolent under the sweet influences of tobacco, Mammy Sue was tolerant. "Chilluns", she said, "will be chilluns."

As the long-nosed automobile returned along the river road, cakewalking was giving place to a newer game, Pinky Johnson's inspiration. Clearly through the reposeful atmosphere of Turtle Creek Bottom sounded her glad young voice:

"Let's play you is Mume and I is Tume!"

Little she dreamed — or those who heard — how notable those names were destined to be in the bead roll of "perfect treasures".

FISHERMEN

By Harry Kemp

WHEN stars still gather, height on height,
Beneath the mighty Milky Way
They put forth in the utter night
Before the first, faint flush of day,
To gather in the quiet nets
That wait, black-laced, against the sky —
Which the first touch in tumult sets
With surging life that would not die! . . .

They are the huntsmen of the sea:
They chase the bright and rippling herds
That roam its dark immensity
Watched over by the ocean's birds . . .
Far off, as if it were the wind,
Brightening the surface, they behold
Ten thousand mackerel, silver-finned,
That run in shifting banks of gold. . . .

And in small boats they wander out
Pretending death and men are friends,
Where the fog, piling clouds about,
As vast as space itself, descends!

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LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

To Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter) and to Mr. Shorter

Edited by Michael Earls, S. J.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

Your very welcome note reached me here in the wilderness, where I have for intimate friends a lighthouse, and a school or two of pickerel. "The Sketch" will certainly be forwarded from Auburndale: I thank you much for sending it. And I hope G. B.'s work will be liked, so as to justify your interest in him, of which, indeed, I felt confident. They will post you a copy of "Patrins", for me, from town. It isn't, alas, a "little book", but a fat one: the only thing of mine which ever reached a second edition. So, you see, you break my heart when you compliment me at the head of a column as a "well-known" poet. I suppose I may say that I have a certain *succès d'estime*, and sometimes have a little praise from some who know. But, truly, that covers all my achievement. Nor do I covet more. I am not sure whether Mr. Grant Richards will love you for "talking out loud"! The book is not a really settled matter, you know. I hasten to assure you that you may checkmate my well-beloved Lionel Johnson, and Dora too, if they dream of me as "pro-Spanish". That attitude in me would be preposterous: blasphemous, rather. Of course I am for my own country, heart and soul, and know she is in the right. But like almost every one in Boston, I hated the war, until we got into it; and thought it avoidable then, and think it ominous now. It means a new and non-American general policy.[1] Our New England papers, and our best papers quite generally maintain, like the navy, a most chivalrous attitude towards "the Don". Schley, Philip and Wainwright, were as gentle and gallant towards Cervera defeated as ever Nelson could have been: were they not?

Tell Dora that her faithful, ancient undersigned, salutes her in common with two Saint Bernards and a little gray Angora, and wishes, "early and often", for a sight of her again. Believe me

Yours faithfully,
LOUISE I. GUINEY.

Five Island, Sagadahoc Co.,
Maine, U. S. A.
17th *July*, 1898.

DEAREST DORA:

This is just an official report, to advise you of something I've done. Mr. Grant Richards has just arranged it with me to print a little book in September, to be called "England and Yesterday". (Perhaps you'll remem-

1 Miss Guiney enclosed an editorial from the Boston "Evening Transcript" (of June 6), "What Does Our Aggression Mean": "It means *the repudiation of the policies and principles that created and brought the republic to its present greatness and power;* it means the abuse and misapplication of this power and disappearance of the republic as an example to and influence for good over the liberty-loving people of the whole world."

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ber that phrase in one of Stevenson's poems.) Well, it has some things in it which were in the "Roadside Harp", and some new things. I know you are not London-mad, and cared not especially for the London sonnets in your own 1892 book. So I thought that, by your leave, I'd pass them over to my dear Herbert Clarke, a second-hand dedicatee who *is* London-mad. Are you not quite willing? But I set your own blessed name over the old lyrics, and the nineteen-twenty new lyrics which I am now printing with them. And as I fancied you'd like your lord for company there, I put him beside you! It is to be hoped he may not grieve over-much. Make my peace with him. The thing is to be out late in September; and the first copies are to be sent to you, Mr. Clarke, Miss Morgan, and Mr. Lionel Johnson.

I am in a wild wet corner of the earth, with my mother, Aunt Elizabeth, two St. Bernards, and a cat. And I am working hard and fast, and taking no exercise save a daily swim. So I'll say no more except to ask you to send my ever affectionate remembrances whenever you write, to dear Hester, and your father. I hope the books reached Mr. Shorter safely. So you're for the Don, in this quarrel? O Dora, Dora!

Always yours,

L. I. G.

4th *August*, 1898,
Five Island, Sagadahoc Co., Maine.
(until *Oct.* 15.)

MY DEAR MR. SHORTER:

As I understand it, No. 198 Strand is but a cast-off abode of yours:

> The Sultan rises; and the dark Ferrash
> Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

So I am asking my friend Mr. William Lindsey, to send this to you at your house, while I am ignorant of your literary whereabouts. In introducing him, I will tell you that he was in need, I found, of expert advice regarding a plan of the London publication of what we all think here a capital series of tales; and I boldly engaged you to be good to him, on the spot, as you are the wisest man I know, in certain master sciences. Now, will you not spare him an hour or two out of your ever-busy days? and you may guess how pleased I shall be, if you will advise him a little.

I must tell you that I mean to follow Dora's example soon, and print a new volume of verse: (really new, this time,) and that the title is to be: "The Martyrs' Idyl and Shorter Poems". You see how I cling to those *Shorters!* Albeit D. S. S. owes me a letter, I adore her yet. With all affectionate remembrances, believe me as ever, her and

Your friend,

L. I. GUINEY.

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
9th *July*, 1899.

MY DORA EVER DEAR:

You have been my creditor these many weeks, so far as letter-writing goes. It actually makes me homesick to load and fire a pen at you, whom I so long to hear and see again. Your tail-piece, (emphatically that, in every sense!) illustrating a certain dinner in Ealing, has been my joy on several select occasions; and I was, and am, so pleased generally over your happy reports of your own world. You may be sure I appreciate such approval as Dr. Robertson Nicoll's; but I didn't quite understand the message about publishing my verses, whether that referred to a book, or to a magazine.

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Alas, my muse is an absentee landlady! I am kept so busy, these latter years, on mere day-labouring, that I can write nothing; nor live for a day in my own tents. Perhaps I ought not to say "busy" though I am surely occupied enough; but I lack the mood. Some lucky folk can grind away at extraneous tasks, and write between-whiles, but in that respect I was born a Unitarian, and can do but one thing at a time: so I have not a line for publication at present, nor have had, since August. Nevertheless, I have my snug dream of a long life, say in Red Lion Square or some such chaste and elegant purlieu where I shall always have a raven to bring muffins and the family (and celery, and clothes, and pin-money) and where I shall have nothing on earth to do but to dig in the seventeenth century, and edit and edit, and live in the odour of folios. Isn't it romantic of me? It would be "Paradise enow", I warrant!—What I really began to say, a page and a half back, was that I wished to send you these two tiny clippings. The bookie[2] seems to be well-beloved on all sides. I didn't like the BOOKMAN portrait so well as the one I have! Ever and ever, with love to the two in Dublin, and Mr. Shorter, and you, Dora,

L. I. G.

5 *May*, 1899.
Boston, Mass.

MY VERY DEAR OLD DORA:

If it were not for one Mr. Shorter's kindness, I should not have winged you in this fashion! I hope you have had, and are having the very happiest of holiday tours. My own summer wound up with domestic tempests: for we have transferred ourselves from a fifteen years' experience of what Mr. William Watson's muse calls "rural exile" back to the heart of Boston. I am not sorry! Now when you come to America, remember that your wigwam is at 16 Pinckney Street. What about your bookie? C. K. S. says something of sending me a copy of the London edition: which would delight my heart. But I have waited quite in vain to hear aught of the other from Mr. MacArthur; and now I see that he has left THE BOOKMAN altogether. I should be more than willing, bad reviewer as I am, to review it anywhere that I may; and I should not be afraid, I think, to try, as I really was afraid to try your father's wonderful "Gael and Gall"![3] For you know I have no shadow of a head any more, and cannot put two sentences together, in prose, even. I envy the lucky souls who can grind away at the sort of labour which seems the duty of the hour and keep their hold on the abstract world. I know I can't. However, it is not tragic in the least, and I do not mean to complain. Besides, I like my daily chore, which is in the Catalogue of our great Boston Public Library. Your admired Alice Brown lives nearly opposite me, and saw yesterday, for the first time, your fine big photograph of 1897. She has been in poor health for a year or more, but is improving at last. We both look back to that dear open-air summer in the blessed English valleys as our last oasis. I tell her she is "in" with the gods, whatever betide; for she can still write! You will smile when I tell you that I have a book on the very point of publication: verses, too. But they date from 1894-96. I shall ask you to put a copy on your shelf, very soon, and mark it "The dregs and lees of a poeticule". It isn't as good as your

2 Dora's "Ballads and Poems", 1899.

3 Published in 1897: the second edition, with its added scholarship, in 1907.

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"Harp", though I am aware the latter sets up no great standard of what's what. I would e'en give fippence to see thee. Art a good Dreyfusard? for that is not a dead issue, by any means. Our Admiral Dewey has been here, and the whole town stood on its head, and went magnificently mad. I fear it was less for the very perfect sailor-man, than for joy at the whole Imperial-American business, which seems to me the wickedest thing I know. Some day, when I am free (i.e. moth-eaten and tame with years) I am going to emigrate to some hamlet that smells strong of the middle ages, and put cotton-wool in my ears, and swing out clear from this very smart century altogether. Now that I think of it, it must be Chilcomb, or Iffley, or Barley in Hertfordshire: so that I may get sight of Dora once in a time! Nothing like the hermit madness with method: which some of the ungodly say was Thoreau's kind. How is Hester getting on? Will you please give her my loving remembrance? I shall be writing to me dear Doctor before long. I have lost track of the gens Hinksonorum, and believe one Lionel Johnson hath become a Trappist.

Love to you always,

L. I. G.

16 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.
November, 1899.

MY DEAREST DORA:

It is long since your gifts came, and so the thanks kept on accumulating. The books are among my treasures. You have gone forward gloriously; and I am sinfully proud of the likes of you! Among so many old numbers which I have long loved, so many new ones which one comes on with a fresh shock of delight in their free grace and sincerity I must tell you that the two which took hold of me so that I had to go up and down stairs repeating them, were two which, in the London edition, come together: "False Dearbhorgill", and "Ireland". Such a ballad and such a lyric! They sting: as beauty can always do. How are you, colleen? My mother, like almost all our fellow beings over here, had a tussle this winter, with the Influenza, but is up and about again, as straight and pink-cheeked as ever. I am well, busy, and deadly dull, always dreaming of going back to England, and editing my beloved of the seventeenth century. I am afraid that is the only Paradise I hunger for, now that I live in a world underground, where no fine arts nor belles-lettres grow, and where one's chief business is

> . . . to come it brave and meek
> On thirty bob a week!

However, I happened to see the first two numbers of a periodical called "The Sphere" in whose manner and appearance I was hugely interested. You would have sworn, from its calm and knowing air, that it had been seated in the Strand since the Norman Conquest.

Shall you visit Ireland, this spring? If you do, I charge you to tell your father and Hester that I think of them very, very often, and with never-ceasing affection. When there swings into the starry line another Piatt poet, I am in hopes to see Hester in this native hemisphere of mine. It can't compare with the other for quiet, and twilight and ivied memories and a soil of dreams. But there are sky-scraper buildings, and canvas-back ducks. I sometimes have wondered why Mr. Shorter has never come back with me, O bonnie shallop! in tow. There would be welcomes, as he must know well.

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My book reached you, did it not? and my letter, posted to your Paris address last October? We continue to enjoy town life again. By that I do not mean gayeties, etc., for I never have time to go about any more. How are your pets? Is your parrot as pretty as this, which a talkative friend of mine shed the other day? Miss Morgan and I are about to edit a Vaughan together ("Silex Scintillans")[4]: unless Mr. Gollanez takes alarm at his having called up two female spectres. He addressed Miss Morgan as "Dear Sir". Isn't she a Fine Thing? She "took" mightily to you. A man in Oxford, Mr. W. H. Hadow, whom I never saw, but whose books I know, has set my Irish Peasant Song No. 1 to the most exquisite plaintive music in E Flat. I wish you might hear it sometime. It is in a volume with others: Arthur Symons and myself in company with the high gods: Blake, Stevenson, and a Goodnight, dear Dora. Let me hear from you ever and anon, for old times' sake. Commend me to C. K. S. and believe me

Ever yours,
LOUISE I. GUINEY.

18 *March*, 1900.
16 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

4 "Sparks from the Flint", two parts, 1650-1655.

DEAD TREES

By Oscar Williams

THE fruit of living trees is sweet,
And autumn goes and spring comes back;
But all the fruit that dead trees bear
Is hopeless, bitter, black.

The living trees grow lustily,
The ocean running through their veins;
The dead trees squat in smoke and dust
And never lift their heads in rains.

The living trees have one blue roof
Enough for all on hill and cloud;
The dead trees have no room in life,
And so, black roof on roof, they crowd.

The living trees have silver stars
To rustle down their leafy streams;
The only stars the dead trees have
Are starved and stunted dreams!

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THE WRIGHT AMERICAN

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

IN the canteen I ran in France there was a bookshelf containing some twenty or thirty volumes, a haphazard collection made up of the leavings of units passing through, of a small boxful obtained with difficulty from Y headquarters, and of occasional wandering volumes arriving from across the seas. The boys patronized the shelf eagerly enough, and most of the time it was almost empty, volumes of religious advice being the sole survivors of the demands made upon it. But though practically everything in the nature of a novel or story went well, I soon came to know that ten out of a dozen of the boys who asked for a book would say first:

"Got anything by Harold Bell Wright?"

If I had, they took it. If I had not, they took anything else. It was Harold Bell Wright against the field, with Wright winning every time. There were only four of his books in my library, and they were on the go unceasingly.

Now, I had never read one of them. Neither had anyone I knew — knew, at least, in that old life which seemed so far away and long ago during the war. Practically everyone in that literary past had told me how bad they were, how fearful was the English in which they were written, how false, vapid, and sentimental were their contents. And I wondered at the passionate longing for the things displayed by the American doughboy in his thousands. And not only the doughboy — the officers, when they dropped in to see if there was something to read, usually made the same request.

"They may be darned good fighters", was my thought, "but they certainly have a mighty poor taste in literature."

There, of course, was where I made my mistake. They had no taste at all for literature. Literature was not what they were after. They were not even seeking a just estimate of human nature or of life. Probably none of them had so much as a streak of the artist in him, and to appreciate literature there must be a trace of that creature in your makeup. As to their fellow men and life as they met it, they doubtless sized up both in a manner satisfactory to themselves. What they wanted when they read — well, was what they found in Harold Bell Wright.

What did they find, what are they finding, in his work?

One morning I asked one of the boys, a lad from a small town in Pennsylvania who had brought back the last of the four, having read the rest one after the other, why he liked Harold Bell Wright so much. He was not used to expressing his critical convictions, but finally he came out with:

"I don't know as it's the story so much, but you see, he kind of gets at what I've tried to think about, and writes it so's I can get hold of it. And he sure does know a lot of nice American girls!"

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At the time I thought no more of the problem of Harold Bell Wright and his vast public. There were other matters to be attended to.

Yet there is something interesting here. Something it seems worth while to pursue. The war is long over, the doughboys scattered. But all over America Wright's latest book is being read by hundreds of thousands of copies. Remembering my experience as a librarian in a Y hut in France, I feel sure that a large proportion of this public is young men — young men who don't care very much about reading any other books.

Wondering on the subject, I read this latest book myself. It was the first one of Wright's books that I had read, and judgment on an author should not be passed on the authority of a single volume. But I am not seeking to pass judgment; what I want to do is to get an explanation. I think this one book will suffice for that. The book is not a book for me. It doesn't hold what I seek in a book. But it is not addressed to me. It is, however, addressed to America; and America takes it to her heart with enthusiasm.

In reading the story I found that the criticisms passed on Wright by people who had never read him were inaccurate. The English he uses is good English. Good, clear, strong English, with no taint of fine writing. Nor was the book false or vapid, though it did not escape sentimentality. But the sentimentality had nothing of the gross or maudlin. It reminded me of the sentimentality I have met in small town people who have had no wide contacts with life, and who accept face values as realities — a mother is to them something inherently noble and selfless, for instance, and even the fact that they have personally known bad and selfish mothers will not modify this preconceived stand. Such persons are shrewd and alert enough in the affairs of daily life, but they have a certain number of rubber stamps passing as beliefs, and become beliefs for them. There is a great deal of this sort of sentimentality in America, and possibly elsewhere.

It is not this that makes Mr. Wright so popular in his country, however. There are plenty of books written that are ten times as sentimental as his, and which have no vogue at all; books that tell more thrilling stories than he tells, too. For it is not the story they tell that makes them to be demanded. These matters help, but are not *it*. No. As I read, I remembered what the Pennsylvania boy had said. He had found thoughts which he had tried to put into words himself, tried to get clear in his mind, doubtless, expressed by his author, expressed so that they became his own, expressed as he would like to have expressed them himself.

The average American is not a thinker. He does not reflect upon life. Books that are written for those who do think, who do reflect, plays that are produced for such, do not interest him. They are not in his field. Now, Wright is not a literary man. He does not wish to be one. But he does reflect upon life, upon the obvious life with which the public comes into contact. It is not individual experience he seeks to express, it is not the growth of character in conflict with life as it is found in this or that man or woman. Mr. Wright is a preacher. What he wants to do, and does do, is to expound basic problems of right and wrong in a manner that will reach the greatest possible number of persons. He works toward this with the

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utmost sincerity and in the clutch of an immense conviction. He has a theme to teach. And he believes to a passionate degree in America and the American, believes that if only certain things can be set right, then our ship of state, our nation, will make the port of the millennium or something almost as good. There is a moving quality in a belief like this, a beauty; it is certainly one of the causes of Mr. Wright's tremendous popularity.

Let there be no mistake as to Mr. Wright's quality as a workman. There is nothing ill considered or sloppy in his methods. When he has finished a book he has put into it the best work of which he is capable, and taken an infinite amount of pains. He gets his basic theme first, as clear as possible in his mind, and hangs on to this until it begins to call for exploitation. Thereupon he sets to work at his foundations, making a pattern of his idea, with its darks and lights, its good and bad, its conflict and outcome. He chooses a symbol that shall express the main thought of the book. In "Helen of the Old House", for instance, he wished to make clear that cooperation between the men who work and the men who think is necessary in this world. So he has for his leading character a man who is a helpless cripple but who is wise, full of love and justice. Associated with this man is his friend and servant, a creature strong physically, but mentally weak and undeveloped. Between them they work out a satisfactory existence, and influence the entire book. In this way Mr. Wright plans out his sermon, presents his lesson. His characters are chosen to exploit his theme and he selects them, not for their human value, but for their value in putting into story form the theme in his mind. Last, he proceeds to write his book in a manner that will appeal to the largest possible public. He wants the shopgirl and the clerk, the factory hand and the traction man, the cowboy and the village postmistress to read it, and he writes it in the way he believes they will like best — he writes it to meet the popular taste.

You may say that this is not the way of an artist. To this Mr. Wright retorts that a man who succeeds in his aim, who puts his idea into a form that will appeal to the public for whom he writes, even though that public is numbered by the million, is still an artist. He is attacking problems that beset his readers, putting them into words that they have not for themselves, thinking for them the thoughts they want to but do not know how to think. He is a preacher of democracy speaking to a public obsessed by bread and butter problems because it has to be, and trying to show the best road to the solution of the difficulties of these problems; he is speaking to a public that prefers types to individuals, and that wants in a book the kind of story that it wishes for itself. If this writer is criticized by another public for not proceeding in a manner which would alienate this special, this large audience, the criticism is based on a misconception of the entire affair.

Wright's solutions are sane, sound, and kindly. The guidance he offers is safe. He has horse sense and his appeal is to horse sense, perhaps slightly sublimated. If the young American is reading him, he is reading what will help to clarify and steady himself. Also, it is to be remembered that many of those who read him are not readers at all, in the broad sense. If he did not write they would read nothing. But reading him, they begin to form

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the habit of reading, and in time they will take another book than his when one of his is not to be had. In fact, he is training readers in a nation which, in spite of our multiplicity of papers and magazines, is emphatically not a nation of readers.

He is making thinkers too. Don't be too ready to laugh at that. He may not make you think, but you are a mere fraction of America. If you want to know America in the bulk read one of Wright's books, and try to get back of it to the men and women who ask for him in their millions, who want him because he expresses what they need to have expressed. Wright understands them, and he may help you to understand them. They have nothing to do with literature and its standards, but they have a whole lot to do with America and her standards. Wright's creative energy is directed toward them, and the book he writes is a mere instrument to his end, shaped to fit it to its use. That is why he is so popular: not because he cannot give a literary public what it cries for, but because he can give his own public what it really needs.

PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN NOVELIST: GOGOL

By Marya Zaturensky

I WHO was born in Ukraina,
The rich red heart of Russia,
Remembered best of all the gipsy dances
That took place after the harvest day.

The hazy blur of scarlet and gold, the sharp quick dying laughter,
The cymbals swift clashing, the last swaying gesture,
While from afar the long river flowed;
Oh the long river kept flowing,
As the last note of the boat song came to us on the night wind!

Now you who have read my books,
Read again between the black lines,
Heard you not even in the midst of my dark laughter
The passionate whirling of scarlet and red ornament?
The stamping of dark feet, the song and the quick dying laughter,
The too loud laughter so suddenly hushed
As a clash of cymbals is hushed?
And slowly, slowly, creeping, slowly the ever winding tide
Of the red incoming river of pain?

So all my gladness was hushed by the sorrow of Russia my mother
And I laughed only through pain and death darkness.

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ANDRÉ SALMON AND HIS GENERATION

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

ANDRÉ SALMON can be seen, if you visit him in Paris, always about nine o'clock in the evening and usually on the terrace of the Café de Montparnasse. You notice immediately that he is not the usual type of literary man. A black derby tilts back on his high angular head. He drinks coffee in quick gulps, punches with his finger at the bowl of a briar pipe, and talks. He talks kindly about his friends and their work, kindly about his enemies even, for Salmon is one of those rare writers who converse on other subjects than their own selves.

About the year 1905, he will tell you, there were six very young men who met daily in a ramshackle immense studio at the top of the Butte Montmartre. Two of them were painters: André Dérain and Pablo Picasso, the owner of the studio. Four of them were writers. There was Max Jacob, and Guillaume Apollinaire, who is now becoming widely famous, four years after his death. There was Pierre MacOrlan, who writes stories of curious adventure, and there was Salmon. For a dozen years everything new in French literature centred about these six young men. They formed a "generation", as the term is understood in France.

Here in America the word "generation" is apt to be misunderstood; this in spite of all the recent discussion. A literary generation is not a coterie or a society for mutual admiration. It is a group of men whose common age has given them a common point of view, and a common aim which is not necessarily the destruction of every other generation.

American writers are more apt to be influenced by their financial circumstances than by their age, but even here generations are not unknown. For example, there is the generation of hopeful intellectuals who found expression in "The New Republic", followed by the discouraged intellectuals who write for "The Freeman". There was the generation of psychoanalysts — the Stieglitz crowd — who founded "Seven Arts", and latterly there has been the critical generation of "Secession". All this in the last ten years. In France, where society is more closely knit, generations are an older phenomenon, defined more clearly.

The generation of Salmon and Apollinaire was more important than any which has followed, and the literary situation in France today can hardly be understood without them. They founded the new art criticism, the first art criticism which has had much effect on artists. They created a new form of prose and the new French poetry of which we hear so much and of which we read so little. They introduced a new ideal of the artistic life, and it is about their mode of living that André Salmon likes to talk especially.

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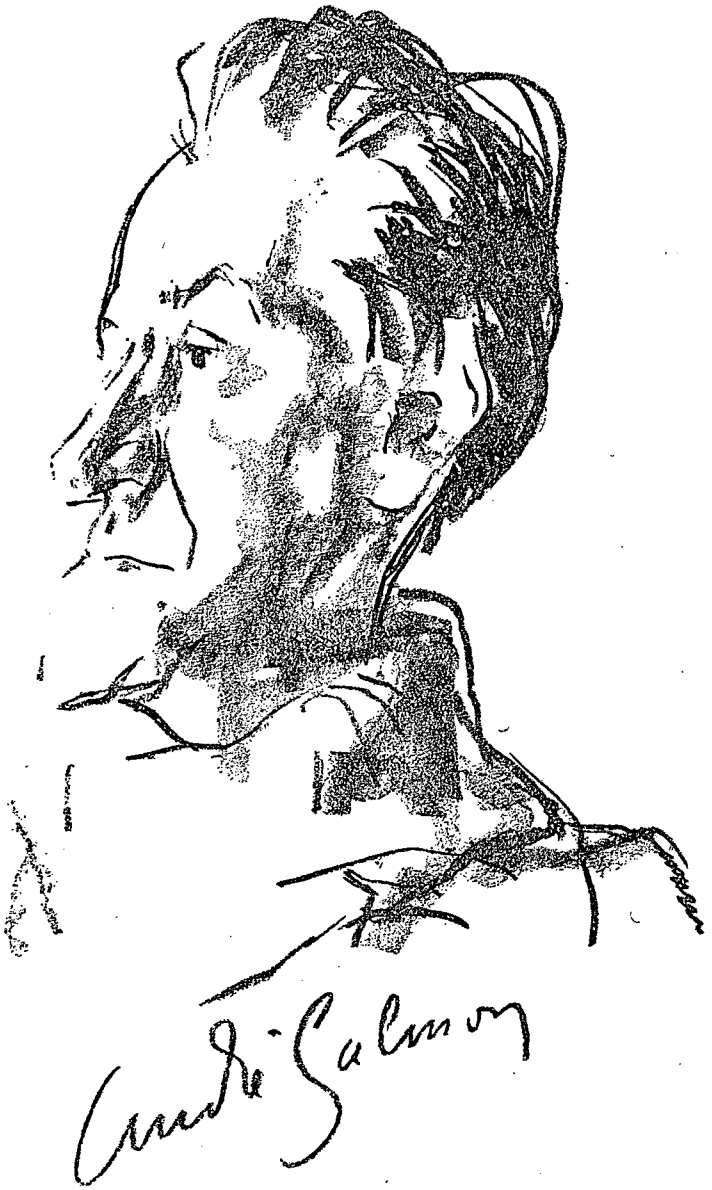

Sketched from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by M. Salmon.*

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We know how poets live today, but it is hard for us to realize how they lived in France back in the 'nineties. It was the age of the Symbolists: poets in dripping felt hats and windsor ties who paraded their æstheticism through a Latin Quarter which exists no longer. They were rich men, for the most part; rich enough to hold themselves aloof from life. They made a little collection of precious objects and touched them with long and drooping fingers. The generation of Salmon was poor and worked hard to keep itself from starvation. Having been tossed pell mell into the middle of life, it made a virtue of the situation. "Art must be given back to life," was Salmon's formula, and his friends rallied round it.

From their attic windows they scoffed at the æsthetic parade of the 'nineties. And it is largely because of this scoffing that nobody dares to live the arty life today — no artist, I mean. The poets and artists of today are practical people whose clothes are made by the best tailor they can afford and whose economic knowledge shames mere business men.

Salmon likes to tell stories about his friends: How Apollinaire would play practical jokes on the surviving Symbolists. How all the friends would dissolve a literary reception, boring and dignified, by reciting each in turn a very undignified, even a scabrous poem. How they conducted ferocious polemics in their magazines. And finally their fashions of supporting themselves, which were many and strange. Apollinaire was a bank clerk with disastrous illusions about high finance. Max Jacob, the Catholic poet, lived magically by the sole virtue of clean linen and a stovepipe hat. As for Salmon...

Two or three times a year there is a big murder trial in Paris. Madame Bessarabo, perhaps, packs her husband in a trunk and expresses him absent-mindedly to the provinces. Landru broils one wife too many over the kitchen stove. In the course of time and the police Landru and Madame Bessarabo appear before a jury. At such moments the Parisian newspapers increase their sales, more especially the "Matin". For the accounts of such trials in the "Matin" are masterpieces of reporting and something more than reporting; they lift dingy Landru or his female counterpart into an epic figure of crime. Those accounts are written by André Salmon and constitute his sole work as a reporter.

Art exhibits occur more frequently than murder trials in Paris. Their audience is somewhat smaller, but this specialized public reads comment on the artists and their work with no less interest, when it is written by André Salmon. Another public reads his poems, still another attends his drama, and a public larger still exhausts editions of his novels. He is a jack of all literary trades and a consummate master of many.

Considering his reputation in France, he is surprisingly little known in America. Recently "The Dial" published a long eulogy on his last novel, "La Négresse du Sacre-Cœur". Some of his stories will shortly be translated for "Broom". But that is all. For those who wish to become acquainted with his French, I should advise the novels first. They are a little difficult to a novice in the language but they are strange enough and exciting enough to make a dictionary worth while. To me personally they opened new worlds of literature.

Probably they are the portion of his work which is known most widely. It is hard to generalize about them, for

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no two are alike, but I like best the one which "The Dial" praised so highly. "The Negress of the Sacred Heart" is a novel which he wrote somewhat around the adventures of his own friends, a curious novel which quickly became the Bible of the new bohemia-in-business-clothes, a poetical novel which has been called an epic poem in prose, but which is certainly an epic without a hero.

Salmon is so rich in poetry, indeed, that he diffuses it through all his writings. Even in his accounts of murder trials there is poetry; that is the reason they are so extensively read. As for his half dozen volumes of art criticism, they abound in poetry; they are almost all poetry, by which fact they are distinguished from the dry or gossipy criticism which preceded them. At the same time they are solidly informative, since it takes a poet to understand a painter. Even the French government has been forced, in spite of their lack of orthodoxy, to recognize their worth, and his last volume ("L'Art Vivant") gained him nothing less than the Legion of Honor. Today Salmon is critic-in-ordinary to the modern painters.

However, he is not essentially a critic. He is not a novelist, a reporter, not even a writer of verse. He is a type unfortunately rare in modern times: a man of letters who has taken all literature for his province. Personally he prefers to call himself a poet, but what he means, perhaps, is very much the same.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by John Farrar

IN selecting the poems from the November magazines it is only proper to mention "The Wasteland" by T. S. Eliot in "The Dial". Mr. Eliot has received this year's prize award from that magazine and is rapidly gaining what might almost be called a "cult" of adorers among the intellectuals. I hesitate to recommend any poem which I am incapable of understanding. In this class falls "The Wasteland". If this is a limitation, one can only offer apologies and regrets.

In "The Measure" Arthur Davison Ficke turns again to his old manner, with melody, smoothness, and beauty. Of four sonnets, I like "Portrait of a Stranger" best.

She was so young, it seemed that Spring had turned
Earthward to make her before brooks were clear
Of their last ice, — before first blades appear
Of grass, and not one April flower had burned
Its little light under the pale blue sky.
She was so young, I knew she could not know
Anything more than that the wind can blow
Dark violet-blooms to sway most delicately.
But one calm evening, when a quiet star
Was great and luminous above the west,
We talked of what is good and bad and best,

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And how the nearest things are the most far,
And how the things-that-are-not chiefly
are. . . .
I think, now, Spring's old self lives in her
breast.

Ironical as always, yet here with a touch of depth, Maxwell Bodenheim gives, in "The Century", "Advice to My Young Wife":

You have shattered your hands
Against a lusterlessly brooding door
And called it life.
Life is breathlike shapelessness
That you must cut to fugitives
Of sound and color trampled by your feet.
Life is like the air
Bounding with unannounced frankness
Into beards of thieves and mountain-sides.
Offer all things myriad points
To sharply coil about your heart.
When naked breasts ask for the sword,
It often clatters to the floor.

One of the finest things of its kind, with its color, its subtle weaving of passion and rhythm, its poignancy, is Robert Roe's "Symphonie Pathetique" in "Poetry". Here we have a definite note of genius.

Your bundle of balanced hair, beloved —
soft, silky, letting lights
Slip down to darkness;
Juggling lights fantastically, colored lights
dripping like the chords of dreamed
music;
Your eyes absorbing blue, giving out blue
As though your face were turned forever to
an unseen sky;
Your hands pointed like almonds,
White like ivory traced with blue enamel:
These are gone.
I see these
No more.

Gus, the romantic lad, plays old plaintive
melodies on the mandolin,
Trying to make me know he understands.
But I am feeling the slide
Of your hand on my forehead,
Hand like weather-stained ivory
Written on in faded blue ink. . . .
I have chords of wistful music
Crowding for you to open the gate,
To drift off like smoke
Over aged hills.

Amy Lowell's "Portrait", one of a group in "Harper's", crisply embodies the wintry character of some frost crowned damsel.

This lady is like a grass-blade sheathed in
ice,
Like hoar-frost running along the borders
of a formal garden.
She is like violets under the misted glass of
a cold frame
On an Autumn morning with the sun scarcely
above the trees.

The air has a smart twinge to it, I think,
And the asters are black and broken;
But what can equal the glitter of the frosty
grass-blades,
Held to a rigid radiance,
Bent and motionless,
Answering nothing to the wind?

No, do not lift the frames.
The violets are a lovely touch of color,
And I would rather forego the scent of them
Than run the risk of their freezing.

Robert Graves, tight in his measure, and compact also in thought, always has distinction even when his rhythms are most difficult. However, "Children of Darkness", in "The New Republic", is a fine lyric.

We spurred our parents to the kiss
Though doubtfully they shrank from this —
Day had no courage to review
What lusty dark alone might do —
Then were we joined from their caress
In heat of midnight, one from two.

This night-seed knew no discontent,
In certitude his changings went;
Though there were veils about his face,
With forethought, even in that pent place,
Down towards the light his way he bent
To kingdoms of more ample space.

Was day prime error, that regret
For darkness roars unstifled yet?
That in this freedom, by faith won,
Only acts of doubt are done?
That unveiled eyes with tears are wet,
They loathe to gaze upon the sun?

Among the younger men, this poet and Hervey Allen seem to me, at least, to be the most important.

John V. A. Weaver is represented in several November magazines with excellent poems. "Dilemma" is good; but it is not Mr. Weaver at his very best.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

"MON AMI MOORE"

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

GOOD books come, and bad books go, but Mr. Sumner, like the time honored brook, appears to go on forever. Mr. Tennyson does not tell us whether or not the brook was ever dammed and its course checked. Mr. Sumner, however, has been damned early and often; he has reached the rapids, and he may be nearing the fall. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has suffered a few notable setbacks in the last year or so. It stubbed its toe badly on "Mademoiselle de Maupin", which lady cost it not a little both in prestige and in pocket. Recently it lost cases against four books at one fell swoop, and probably more damages will be forthcoming. It is to be hoped so. Certainly they are due. And now — "Jurgen"!

After two years of silence, during which "Jurgen" rose to a price far beyond that of good Scotch whisky, the book was finally brought to trial before Judge Nott in the Court of General Sessions. This was on October 16. Judge Nott read "Jurgen", read the report of the emergency committee which originally protested against the suppression — a report published under the title of "Jurgen and the Censor" — and handed down the following decision:

The defendants herein, at the close of the People's case, have moved for a direction of acquittal and the dismissal of the indictment on the ground that the book "Jurgen" on the possession of which the indictment is based, is not an "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting book" within the meaning and intent of section 1141 of the Penal Law, for the alleged violation of which the indictment has been found.

I have read and examined the book carefully. It is by Mr. James Branch Cabell, an author of repute and distinction. From the literary point of view its style may fairly be called brilliant. It is based on the mediæval legends of Jurgen and is a highly imaginative and fantastic tale, depicting the adventures of one who has been restored to his first youth but who, being attended by a shadow in the guise of the shadow of his old self, retains the experience and cynicism of age which frustrates a perfect fulfillment of his desire for renewed youth.

The adventures consist in wanderings through mediæval and mythological countries and a sojourn in Hell and Heaven. He encounters beings of mediæval folk-lore and from classical Mythology. The most that can be said against the book is that certain passages therein may be considered suggestive in a veiled and subtle way of immorality, but such suggestions are delicately conveyed and the whole atmosphere of the story is of such an unreal and supernatural nature that even these suggestions are free from the evils accompanying suggestiveness in more realistic works. In fact, it is doubtful if the book could be read or understood at all by more than a very limited number of readers.

In my opinion the book is one of unusual literary merit and contains nothing "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting" within the meaning of the statute and the decisions of the courts of this state in similar cases. (See Halsey v. New York Society, 234 N. Y. 1; People v. Brainard, 192 App. Div. 116; St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn, 64 Misc. 336.)

The motion, therefore, is granted and the jury is advised to acquit the defendants.

And there ended that lesson. In this instance also damages are undoubtedly due both author and publisher, in the first case not only for loss of royalties but for defamation of character. Surely it is high time that the misguided ones who back this Society should be made to disgorge. But, however that may be, it is not too late

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to place a little of the past history of the "Jurgen" case before the public, especially as this particular phase of the episode is by no means unamusing.

Two years ago, when the small emergency committee which appointed itself to battle for the cause of James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" was struggling to enlist support — and it did not have to struggle very hard — and was likewise endeavoring to coordinate opinion against that self-constituted censor, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, a protest blank with a statement of the case was sent by the secretary of the committee to George Moore, Esq. of London. As all the reading world knows, Mr. Moore has had experience with censors, self-constituted and otherwise, and has on more than one occasion expressed himself on them and on their works with no little emphasis and decision. The result of the secretary's letter was a correspondence which lovers of Mr. Moore's work will find thoroughly typical, and which everyone, including even those who cannot be placed in the aforesaid category, will find interesting. The first two letters have already appeared in the privately printed report of the committee; the other letters have not been printed at all.

On the twenty-second of April, 1920, Mr. Moore wrote:

I am very much obliged to you for writing about your struggle in America against societies who disguise themselves as Puritans so that they may blackmail with impunity . . . I have not read it ["Jurgen"] and reading it would not enable me to say anything that I have not already said in my article on the subject printed in "The Century" and reprinted in my last volume entitled "Avowals". I suppose you will have read my article in "The Century", and if you have you will have seen that the leading members of these societies are generally libertines of the worst kind, and you will also have seen how a case can always be won against these societies if it is fought wisely, and how these cases should be fought. I have signed the paper which you sent me, and shall always be glad to hear from you on this or on any other subject in which you are interested. You say you are sending me under separate cover a pamphlet published by the society entitled, "Morals: not Art or Literature", but the pamphlet has not arrived; I am sorry, for no doubt I should have found something interesting in it.

The second letter came about a a month after the first.

I received your letter dated the seventh of May a few days ago (the postal service appears to get worse). The state of things that you describe seems to me to call for radical measures. Literature cannot be allowed to provide a quarry for the indecent-minded and the blackmailer, one following money and the other perverted sexual excitement. Something will have to be done, and the sooner the better, to call public attention to the scandal. The way to do this would be to summon the publisher of Shakespeare and the Bible, and to ask publicly in court why these books should be exempt; if they contain matter injurious to the public health they must be stopped, and it's no excuse to plead that they are well written, life being more important than literature. I think of no other way except this that will bring about a change in the law.

In the interval between this and the arrival of the next letter on September 10 it had been found possible to get a copy of "Jurgen" through to Mr. Moore in spite of the fact that the book was barred from the mails. A lady, possessed of both charm and discretion, was kind enough to take the book with her to England, carrying also a letter of introduction to Mr. Moore. George Moore, having in all probability forgotten entirely the name of the particular work under discussion, was quite unable to understand why she should be so anxious to see that the book got to him safely. However, after some evident misgivings on his part, the lady was received; and as soon as the situation was made clear to him G. M. entertained the emissary in his most charming man-

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ner, regaling her, somewhat to her astonishment, with what she afterward described as a "second version of the 'Story Teller's Holiday'". Meantime the lady wrote the emergency committee, and word was at once dispatched to Mr. Moore that she was acting merely as an intermediary. Then came the next letter:

> The lady who brought me Mr. Cabell's book, "Jurgen", seems to have carried back to America a very incorrect impression of what I said to her. It is true that I am harassed at the present moment by requests to write prefaces for plays, for novels, for memoirs, and that at the end of each day I seem to have accomplished nothing. It may be that I deplored having to read a book at the present moment in a few sentences, or made a remark that conveyed the idea to Miss ———. I am only interested in the case of "Jurgen" versus "Purity" and I cannot think that any prosecution has ever been attempted so absurd as the prosecution against "Jurgen", and I know not whether malice, stupidity, or blackmail suggested it in the first instance. But I do know that "Jurgen" is an honestly written book, and that the author has not availed himself of a half, or a quarter, or a tenth of the license of expression that we find in the Bible, Shakespeare, Sterne, Byron, or a hundred other writers that might be named whose works fill our public libraries, and are read every day without bringing about any remarkable decline in public morals; indeed it is obligatory on all to read these works that far exceed "Jurgen" in license of expression.
>
> The meaning of these prosecutions against books like "Jurgen" is clear to me. It means that if these fanatics, or blackmailers, or both have their way, America will remain an unliterary country. If literature be not free, it cannot exist. If the mind is constrained, it cannot produce literature. Literature, to be of any use, must be free. I have said all this before in my book, "Avowals", but should you think this letter a handy weapon to use in the coming dispute, you are perfectly free to use it.

Between this letter and the next the committee gave to the public its detailed report on the "Jurgen" case under the title of "Jurgen and the Censor", in which the whole situation was presented and reviewed from all points of view. In this volume George Moore's first two letters were printed. A copy of "Jurgen and the Censor" was sent to Mr. Moore with a letter which gave further news, but the letter never reached him. On December 1, however, Moore wrote on another matter, but included the following:

> I am sorry that your letter contained no mention of the "Jurgen" case, for something must be done to keep these blackmailers and idiots at bay. If nothing be done, literature will remain stagnant, repeating itself interminably. The Middle Ages produced no literature because they were afraid of heresy, and the twentieth century will produce none because it's afraid of morality. Do let me hear if the "Jurgen" case is going into court, and if it is to be adequately defended.

Here is a book that has been suppressed for more than two years before being tried. It has at last been proved innocent of the crimes charged against it, yet it has been dragged through all the filth that the fetid and disordered imagination of a certain portion of the public can conceive. And it is an infinitely sad fact but a true one that the accusation of dirtiness of this kind is rarely ever lived down. Such a charge may be proved false seven and seventy times over, but still some trace of it will stick simply because there is a considerable portion of the human race so prurient-minded that it is totally unable to forego the gratification of believing that someone else is as dirty as itself would be did not desire so far outstrip performance.

During the last few years we have undergone wanton suppression of the most fundamental of our civil liberties: free speech, free press, and free assemblage. We have now come to that point, or perhaps we have only returned to it, when the most fundamental of human instincts shall be suppressed likewise. We shall hear

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no music, lest it beget passion; we shall see no pictures, lest by chance there be a nude among them; and we shall read no books, lest by some unhappy error of the censor we discover that children do not come by kissing. It will only remain for us then to suppress children. After which mankind will be out of its misery.

ON NOT INTERVIEWING SHAW

By Virginia Rice

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is generally considered one of the greatest intellectual figures of the day. The reporter tried to relate that digested bit of information to the unique fact that she was sitting in Mr. Shaw's library waiting for an interview. An unlimited range of subjects at her disposal, she was trying to select the one best suited to the momentary taste of the American public. What about "The Future of the Drama in America"? Or "Socialism in America"? Or better still, "Why Mr. Shaw Never Visits America"? At all events, he was coming in at any moment.

The reporter pulled out her fountain pen and started the first paragraph of the impending interview. "Atmosphere", she wrote, and underlined it; then, "Home—10 Adelphi Terrace, ten minutes from the Strand and around the corner from an art shop and the Little Theatre, near Charing Cross —'The Nation' published on ground floor of house." She looked around the room for the atmosphere proper. "Walls literally covered with etchings —high bookcases jammed with books." It was necessary to find out the names of some of the authors. She took a courageous stride toward the nearest bookcase, and started to read: "'Plays for Puritans' by George Ber..."

And then it happened. Mr. Shaw appeared suddenly and vigorously, smiling down on his astonished visitor. Was he young or old or both? It was the only thought the reporter was able to formulate clearly. A firm, erect physique and the evidence of superabundant energy urged youth and yet, there were the rumors to the contrary — the white beard and, most disturbing of all, his omniscience. It twinkled out of two keen eyes and made her think of supermen. But her thoughts swept on past them into the realm of more modern speculation. Recently she had read about a new human species, "Ancients", who lived thousands of years and during the centuries accumulated such stores of wisdom that no child of eighty or under could gaze on one without suffering a fatal shock. Some even died of discouragement on the instant. Very possibly the author was in earnest, and she had mistaken realism for fantasy. But this was no time for contemplation. Doubtless, Mr. Shaw was accustomed to giving his interviewers sufficient time to overcome their awe, but the silence must not be allowed to grow to unnatural proportions. The reporter made her maiden effort.

"Did you get my notes, Mr. Shaw?"

That was not a searching or brilliant interrogation but it was at least in the nature of approach.

"Oh yes, dozens of them." This in a bland English voice, well modulated, not monotonous but with a delicious, rising inflection. "That's why I'm seeing you now, out of human kindness to my secretary. Her clerical work has been too much for her since your arrival in London."

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The reporter stiffened, then realized this was a superman and forced a smile.

"I wrote only three," she reminded him with a faint show of dignity.

"But you *can't* interview me," Mr. Shaw informed her, and his smile was engaging.

"Surely, now that I am here and you..."

"Oh no, you *can't* interview me. You can say you've seen me but you *can't* interview me."

"It would take such a short time, and really..."

"What do they give you for seeing me? Any special sum of money or reward of some sort?"

The reporter tried flattery and confessed it would give her prestige. She clutched her pen with shaking fingers. It was evident Mr. Shaw was in a mood for dalliance. He was going to be delightful. All this evasiveness was, after all, very charming and oh, "so Shavian"! She decided to waive all persiflage and take the interview for granted.

"What we Americans are particularly anxious to know", she began with a jaunty self-confidence, "is just why you never visit America. We are so eager to. . ."

"What sort of person are you?" The tone was genial but curious, and Mr. Shaw fixed the weak kneed foreigner with a glittering eye while he waited for the answer.

The reporter tried humility.

"Commonplace," she admitted with a timid smile.

"And you've come to see *me?*"

Mr. Shaw was mildly reproachful.

"How about your profession? What do you think of journalism?"

She had a vague suspicion she was being heckled, but resolved to try simplicity and suppress all adjectives.

"I like it," she ventured, and it sounded unexpectedly stark.

Mr. Shaw raised dubious eyebrows.

"Are you clever?" he inquired.

Obviously, this question was posed merely to test her sincerity and candor. Her reply was glib: "Oh no!"

"What? Not clever?"

Mr. Shaw was, on the whole, shocked. He paused to let his mock surprise travel down the spine of the reporter, and when he felt reasonably sure that the pain was at its height, he continued: "Not clever!" His voice was pained. "Why, in your profession, you are *supposed* to be cleverer than *other* people! Well — really!"

The reporter tried unction.

"Or able to interview clever people, Mr. Shaw."

She had a sense of dwindling hope and lessened self-respect. But Mr. Shaw looked thoughtful.

"Whom are you betting on, Carpentier or Dempsey?"

There was a tentative ring to the question as if something actually hinged on the answer. The reporter grew panicky and lost her head.

"Dempsey," she blundered.

Mr. Shaw looked satisfied.

"Then you have no intelligence," he assured her, but just then a happier thought occurred to him. His tone was barely hopeful.

"What do you think of the turf matches?"

There was that in the mention of the foreign sport which aroused what is sometimes called "the proud American spirit", and the reporter announced boldly that she never thought of them at all.

"Are you married?"

Intellectual curiosity may have subsided but human, or, rather, inhuman interest had supplanted it.

"No."

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She had answered that question before but this was the first time she had ever experienced a feeling of guilt.

"Have you any children?"

The reporter collapsed.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw!" she murmured.

"Because", Mr. Shaw went on in his most agreeable manner, "if you aren't married and you haven't any children . . ."

Crushed as she was, the interviewer recognized Shavian philosophy and took it from the mouth of its own oracle.

"I will have to justify my existence," she finished for him.

"Yes, quite," Mr. Shaw agreed. "If you aren't married and you haven't any children, you'll have to write a great *many* interviews. Have I said anything you can publish, so far?"

There was one last flicker of hope.

"Not so far. You see, there are so *many* things I would like to ask you. For instance . . ."

"Why, I could write *at least two* columns on *you*." Mr. Shaw let the horror of this sink in. "If you can't write two columns on me — why, really — you're no good whatever!"

The reporter was downstairs. She was out on Adelphi Terrace. She walked past an art shop and the Little Theatre and caught a bus at Charing Cross. Eventually, she reached her hotel and found herself the centre of a group of admiring and inquisitive friends. Everyone shrieked a question and one undergrad took out a notebook and pen. She alone was morosely silent. At last there was a lull. In spite of her exploit, it was evident the reporter appeared to be dispirited. Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike her. They could fairly see her morale rise under its happy influence.

"You may as well know", she informed them all with pride, "that I have had the unique honor of being interviewed by Mr. Shaw."

THE MOTION PICTURE NOVEL

By Rodolph Valentino

IT is more difficult for a screen actor to make good after he has been starred than it is before that elevation. His name has become a box office magnet and in his producer's eyes he, himself, has ceased to exist. His company begins to put out "Smith" productions and not Smith himself, and yet the general public wants Smith as a personality.

His pictures are considered from the point of view of the exhibitor and the cost. Since he is a star his salary has increased; the amount spent on production is therefore cut down accordingly; and through the finished product the star is often seen wandering disconsolately with nothing but his name to recommend him.

I find this preamble rather necessary to make my position understood when I say that the only friend the star has, after stardom, is the novelist. Every time a star is shown the manuscript of the story of his next production, he visualizes his final resting place yawning before him and he prays for another lease on life. For our lives are very short. A stage star granted sufficient personality can do two or three unsuited rôles and still find an audience, but not we screen actors. We are primarily personalities and we have no background; we know that our fate trembles in the balance with each new film. It is an adage with film exhibitors — the men who show the films to the audiences

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throughout the country — that a star given three successive weak vehicles is finished, and that a comeback is impossible. Therefore we stars can only hope for a novelist who will create characters real enough and big enough to rise triumphant over the onslaught of the continuity writer, film editor, title man, director, film cutter, producer, and one's own convictions.

The screen demands in a portrayal constant sincerity. One can never give a "colorful" performance in the sense of the theatre. The grand gesture must be eliminated. A stage actor can often do an excellent piece of work with his mind out in his dressing room, but that attitude on the screen photographs quite as clearly as one's cuffs. Then if the character which one is reproducing has no vitality, no truth or breath of humanness, do you see how difficult it becomes to simulate such sincerity?

It was for that reason that I hated Mrs. Hull's Sheik. I was forced by the censors, my director, and Mrs. Hull's original creation to play this wild Arabian charmer as though he were an associate professor of the history of English literature at Oxford. Or consider Lord Bracondale, the hero of Elinor Glyn's original screen story "Beyond the Rocks". The finest actor in the world could not have made him other than a passionate travelogue.

Between these two stories I played the hero in Frank Norris's "Moran of the Lady Letty". I have, you see, been lucky in authors, even securing a master like Balzac. A beautifully photographed version of his "Eugénie Grandet" was made but the plot was subjected to sufficient manipulation to permit of its being released under the filmesque title "The Conquering Power". But for "Moran" I was too Latin to play a convincing Anglo-Saxon, and the reaction of my public to three such rôles as Moran, the Sheik, and the touring Lord Bracondale, following one after the other, had me distinctly uneasy. I am convinced that it was only the sheer luck of having preceded and then followed them with a character conceived by Ibáñez that saved me.

For Ibáñez, more than any writer today, seems to catch exactly the values which are finest for the screen. He has color, he has action, he has the conflict of a human soul against great external conflict. He develops a love plot but most of all his characters have substance. They fairly gaze at you from their printed descriptions. They are compounded on the same astonishing formula as ourselves: mingled vice and slender virtues, muddled thought and the illusive seeking for that which we cannot define.

Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and Juan Gallardo in "Blood and Sand" have been termed my best acting. I am flattered by such praise but I doubt that they were, particularly the former. I feel, rather Puritanically, that it is not great work to have done something that was so easy. I felt much more clever when I was told that I had made Armand in Dumas's "Camille" seem real, for to me he was a badly stuffed personage. But in "The Four Horsemen" I played what I knew to be myself, and when finished he turned out to be Julio because, granted the setting and the period, Julio is any man of the type who lets his weakness dictate his circumstances.

Juan Gallardo was more the puppet than Julio — a character, truly, but manipulated by the bull ring and Doña Sol. I enjoyed playing him more than any rôle I have created, however, for

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there was the opportunity to show in him a complete life from early youth to death.

Definitely such characters possess "screen rights". Yet when Ibáñez wrote directly for the screen without first having developed his story as a novel, he failed. Personally, I believe he was contaminated by the lay figures which inhabit the studio imagination. He followed his instructions to concentrate on action, on plot motivation, not realizing that the most meagrely equipped continuity writer can usually more efficiently do such mechanical labor, whereas the development of a character would be impossible to him. Ibáñez, being a wise man, saw his technique was unsuited to such a task and went back to writing novels. They were written with one eye on the screen, but that is as it should be. I wish more good novelists did similarly. It is, I understand, rather the accepted thing for the better novelists to sneer at these movie made plots; but if they regard the material we do get as inferior, why do they not turn their fine talent to remedying this state? The whole film world would pay them homage. It would pay them both in dollars — to which, for all their artistic integrity, I cannot believe they are entirely impervious — and in vast publicity and a vaster public.

For the movies are a new art medium. The coldly intellectual expression of art acquires a sterility which eventually deadens it. It is my feeling that any creative expression that has so great a mass appeal must have a basis firmly founded on the instinct for idealism and perfection which is the beginning of all art.

It is to the novelists that we must look for an advancement in the movies. Mechanically the films are perfect. From the point of lighting they could not be improved, in the selection of settings they are remarkable. We are daily learning to use better makeup. We are hiring better art directors and putting out better printed negatives. But the film stories, except to morons, are agonizing.

I realize the obstacle of censorship. I grant the stupidity of many continuity writers and directors. I admit the asininity of film editing. Yet a real character possesses a resiliency that lets it rebound. It cannot be killed. The Miracle Man lived; the mother in Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque" lived; Tol'able David lived; they stood out, artistically and financially, against a dozen Rich Men's Affinities and Calif's Sweeties. "Blood and Sand" has already amassed earnings considerably in excess of a million dollars, and without any undue humility I believe the big factor in its appeal was the real character involved.

We have worn out the complexities of situation. We are forced, willingly or not, to delve into the subtleties of characterization. Naturally no star actor is adverse to that. He can readily be persuaded that his profile holds infinitely more dramatic possibilities than a battle scene.

Seriously though, and very sincerely, I appeal to the better novelists to consider the screen. We could very well be the hope of each other.

SENDING BOOKS TO SEA

By Milton Raison

SAILORS, a half million of whom are in the employ of the American merchant marine, have been almost totally neglected in the past as far as library service is concerned.

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The sailor after all has more leisure for reading than the landsman: under the new seaman's acts he works eight hours a day, which, after sleep is deducted, leaves him about eight hours for diversion. But there are very few means of diversion at sea. The passenger has his deck games, his gambling and flirting, and his rôle as tourist and spectator to keep him amused. The sailor, however, has gone over the territory many times before. He is too poor to provide himself with really worth while reading matter and spends what little money he does earn in gambling, his only escape from the monotony of his leisure.

As a rule, sailors are also extraordinarily curious. They are ingenuous in the sense of being ignorant. In spite of their exposure to it, they are remarkably unappreciative of beauty. When a port is reached, only the young tar goes sightseeing. The rest of the crew make a round of the brothels and saloons. At sea, they are restless and continually dissatisfied. There is obviously a missing factor in their lives.

I don't pretend that books would be the panacea for this discontent. Men go to sea, in the first place, because they are discontented with conditions on land. The sea, as William McFee so admirably pointed out, has all the conveniences of suicide with none of its disadvantages. But books would go a great way toward educating seamen and guiding them to the appreciation of beauty.

An interesting library service has been started for this purpose. This organization, called the American Merchant Marine Library Association, with headquarters in New York City, is supplying books to American seamen free of charge. As the dispatch agent of this organization, I was able to witness the reaction of sailors to books. On the whole, it is very favorable. At the present time a crew's library, which contains about eighty volumes and goes on board the vessel in a convenient case, is selected with a thought to its popular appeal. In other words, sailors are asked to suggest books they would like to read. Most of the suggestions are ordinary, but some are startling.

I found, through these suggestions, that seamen crave for the very books landsmen devour. Harold Bell Wright, Ethel M. Dell, Zane Grey, Rex Beach, Peter B. Kyne, Mary Roberts Rinehart, James Oliver Curwood, Robert W. Chambers, Clarence Mulford, and Meredith Nicholson are some of the authors preferred. Detective and western stories have the widest vogue. Sea writers, save for Captain Marryat, are unknown and unwanted. It is the policy of the Association to supply the books so favored to the seamen, but gradually to introduce a better class of fiction.

One of the captains with whom I talked told me his interesting method of educating the crew. He started his men with Mary Roberts Rinehart and Rex Beach, and led them up through Winston Churchill, William J. Locke, Dickens, and Hugo to H. G. Wells, Shaw, and Butler. This method, he claimed, was not in the least painful to the crew. He worked on the theory that one can render himself immune to poison by taking small doses and gradually increasing the proportion. This is exactly the method the Association wants to use. Though of course there are stagnant souls at sea as everywhere else who would shy clear of this process of inoculation.

As for the unusual requests, I have had seamen (pray remember their

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status) ask me for Robert Ingersoll's works, H. G. Wells's "Outline of History", and books on agriculture! One chap wanted a rhyming dictionary very badly. I instantly accused him of writing verse, which he bashfully denied. However, when I persisted in my accusation he confessed that he did dabble in rhymes to while the time away.

"One has to do something to keep amused at sea," was his apology.

The job of supplying ships with these libraries has its own thrills. A ship sends out a hurry call for a library as it would for a doctor. Usually I would hear a voice over the phone (a voice, incidentally, unaccustomed to the intricacies of the telephone and either too loud or too soft) commanding me to rush at once to the Tietjen and Lang Dry Dock with a case of books for the S. S. "Cattegus", sailing on the morrow. Then the connection would be cut off and I would have only that clue on which to work. To appreciate the technical difficulties of such a call, the reader must pause for a moment to ask himself several questions. Where, for one, is the Tietjen and Lang Dry Dock? It may be in the telephone directory and it may not. Remember that the Port of New York embraces Hoboken, Staten Island, Bayonne, Constable Hook, and Yonkers. Then again, what sort of ship is the "Cattegus"? How much of a crew has it, and what per cent read English?

But somehow the case is packed and the ship is located. The books are carried up a long, rickety ladder to the deck, where the dispatch agent, after having successfully navigated the ladder, steps into tar, oil, or some other messy substance which usually floods the area near the gangway. The ship is then discovered to have a Chinese crew which doesn't speak English, much less read it. But since the vessel is under the American flag, and the officers are American, the books are left on board.

On the whole, however, the work is more interesting and adventurous than anything outside a newspaper office. The sailors, too, are quick to appreciate and respond to the service.

Here is a list, picked at random, of the general type of books included in a library.

FICTION

Mrs. Essington ..... Chamberlain
Mr. Isaacs ..... Crawford
The Garden of Resurrection ..... Thurston
The Pillar of Sand ..... Castle
His Official Fiancée ..... Ruck
Jim Davis ..... Masefield
The Making of Bobby Burnit ..... Chester
The Trail of Ninety-Eight ..... Service
Red Pottage ..... Cholmondeley
The Calling of Dan Matthews .... Wright
Gordon Keith ..... Page
The Lion and the Unicorn ..... Davis
Penrod ..... Tarkington
More Short Sixes ..... Bunner
The Port of Missing Men ..... Nicholson
Cease Firing ..... Johnston
The Gilded Age ..... Twain
Stories ..... Poe
The Sea Wolf ..... London
The Black Bag ..... Vance
The Voice of the City ..... O. Henry
The Forcigner ..... Connor
Miss Fingal ..... Clifford
Head Winds ..... Connolly
"K" ..... Rinehart
The Californians ..... Atherton
The Wonderful Year ..... Locke
The Gateless Barrier ..... Malet
Mrs. Galer's Business ..... Ridge
Johnstone of the Border ..... Bindloss
Emma McChesney & Co. ..... Ferber
The Mystery of the Downs ..... Rees
The Moonstone ..... Collins
The Hollow of Her Hand ..... McCutcheon
Uncle William ..... Lee
Watchers of the Plains ..... Cullum
Hugh Wynne ..... Mitchell
White Motley ..... Pemberton
The Marriage of William Ashe ..... Ward
Clay and Rainbows ..... Calthrop
Tales ..... Scott
The Luck of the Vails ..... Benson
Their Yesterday ..... Wright
Harry Lorrequer ..... Lever
A Knight of the Cumberland ..... Fox

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His Family ..... Poole
An Errant Wooing ..... Harrison
My Japanese Prince ..... Gunter
Peg Woffington ..... Reade
The King's Own ..... Marryat
For the Honor of the School ..... Barbour
Stories of the Foot-Hills ..... Graham
The End of a Song ..... Marks
The Pembroke Mason Affair ..... Barton
The Cresting Wave ..... Morris
Little Sir Galahad ..... Gray

GENERAL

Holy Bible
The Spanish Pioneers ..... Lummis
The Young Man and the World . Beveridge
The Rights and Duties of American Citizenship ..... Willoughby
Life of William Lloyd Garrison ... Grimké
George Washington ..... Abbott
Messages ..... Roosevelt
The First Hundred Thousand ..... Hay
The Peace Negotiations ..... Lansing
The War Lords ..... Gardiner
On Hazardous Service ..... Beymer
History of Andrew Jackson ..... Buel
The American Merchant Marine .. Marvin
Economic History of the United States ..... Bogart
The Shipbuilding Industry ..... Kelly
Letters and Poems ..... Keats
Spanish Papers ..... Irving
Persian Life and Customs ..... Wilson
From Sea to Sea ..... Kipling
Geographical Manual ..... Mawson

TECHNICAL

Navigation ..... Coffin
Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave
I. C. S. Handbook
Practical Ship Production .... Carmichael
Notes on Stowage ..... Hillcoat

YELLOW MOON

By Lew Sarett

O YELLOW moon,
Drifting across the night,
As a rakish pirate brig
Tattered of rig
And ghostly white
Goes floating down the black lagoon
Of a dead sea —
O pirate moon,
Out of your hatch and hold
Pour down your buccaneering beams,
Your pirates, ravishing and bold,
And bid them capture me;
O ghostly moon,
Carry me out to the farthest sweep
Of the slow tides of sleep;
Toss me upon the gold
Of some enchanted strand,
Where the blue-flame comber gleams
And breaks upon the sand;
Oh, sail with me to a far land
Of dead forgotten dreams.

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THE ROMANCE OF TEXTBOOKS

By Robert Cortes Holliday

WHEN the group of articles called (in the magazine) "The Practical Side of Writing" was concluding its serial publication in THE BOOKMAN, and when this material was being reprinted in the form of the book called "The Business of Writing", a couple of letters were received by the authors of the chapters, suggesting that some consideration of the business of textbooks be included in their work. Had these friendly suggestions been received earlier this would have been done. At the time they came along, however, it was too late to fit an article on this subject into the order of the series winding up its appearance in the magazine, and the book was already going through the press. The matter of how textbooks come about is quite a story, and one known hardly at all. And so I here offer to anyone interested a little discussion of the subject.

The field of the textbook is a little world of its own. Textbooks are conceived, written, edited, and marketed in a way which is quite unlike the production and distribution of books in general. The whole business has undergone a very interesting development within recent years.

In the "old days", as the textbook publisher puts it, textbooks were written much as any sort of book probably is usually supposed to be written. That is, the author went ahead and wrote it; he put into the book the fulness of his knowledge of the subject upon which he was engaged, just as he felt it; and when he had completed his manuscript he duly submitted it to a publisher. Changed has been all that.

The field today is thoroughly plotted. The textbook publisher keeps pretty close tabs on the whole field of potential authors of textbooks: anyone engaged in the work of education who is likely to have up his sleeve a book on his subject is fingerprinted, so to say, by the educational publishers. And he is more than likely to be annexed by some publishing house before he gets very far in his work of authorship.

The publisher and the author frequently work very close together in the production of a textbook; often they might almost be called collaborators in the authorship of the book. For instance, the writer of a textbook does not commonly sit down and, as the author of another kind of book often does, simply put forth his own mind on the matter. It is customary for him to consider carefully what sort of book of the kind appears to be particularly needed at this time, what seem to be the shortcomings of the volumes in current use in this department of instruction, what features which would be an improvement upon them could be devised, and so on. As the work of writing progresses, the book oftentimes is very considerably shaped this way or that by the counsels of the publishing house. Further, after a manuscript has left the hands of the author, it is every now and then the case that the amount of editing it receives (with, of course, the acquiescence of

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the author) alters quite appreciably its earlier form. Cases have been where textbooks have been practically rewritten in the publisher's office: the publisher wanted a book *by* a certain teacher, instructor, or professor, but found he did not want it at all as the manuscript came to him.

Publishing of the general sort is, of course, a good deal of a gamble. Books which the publisher "banks" upon with a feeling almost of certainty every now and then fail to go over; books for which he expects only a moderate sale every once in awhile "go big". He turns down books which later are published very successfully by a rival house; he bids in books which never get "out of the hole". The element of chance is always present to a considerable degree in publishing an author's first book. In the main, the publisher must rely on his judgment of the possibilities of the book; beyond that he shoots pretty much into the air. But in the textbook business the hazard is reduced to a minimum. The publisher may focus his aim upon a definite target; he is able to make fairly precise calculations. The standing of this or that educator, briefly to illustrate the matter, would make reasonably certain the use of his book in the college or university of whose faculty he is a member; the many students he has had who have become members of the teaching staffs at other places would fairly well insure its adoption, in at least a number of cases, in their classes, and so on. In short, the territory is, with something not far from sureness, charted; in the life insurance term, the "expectancy" of a textbook may be more or less mathematically determined.

Now and then one hears it darkly intimated that the "real money" from writing is in textbooks: the rewards from a popular novel are all well enough in their way, but the author of a successful textbook or two has no end of a gold mine. Well, in this as in other matters the textbook business is peculiar. To begin with, the educational book business is not subject to anything like the periodical depreciation of fortune incident to business conditions generally which is the common lot of any other kind of publishing. Textbooks are not luxuries but bread. During the widespread business depression of a couple of years or so ago, a period of decided severity for the book trade generally, I recall that the educational publishers with whom I am acquainted were the only publishers I know who continued in good spirits. Indeed, I remember, they bore not a trace of worry. Houses which combine a general list with an educational list apparently sustained quite easily the precarious course of their general business by the steady keel of their educational business. And then in times of national prosperity it appears that there is a greatly increased popular appetite for education, and consequently a more voluminous distribution of textbooks than in ordinary days.

The active life of most books is brief. They haste away quite soon. One season is the span of even a very successful book, a book of fiction or of general character. After its little hour on the stage its sales steadily decline, in most cases practically cease altogether after so long a time as a year. With educational books it is not uncommonly the other way around. I was told the other day of a textbook which had been going for seventeen years; some time ago it had a sale of twenty thousand copies a year, last year its sale was a hundred thousand. That, of course, is rather an excep-

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tional case; but in practically all cases textbooks are "property books". They have something of the durability of a piece of real estate. They are revised again and again and continue to sell year after year.

Among the peculiar things about the textbook business is this circumstance. A book (we'll say) of clever, humorous essays becomes advertised all over. It has a very merry vogue. Reviews of it are all around; columnists feed on it; "everybody" talks about it; everyone, pretty literally, has heard of it; the author's picture is published broadcast; he is regularly famous. The book, doing exceedingly well, sells maybe between ten and fifteen thousand copies. Right along, textbooks which, so to put it, "nobody ever heard of", sell as well as that, not during one year only but for a number of years running.

The highest percentage of royalty is paid on books of fiction, where a very fair royalty is twenty per cent of the list price. The usual royalty on books of non-fiction ranges from ten to fifteen per cent. A sliding scale of royalty is the customary arrangement — ten per cent on the first thousand copies sold, and fifteen per cent on all copies thereafter, or something like that. Authors' royalties on textbooks do not differ materially, I should say, from the royalties on non-fiction books in general. But there is this fact entering into the matter of the author's returns: textbooks frequently sell for very little. Ordinarily a person inclined to buy a copy of a celebrated book of memoirs, or a widely acclaimed volume of travel, is not overlikely to be deterred from the purchase by finding the book to be fifty cents more in price than he had supposed. Indeed (I have heard it said in the book trade), a person who is willing to pay six dollars for a book frequently would "just as soon" pay ten. That, doubtless, is not invariably literally so, but it is quite true enough for the purpose of the illustration here. Now a difference in price of as little as a cent between two competing textbooks has sometimes swung the balance in favor of the adoption by a school board of one over the other. Textbooks are for those mostly with "but litel gold in cofre".

Not a small part of the work on textbooks is done for very slender pay. Introductions oftentimes are written by invitation for school editions of the classics, for instance, and the volumes edited for an amount something like the space rates paid by the more or less literary magazines for an article. The plan ordinarily followed, it seems, when a series of books for educational use is prepared, is for the general editor (the editor of the series) to receive the royalties, the editors of the various volumes each being paid outright a nominal sum for his work. This practical simplification of what otherwise would be a highly complicated matter (as when the series becomes a very substantial property) works out in a way which may seem unjust to the associate editors. But, after all, the initial *idea* was that of the general editor, his the prime constructive thought—the others were invited to be, not coerced into being, associate editors, and, usually in such cases, had expressed themselves as happy in the arrangement when the deal was made.

An entertaining bit of publishing history which could have happened only in the department of educational books is this. When the author of any other kind of book enters into an agreement with his publisher to deliver his manuscript on a stated date,

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he usually gets it there within something like hailing distance of that time. It would be remarkably grotesque for him to suppose that he might send it around sometime after the arrival of the next generation. William James, however, in delivering the manuscript of his "Psychology", was eighteen years late.

In publishing houses which combine a business in educational books with a general publishing business, the educational department customarily refers to that part of the business not educational as the "trade department". This practice is confusing to one whose connection has been with a house not having an educational department; as there by "trade department" is meant that part of the house not editorial, nor manufacturing, but which has to do with selling the books — which deals directly with the "trade", the booksellers. When, however, we look a bit into the educational publishing business we see the logic of its use of the term "trade department". For one of the peculiar things about the textbook publishing business is that *it* doesn't deal with the book trade at all. And so consequently one in the educational department of a publishing house quite naturally thinks of that part of the business engaged with books which are handled through the booksellers as, in distinction from his field, the trade department.

Every publisher, of course, has a staff of men whose business it is to go out and obtain orders for his books: his salesmen, or travelers. In the case of the regular publishing business these are men whose entire lives have been passed in the atmosphere of business, commercial dealing. Many of them have grown up in the book trade, starting in as "list boys", lads employed by bookstores to fetch from the publishers books which have been ordered by customers and which have been found to be out of stock. They wouldn't be successful as editors, any more than editors would be likely to be successful as salesmen. They are frequently paid considerably higher salaries than the editorial workers in a publishing house. They go out on the road with their cases of samples and deal with the buyers of the bookstores. A publisher's success (and the success of his authors) is in no small degree in the hands of his salesmen.

Buyers for bookstores are as a class people who have spent their lives in the book business. They are as a rule very much the same sort of capable business people dealing in books that publishers' salesmen are. Both speak the same language, that of the "trade". The travelers for an educational list live in another world, have another language altogether. When you talk to them (or, at any rate, when I talk to some of them) you might think that nothing went on in the world except schools, colleges, and universities. They have it all laid off, that way in which the race is divided up into Yale men, Harvard men, Cornell men, and so on. If you happen not to be one of any of these various kinds of men you are likely to experience a feeling that you are not any sort of man at all. The gossip of the regular book traveling salesmen, naturally, is all of the book trade, the general publishing business, and of authors more or less popular. They tell of how this buyer has gone from a store in Indianapolis to one in Los Angeles, of how that publisher is shaping his business, and comment on the changed allegiance of a certain well known author from one house to another. All of this seems simple enough to one whose field has

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been the general book business. To him the gossip of the textbook traveler is marvelous; it seems wonderful that a man should know apparently everything that happens to any kind of assistant professor anywhere in the country. But that, precisely, is the textbook traveler's *business*.

The ranks of educational book travelers are recruited in some measure from the field of teachers. Occasionally it happens that a man who has been a teacher, and has become a textbook traveler, later returns to the teaching profession. He is in very much the same atmosphere all the while. Whether or not they have ever been teachers the main body of them are, in the fullest meaning of the term, "college men". And in their own world there is specialization. Among textbook travelers there are, for instance, "high school men", as distinct from the representative of college textbooks.

The business of educational book travelers is to circulate around among the schools, colleges, and universities; they have no concern with bookstores. Their personal friends are largely among the teaching staffs of educational institutions. They call upon them, and visit them; are entertained by them, and entertain them. A general publisher has a large corps of traveling salesmen when he has five or six; but a going educational list is likely to be represented by twelve or fifteen travelers.

The textbook traveler knows thoroughly the books he handles. He can expound to his hearer exactly why the book of which he speaks is (in the opinion of its publisher) superior to other books of its kind now current. He can follow through the book he has in hand page by page, illustrating point by point its peculiar features as compared with the methods employed by other volumes. He is familiar with the machinery of education.

His course of procedure, in the case of a schoolbook, is to endeavor to obtain at such or such a place the approval of as many teachers as he can; then he goes to the principal for support of the volume. Some time before the matter of adopting a new book of this character is likely to come up before the board of education, or trustees, or whatnot, he puts forward the claims of the volume to members of that body. On the day of — and the day or so preceding — the sitting of this tribunal the publishers' representatives of divers rival volumes turn up in the community, and a form of lobbying becomes entertainingly active.

The teachers and the principal that the textbook man has been able to "get" stand him in very good stead, as nowadays the question of the adoption of a schoolbook rests very largely upon their attitude in the matter. In the "old days" the situation was more picturesque. It was frequently an affair of decidedly lowbrow and cutthroat politics. In those jocund times some schoolbook publishers used to maintain pleasant relations with local town characters of personal popularity. The postmaster, say, might receive a small annual retainer. He was likely to know nothing whatever about textbooks, or books of any other kind. But when the time came around for the public officials charged with that office to consider new schoolbooks for the district, it was his concern informally to put in his oar. "Now looky here, Ed", he might say, "this means something to me." Or he might say it in another way. But, as I remarked, those were other days, other ways.

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THE LONDONER

Mrs. Meynell---T. J. Cobden-Sanderson---No. 1, Palace Green, Kensington---The Birmingham Art Gallery---E. M. Forster---David Garnett and His Parents---Joseph Conrad's First Play.

LONDON, *December* 1, 1922.

THE death of Mrs. Meynell removes from contemporary letters a very impressive figure. Mrs. Meynell had lived much in the country during the last few years, but at a slightly earlier date she was still entertaining in London a mixed group of writers — especially of poets. Her life must have been an interesting one, for it was spent half in the world of phenomena and half in the world of dreams. A friend who remembered her well said that it was an impressive sight to find Mrs. Meynell returning from even a shopping expedition and sitting down at once to poetical composition with an obvious air of abstraction from all earthly concerns. So great was this power of removal from common things that the poet was at all times triumphant over the accidents of life. She could withdraw herself completely. And from an early life of activity Mrs. Meynell gradually matured and passed into a later life of almost secluded ease. Her work suggests the character of its author — a little prim, a little precious, and yet marked by good intellectual capacity and a kind of exquisite refinement, both of taste and execution. And, above all, Mrs. Meynell was a heroine to her family. She was surrounded in her later days by affection and almost adoring admiration. She was a priestess in the home. In that charming village of Greatham in Sussex, some miles from the sea and many miles from the world, she lived at peace, several of her daughters always at hand, one at least of her sons forever near. Very quietly, with great dignity, she drew out the lingering sweetness of a life from which all turbulence was expelled. Who shall say that this is not the perfect end for a poet? Not I.

One of Mrs. Meynell's daughters, and apparently only one, inherited her mother's literary gift. I will not venture to say that Viola Meynell's work has affinities with that of her mother, but it has at least this much in common with it, that the refinement and delicacy of understanding and expression to which I have referred was a constant feature of both. It would be a great pity if we were to have no more novels from the author of "Modern Lovers" and "Second Marriage". But Viola Meynell is Viola Meynell no longer, for she married last year, and it is possible that other interests have prevented the writing of a new novel. Later, perhaps . . . In the meantime we must wait in patience. I should imagine that the literary method of both Alice and Viola Meynell was much the same, for the young novelist has always had by an act of determination to cut herself off from the family group in order to write a page or two of a book, and then resume her ordinary (and I am afraid astound-

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ingly unselfish and devoted) household labors. Nobody who has not tried this method of composition can have any idea of its severity. Yet many women writers are so placed that the hours given to original composition must thus be composed of stolen minutes. I can remember that when I began to write novels it was done in the common sitting room, and that nobody hesitated to address remarks to me even if I were furiously writing. So Oliver Wendell Holmes envisaged Shakespeare at work. It was all right in early years, but I shudder to think what would be the result of a revival of this way of doing things. It would be devastating, not because the author's work has improved, but possibly because his temper has deteriorated.

* * * *

Another death to which I ought previously to have referred is that of old Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, a remarkable man if ever there was one. To the end of a long and exceedingly active life, he was charming, gay, and full of the most whimsical nonsense. As a young man he had been an associate of Morris and Burne-Jones, was full of interesting reminiscence of both, and retained a great deal of the idealistic spirit which marked their work. He determined early to take up some craft which would give him an opportunity of beautifying worthy things, and fortune led him to the craft of bookbinding, then as always in need of something to counteract the efforts of the professional in the art of what might be called "book destruction". To binding he eventually added printing, getting right away — and as modern opinion believes, rightly away — from the heavily ornate style of Morris. He worked quietly, and to the end of his life, although no longer active in the workshop, he wore the blouse to which he had become accustomed. The result of this unusual costume was to make him a quaint and memorable figure. A little grey beard, bright and sympathetic eyes, an indescribable alertness of gesture and carriage — these and the blue blouse remain as visual images of him. Curious, and always attractive, habits stayed with him to the last. He was passionately fond of reading aloud, and always, as he read, interpolated little explanatory — footnotes, as it were — which made the listener more acutely interested in whatever was going forward upon an unfamiliar topic. Cobden-Sanderson would read from one book in the morning, from another after lunch, and from a third at night, always with the same untiring zest and in the same clear voice. He was a great Wordsworth lover, and could never without faltering read aloud that painfully melancholy poem of "Michael", which was one of his favorites. But indeed all that was noble and good had for him an irresistible appeal. He remained an idealist, and never really a censor, until the last year of his life. I was told, however, that he had a strange streak of Puritanism in him which led to a fiasco at the reading aloud of "Tom Jones". The book was essayed. With difficulty the earlier passages which offend some readers were encountered and vanquished. But half way through the book the readings came to an abrupt end. Human nature, it seemed, could stand no more. The book was laid aside. More, as a protest, it was solemnly burned. I have, of course, no sympathy with this act, but I record it for another reason than that of the moral indignation which it illustrates. What the story shows, amusingly, is the quaint ceremonial

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which Cobden-Sanderson used all his life. He led a modest and a retiring life; but in the depths of that life were ceremonies perfectly devout, perfectly serious, which belonged very much to the man. Those who knew him, hearing of the burning of "Tom Jones", would realize that there was a minimum of intolerance in the action, and an approximation to the ceremonial act of a child who buries the corpse of a bird. An interesting, quiet, diligent, and happy life. A serious, humorous, kind, and gentle man.

* * * *

And while this member of that body of men who are grouped in our minds with Morris and Burne-Jones is so recently dead, another link with the group has presented itself as a subject for public discussion, in the shape of a house known as "No. 1, Palace Green, Kensington". The following letter appeared in the "Times" today:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

SIR,—We have been informed that there is imminent danger of the house, No. 1, Palace Green, built for Mr. George Howard, later Earl of Carlisle, being destroyed. The house appears to be built on a site leased from the Woods and Forests, and therefore Crown property, and it seems probable that it may be transferred for the building of new premises.

This house, a work of the late Philip Webb, the life-long friend of William Morris, was practically the first essay in the modern type of thoughtful and individual town house building, and is altogether a remarkable work of art. We hardly think it could be possible that it should be destroyed by consent of a public authority.

We are, Sir, yours, &c.,

CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.
G. K. CHESTERTON.
A. CLUTTON-BROCK.
JOHN DRINKWATER.
W. R. LETHABY.
J. W. MACKAIL.
HALSEY RICARDO.
J. C. SQUIRE.
EDWARD WARREN.
ASTON WEBB.

20, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

This house was built at a time when brick houses were not allowed to make any appearances in London. Stone and stucco were your only wear. But Howard was determined to build of brick, and made a stand against the prejudice of the time. It is not, strangely enough, a prejudice of that time only, for it persists to this day. At any rate, the difficulty was only settled by an agreement on Howard's part to begin with six feet of stone, a concession which cost him an extra five hundred pounds. The house being built, Morris and Burne-Jones were called in to give their friend the benefit of æsthetic aid in the decoration. Burne-Jones designed a frieze, which was executed in detail by Walter Crane. It represented the story of Cupid and Psyche. The execution was completed. Burne-Jones came to inspect. The work was not to his liking, and he therefore took it upon himself to repaint much of the frieze. At a later date the whole thing was taken in hand by Morris. Nothing of all this remains in the house, but I believe that remnants of the original work may now be seen at the Birmingham Art Gallery, which is crowded with Burne-Jones and Morris cartoons, drawings, etc., with (for me) disagreeable consequences. I find Burne-Jones in bulk rather more than depressing.

* * * *

This reminds me of a singular fact. In England the Saturday half holiday has become a recognized institution. It is much used by those who labor during the week as a time for all sorts of strange pleasures. The authorities in Birmingham make sure that in that city the pleasures shall not include the inspection of art treasures. I became aware of this last year, when I ran over from Lichfield and went to the

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Art Gallery. I arrived in Birmingham at about half-past eleven in the morning, and went slowly to the Art Gallery, arriving about twelve. It took me some time to get past the Burne-Jones exhibits, but at length I reached firmer ground, and was beginning to appreciate my surroundings and to take notice of what artists other than Burne-Jones could do. When a remarkable sound struck my ears, I could not understand it. Somebody was speaking. Somebody was speaking to me. Somebody was assuring me that the gallery was closing, that I must go. Implicit in this advice was the news that all the workers of Birmingham could never see the works of Burne-Jones. I had never had such an illustration of the cultivation of art as the preserve of the idle. In London we order such matters differently; but then I suppose the workers do not make any attempt to see pictures on Saturday afternoons, and in London we have a large floating population of foreigners and strangers accustomed to continental ways. Saturday afternoon in Birmingham must resemble Sunday in Glasgow. It must be insupportable. One perceives why very art-less fancy goods are called by the pet name of this city — Brummagem.

* * * *

To turn from dead people and cities, let us fix an eye upon the living. I have an interesting fact to communicate. For years — for twelve years, as a matter of fact — English critics have been saying that the best of the young English novelists no longer wrote novels. E. M. Forster, after writing three excellent stories and one striking success, had abandoned the art. He no longer wrote books at all, but confined his work to the weekly journals. We still went on reading and rereading and praising "Howards End", and wishing that one day it might have a successor. All we saw from Mr. Forster was an occasional article in "The Nation", and an occasional review in the "Daily Herald" when the literary editor of that paper was Siegfried Sassoon. No novel ever appeared. It was never so much as announced. And the interesting fact which I have to communicate is that at last Forster is engaged in writing a novel. No further news of it is available, but even the news that such a work is in progress is excellent. Whatever the theme, the nature of the book, there can be no question about its welcome by all who care for good writing, for outstanding intelligence. Forster is one of the very best brains of his generation, refined, scrupulous, educated. He has also other gifts.

* * * *

Of the youngest generation of all — the men between twenty-five and thirty — I find that much interest is being shown in a new recruit whose first book is being published in America by Mr. Knopf. I refer to David Garnett, whose queer work "Lady into Fox" has been selling widely in England. Selling widely, I mean, as such books go, and not as sadistic novels by English spinsters sell. "Lady into Fox" came almost unheralded, and it has surprised its sponsors. Such a book has not been seen for many years. It derives to some extent from the eighteenth century, and it is to that century that it would be attributed, no doubt, by anybody who stumbled unawares upon a copy of the book. But it is a remarkable *tour de force*, and if it is followed, as I believe it will be, by something of equal strangeness, the author should be something of a literary problem for

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the curious in such things. He is the son of Edward and Constance Garnett. Edward Garnett is a critic of exceptional sincerity, who has had many years of experience in the book world. He has been successively reader for Fisher Unwin, Duckworth, and John Lane. He was instrumental in putting the works of Joseph Conrad upon the market, and was one of a devoted band who "willed" the master's recognition as one of the glories of our latter day literature. But Edward Garnett is not a "one man" reader. He was among the first to appreciate the work of W. H. Hudson, of John Galsworthy, of Edward Thomas, of D. H. Lawrence, and many others alive and dead. His reviews in the old "Speaker" opened realms to myself which otherwise would have been unknown. He has always been a devoted seeker after the best that was being written, and a voice in praise of that best. He has done, with the active cooperation of his wife, without whom this branch of his activity could never have flowered as it has, more to establish the supremacy of Russian imaginative literature in this country than any other man. While Constance Garnett has provided for the first time adequate translations of book after book of supreme genius, Edward Garnett has gradually driven into the heads of the reading public here the news that these works are not solely grotesque and ridiculous fantasies about unwashed madmen, but are astounding creative performances of the finest kind. It is something to have done this. No doubt there are defects in Mrs. Garnett's translations. They remain the best that I or anybody else has read from the Russian. They—in the new dialect of literary critics in England—put all other translations to sleep. No doubt there are defects in Edward Garnett's critical apparatus. He underestimates Dostoyevsky and overvalues Turgenev, for example. But if it were not for him we might hardly have appreciated either writer in this country. His spade work and enthusiasm in the first instance have been of incalculable value. And so I shall always revere the memory of David Garnett's mother and father. Another interesting fact about the author of "Lady into Fox" is that in partnership with a son of Augustine Birrell he runs a new and intelligent bookselling business. It is a business which deals for the most part in old books, but the firm does not disdain new books of distinguished literary quality, and its catalogues are already such as to make one read them with respect. I have never yet visited the shop of this firm; but one can tell the calibre of the partners by the quality of the notes which accompany the titles of books which figure in their lists. I shall look for David Garnett's later work with very great interest, for to my mind "Lady into Fox" is a piece of remarkably sustained invention and literary bravura. It astonishes me. I read it with incessant marvel that there should be such perfect command of a literary method where a false note would send the whole thing into discord and the ridiculous.

* * * *

I said last month that Joseph Conrad's first play had just been produced. It seems extraordinary to think that this month the production and the run of that play should be no more than a dim memory; but that is the case. The play came onto the boards, it is true; but it came off again in record time. It had probably the worst "press" of any play of any pretentions that we have seen in recent years. The critics surged round it with hearty execra-

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tions. Even a friend of mine, a very just and experienced dramatic critic, assured me that it was with one exception the worst play he had ever seen. I was afterward offered seats for the play, and I went, but with a sinking heart. I had gathered the impression from the critics that Joseph Conrad had suddenly become a senile old man whose ability to write ordinary dialogue was beneath that of the average child. The construction of the play, I had learned, was infantile, and the whole of it altogether childish and ridiculous. Well, I went to this much condemned play. And I was held and moved by this play as I have not been held and moved by a play for many years. And I may say in passing that I have had a fair experience as a dramatic critic extending over years during which some much praised works have made their appearance. The thing held me so strongly that I was completely carried away. I dreamed about it afterward. I was moved and impressed. What, then, was it that the critics so despised about this dramatization of "The Secret Agent"? I cannot be sure, but I think I can explain something of it. First of all, they had read the book. I had not done so. The play therefore came as a fresh thing to me. I learned the essential facts from the actors as they spoke. They were not telling me a story I knew already. This is an important point. I ought to have read the book, but in point of fact I had not done so. The critics had read the book. Then, they started with that axiom firm in their minds: "The novelist cannot write a play. He can write something in scenes which he *calls* a play, but he cannot write a *play!*" Once get that idea into your head, and the rest is straightforward. Novelists cannot write plays. Joseph Conrad has written a play. Therefore, it cannot be a play. Or perhaps I do not get my syllogism in the right form, and some other order is the correct one. To myself, who go to the theatre without any very definite notion of what a play is (since I am a novelist), the precise form of the entertainment does not seem of great moment; but the dramatic critic feels otherwise about this matter. He may be right. I do not know. I only know that the dramatic critics damned a piece of human nature in the form of drama which caused me the most considerable degree of emotion. In one way perhaps the degree of my emotion affords a clue to the failure of the play. This failure was not due wholly to the adverse "press". It was due to the fact that one could not see the play without being affected by it in a way which English audiences do not enjoy. English theatre audiences cannot bear to be made uncomfortable, to be made to feel genuine emotion. They do not mind weeping over adultery or virtue which produces discomfort for all those upon the stage; but they have the knowledge that all these distresses are purely theatrical. Drying their tears, the audience can always go home to a good supper and discuss the actors and actresses and their private lives without feeling any incongruity in the action. It was otherwise with "The Secret Agent". The audience tittered at some parts of the play out of sheer self-consciousness; but nobody could altogether shirk the horror of the final scenes, and the tragic outcome of the play's development. I think it will be found that the reason for the failure of "The Secret Agent" as a play is that it made pleasure loving audiences uncomfortable.

SIMON PURE

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XVI: JAMES BRANCH CABELL

With a Caricature by William Gropper

IT has happened a few times perhaps in the history of literature that a man has waked to find himself famous because of what he has written, but, so far as I know, it has remained for Cabell to open his eyes on a world wherein he was proclaimed as infamous because of what he did not write. It was "Jurgen" that "made" Cabell, but, in the eyes of the world, it made him something other than he was.

Cabell is a man of medium height, and of a somewhat stocky figure. His head is finely molded with the broad forehead of the æsthete and the thinker, not unlike that of the young Augustus: his eyes are heavy lidded and sleepy, such eyes as one often sees in old portraits of the cavaliers and courtiers of the time of the Stuarts, rather insolent and a little bored: his mouth is delicately cut and sensitive, generous yet not too full, the mouth of a poet but not of a philosopher: and between those eyes and this mouth he has a quizzical little snout.

Cabell strikes me as a disappointed idealist who awoke from a fool's paradise to write "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth". Within him Marlowe struggles with Congreve, and of the two is born frustration. His earlier books are realization through fantasy; his later work is fantasy baffled and broken by realization. Science, economics, sociology he knows little of; his knowledge of history is erratic, of philosophy and religion, artistic, and his one political doctrine appears to be that hatred of Woodrow Wilson, the incongruous expression of which has, for me, marred two of his books. When Cabell tries to be topical he is usually lumbering. Like the courtier and the cavalier he places polish, urbanity, and elegance first on the list of virtues, and, like the cavalier and the courtier, he has no very keen sense of ethical values. He is amoral rather than immoral. His creed embraces that type of honor which combines romance with cynicism. Manner with Cabell is much more important than matter.

His philosophic credo, in so far as he appears to have one, seems to be the eternal repetition of life, the only object of which is procreation. Now this, after all, is essentially the philosophy of the cynic, for, while beauty is its idol, it invariably remembers, and takes care to point out, that the end of all beauty is decay. It is materialistic, because while it deals with abstract truths it admits them only as the impelling forces behind the physical world — which turns to mold. It is mechanistic, because it allows no space for a higher order of evolution which could only be expressed in metaphysical terms; it repeats itself endlessly, the old gestures, the old masks, and all to the sole end that men be born, beget others in their turn, and die. It sees no further, nor does it

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even admit the possibility of there being a "further".

The truth is that Cabell's work is almost entirely subjective. He is constantly in the throes of explaining and justifying himself to himself. He is able to face the general facts and conditions of life frankly and squarely — sometimes! — but this is only in moments of revolt, when his spirit is so sickened that it discharges perforce. Particular facts of life he is not able to face at all, but one may find them thrusting outward for expression in his symbols, between his lines, and in those fluent passages, the very intensity and facility of which have put him off his guard.

There are those, and Cabell is one of them, who simply cannot face life as it is. Their means and methods of escape are many and varied and, sometimes, strange. Occasionally they have, like Cabell, creative ability. There is, for example, the actual instance of the man who felt compelled to do nothing but construct small models of cities. The models were of no practical value but, having made them, their creator was able to escape into them. The laying out of the streets, squares, parks, and public buildings satisfied in some measure their maker's sense of beauty and of pattern. In time these fancied cities grew so real to him that he lived only in them, and gradually lost touch altogether with the world about him. He succeeded in escaping. Cabell is not unlike him. One finds in his elaborate genealogy of the characters in his books as set forth in "The Lineage of Lichfield" several significant indications. There is of course the recurrent expression of his hopeless philosophy of repetition, and there is likewise manifest a sense of satisfaction in almost geometrical pattern, such as the other man found in the laying out of his streets, cross streets, and squares. Beyond this there is still the attempt to clothe his mimic world in the garb of reality. And this desire for the semblance of reality is not primarily for his audience, but for himself. It makes escape more easy.

Cabell escapes into his imaginary world more and more as time goes on, as his powers strengthen, and as the actual drops from him. When one knows him one gradually comes to realize that the world of his creation, with its creatures sprung from Manuel as from Adam, constitutes the only real world to him. His eyes dull and his eyelids droop when he talks, as he seldom does, of the people and events of the life wherein he is embodied; but his interest quickens and brightens when he speaks of his mimic world, and of the persons and happenings there. He is Jurgen, and he is Charteris, and, in one form or another and under one name or another, the thread of self-identification can be followed through his work. He believes that he is writing an epos of humanity, a cycle of man, but in reality he is only writing the subjective autobiography of Cabell. It is not all life recurrent in different forms with which he deals, but simply the endless recurrence of himself within himself. The form may change, but the essence remains the same. He evidently feels that the means that lead to his ultimate destination are few, somewhat tediously few, though the combinations of which they are capable are considerably varied. For example, there are some 600,000,000,000 possible combinations of cards in bridge, but there are only fifty-two cards in the pack and the object of each hand is the same — to score. This is Ca-

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Sketched by William Gropper

bell's tragedy, and it is from this that he endeavors endlessly to escape altogether.

Here is the man whom that strange uncertain quantity, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, lifted to attention and whose *apologia pro vita sua* they succeeded in suppressing for a long two years.

A disappointed idealist: why not? Life has held great tragedy for him, and he is endowed with qualities that in themselves court and provoke tragedy almost wantonly. Many lurid tales have been circulated about Cabell, but they are untrue. Most of them have originated with the gossips of Richmond who, after looking upon Cabell as an F. F. V. gone wrong, are now forced to regard him as a bona fide celebrity whether they like it or not. And they do not like it, for they

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do not at all understand Cabell, and hence are unable to patronize him as they would like to. Richmond will never forgive Cabell for the bitter truths he has told of it in "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck", and in "Cords of Vanity". Richmond realizes that while Cabell knows it inside and out, it can really never know Cabell. Such knowledge is unpalatable.

James Branch Cabell lives a little way outside of Richmond in a middle aged house that has in it much of the Victorian, and nothing of the traditional Colonial of the south. The house is comfortable and uninteresting inside and out with little traces here and there of a certain modern efficiency — as in the folding typewriter desk in Cabell's study — that stand out baldly against a background of antimacassars and whatnot stands. The truth is that Cabell is blessed with a wife who is blessed with a sense of humor, and who sees to it that while the major portion of her husband has emigrated to Poictesme the part of him which remains at home is well cared for, let alone, and humored. It takes genius to write as Cabell does, but that genius is as nothing to the genius it must take to live happily with a genius. And Cabell stays at home. To get him as far as New York takes months of urging on the part of everyone interested, and when he finally is ousted from his small work room with its three windows and its rows of books, it is almost impossible to make him meet people or to say anything when he does meet them. They do not speak his language nor does he speak theirs.

His library is astonishingly meagre both in the quantity and quality of the books that compose it, and this in spite of Cabell's just claim, made for not by him, to real erudition. He cares nothing for fine bindings or for old editions. The author most in evidence among his books is Hewlett, but one should not deduce from this that he owes much to Hewlett, any more than he does to Anatole France whom he read really carefully only after he had been compared to him. The materials that Hewlett has used in all seriousness Cabell has burlesqued, as in "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth". Yet how he did lose his temper when Hewlett attacked him! The attack was bad, but Cabell's reply was worse, shriek upon shriek of wounded vanity. It was childish to give his spleen any permanence in "Taboo".

He is one of the founders of that exclusive little club apparently created for the purpose of mutual admiration by Mencken, Hergesheimer, and himself. Cabell cannot stand criticism, a weakness that serves his work poorly. The success that has come to him in such a strange and ironic way after years of neglect and even contempt has embittered rather than mellowed him. Most emphatically Cabell does not belong among those who, like St. Paul, "suffer fools gladly". He first entered the lists young, ardent, and unsuspicious; but, as the years went by bringing the sting of new wounds upon old ones, he incased himself more and more in the armor of unreality, and with the sword of satire fought on.

The key to Cabell's cynicism lies in the story of the fox and the grapes. He knows he cannot reach them, and so he proclaims them sour. But, unlike the fox, Cabell has compromised. He has deliberately given up the grapes, and hence his fury is double because it arises not only from his sense of failure but from the knowledge of his own responsibility for it.

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He chose the flesh pot with his eyes wide open, *vide* "Jurgen", and now all that is left to him is to hurl the pot with savage bitterness at the head of his readers.

The chief note in his later work is that of regret, regret for the youth and beauty which seem to him to pass together. Almost he feels with Dunsany that time is the most terrible enemy of man, for time, to him, is the destroyer. He is not unlike Dunsany in other ways, though I do not by any means intend to compare the two. They both, however, have a curious magic of phrases, and a cadenced prose that turns to pure verse: they both have invented a cosmogony of their own, and Cabell has in the bargain traced a very earthly dynasty which is descended from his gods. And yet . . . in all this by means of which he intends to embrace all life, he has only succeeded in embracing — Cabell. Like Narcissus he has been enchanted by an image in the pool of thought but, unlike Narcissus, he does not realize that the image is his own.

One finds always in Cabell the wail of the violins of Venusburg in combat with the long surge of the trombones of the Pilgrim's Chorus.

What is it in Cabell that we find admirable? It seems to me to be simply that he has done that which he has said again and again he wanted to do, to write beautifully of beautiful things. Not that he confines himself to that. He writes of ugly things too, but he writes of them grotesquely as is most fitting. He has the ability to an extraordinary degree of creating moods, of making a living atmosphere through which and into which the reader passes to walk with those that dwell therein, somewhat as Alice went through the Looking Glass into the country beyond. Cabell is a rebel against the bonds of flesh that hold him, and he awakens in his readers a desire to rebel likewise. The most significant passage in all his work is, to me, that in which Jurgen stands by the bedside of the sleeping Queen Helen. Even there Cabell pauses to mock a little, but his mockery rings hollow, for he knows that rail as he may at his dream, the dream is stronger than he. Here, as elsewhere, his attitude is sheer bravado. But . . . it is very human. What makes all his bitterness and all his rebellion is his knowledge of the real beauty, the beauty he has somehow missed, that eternally tangles the heartstrings of man. He knows, and he knows well how little the flesh matters, and he is infuriated at his realization that it matters even as much as it does. After a little time with Anaitis, goddess of love, Jurgen was so unutterably bored that he left her, and went to play with the children. There is no cynicism here, only a mild chuckle at the endless foolishness of man. For, whimsical as he often is, and cynical as he is upon occasion, Cabell is more quizzical than either.

What he will do next it is futile to conjecture. It may be another attempt to rationalize the literature of procreation — and whatever it is I very much fear that it will be an addition to the already too voluminous "Lineage of Lichfield" — but in any event Cabell may be trusted to do the two things he desires most to do, to conceive beautiful things and to write of them beautifully. It is for this that he is read, and it is for this that he will be remembered.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

EVER since Jobyna Howland covered herself with glory in "The Gold Diggers" nearly everyone has wanted her to have a play all to herself. Zoe Akins has finally provided her with one called "The Texas Nightingale". In it Miss Howland portrays an opera singer, and thus is able to bully everyone and be as boisterous and as shockingly outspoken as she likes. It was a happy inspiration on Miss Akins's part, because no artist at the Metropolitan looks half so much like an opera singer as Miss Howland, no one but an opera singer would be forgiven the robust and refreshing vulgarity which she simulates with such enthusiasm, and no one but an opera singer would be forgiven a son like Percy Helton.

"The Texas Nightingale" is by no means the conventional vehicle, however. It would be difficult to think of it with anyone but Jobyna Howland as Madame Canava, but it is a play in its own right. It is, as a matter of fact, an extremely good play. It is thoroughly sophisticated in its point of view. It is written with a vigorous, skilful hand. Its comedy is fresh, and bubbles up inevitably from deep down in the story. It is a truthful and adult rendering of an original theme. Also it is a courageous play. Miss Akins not only ignored the ten commandments which govern the purveyor of popular drama; she showed that she is contemptuous of them. That, in itself, is not necessarily a virtue, but in this case it was essential if the play was to be written as she saw it. Its success with the rank and file of theatregoers, even in New York, is quite doubtful. Outside of New York it would probably arouse nothing but bewilderment. But it is a gratifying indication that Miss Akins is still one of the two or three most admirable of native dramatists.

Nearly every character in this play, and nearly every turn of the story, violates some article in the American theatregoer's credo. A mother, according to the proprieties of the theatre, should love and honor her son. Madame Canava refers to her Raymond as "that brat". A young man, to be regarded sympathetically by an audience, must be a sturdy, manly chap. Raymond whines and weeps and writes poems for THE BOOKMAN. A husband and father, if he is to have respect, must show that he has a backbone or at least a few opinions of his own. But Steven Tillerton, the Canava's husband emeritus, is but a pale shadow of a man, with about as much assertiveness as a professor of Latin in a small western high school. Steven, by the way, is played by Cyril Keightley, the demon impersonator of the Man from God's Country. It is a punishment he richly deserves. Each of the other men in the play is an ass in his own particular way; and the radiant Canava herself is a little too highhanded in her tyrannies to encour-

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age much friendliness in her audience.

She does of course care for her son according to her lights. It is her determination to save him from a "tart" which leads her to seek out her former husband, and the details of that fleet-

JOBYNA HOWLAND
As the robust and temperamental Madame Canava in "The Texas Nightingale" she comes into her own.

ing reunion make up the play. Tillerton's placid life is considerably disarranged when the resplendent Canava bursts upon him. She had left him some years before and, he supposed, had forgotten that she had ever been married to him. He is still more astonished when he discovers that he is the father of her son. They had not even taken the trouble to tell him that. It is the Canava's idea that the guidance of a father might be good for Raymond, but poor Tillerton can't move fast enough to help much in the rejuvenation. His chief function is to light his wife's cigarettes and agree with everything she says. Then, at the end, she passes out of his world as swiftly as she had reentered it. Whether she will come back, nobody knows, least of all Canava.

Miss Akins has dramatized exceptionally well a certain phase of a certain world. She has set upon the stage, with uncompromising fidelity, a memorable character. She has written an excellent and unpopular play.

Only rarely in "Fashions for Men" are there flashes of that Franz Molnar who gave to posterity the history of Liliom, the immortal roughneck. Molnar, in this new play, is for the most part the suave, well tailored, popular playwright. The play itself is a well tailored piece, which is perhaps not entirely improper since it concerns itself with a smart furnishings shop in Budapest.

Recalling "Liliom" (and one cannot fail to recall "Liliom" when Molnar's name is mentioned) it is difficult to believe that "Fashions for Men" is anything but hack work. It is touched here and there with the wistfulness that is almost always in Molnar's work. There are times when his ability to give tremendous significance to some trivial experience lifts the play out of the commonplace. But despite a first act that promises splendid things and despite a well drawn central figure, there is left the impression that the author was in an awful hurry when he wrote it and that he never was altogether sure it was worth doing.

And one naturally wonders if it was worth doing in New York. It is the type of story that never transplants well. While it seems, at first glance, to be a whimsical character study of Peter Juhafz, the sort of bland ass who is usually considered lovable in the theatre, it really is not that kind of play. Essentially it is a comedy of atmosphere and manners. In Budapest, no doubt, it gained color and vigor and warmth from the fresh colloquialism with which the little shop is pictured. That shop, one feels, is shrewdly, penetratingly done. But it

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is a Hungarian shop. The very fidelity with which the everyday patter and everyday mannerisms are reproduced hampers the play before an alien

HELEN GAHAGAN
An extremely promising young actress who plays a new kind of gold digger in "Fashions for Men".

audience. Those scenes, perhaps because they are so true to life in Budapest, seem strained and at times incomprehensible in New York. Probably a man is never so entirely a creature of tradition as when he buys a necktie and tries to outwit the go-getter who is determined to load him down with a walking stick and a box of socks. Throughout these scenes one is uncomfortably conscious of the translator, though Benjamin Glazer seems to have made a competent English version.

With the play robbed, to a certain extent, of that topical flavor which it had in its native city, we are thrown back upon the story itself. Molnar did not write it for the story. He undertook to set against a brightly familiar background a gentle, ineffectual, beguiling fellow who because of his easygoing ways gets his affairs into a frightful tangle and then straightens them out again because he is easygoing and loves his neighbors more than himself. It is a pleasant formula and a popular one, and few actors would fit into it as comfortably as O. P. Heggie. But such a play is always a matter of delicate adjustments; it cannot be staged so earnestly and literally as this one is. Played in a lighter vein it might have retained its original values. But with everyone on the stage, except Mr. Heggie and Mr. Nicander, taking it very much to heart, disastrous things happen. Not only are the flimsy tale's implausibilities emphasized, but its whole import is altered. What is, really, a blithe little comedy becomes disconcertingly suggestive of sinister things, and what was meant to be whimsical becomes almost brutal. Miss Gahagan, an admirable young actress, is largely responsible for this. There is no lightness in her touch. She is deadly in earnest, with the result that she creates as ruthless and repellent a man hunter as ever stalked a fortune.

In the first act, however, there is much that is fine. We see Peter Juhafz, with a heart too pure for the clothing business, swindled out of his savings, his shop, and his wife by an industrious young assistant whom he has befriended. He takes this series of crushing misfortunes without resentment, but with a gentle courage that makes of him a genuine and admirable figure. He sees his wife depart with his rival and forgives them. He is left behind in the shop that is no longer his, a lonely, broken man. These scenes are worthy of the author of "Liliom". With that simplicity and delicacy which few playwrights understand so well as Molnar, the bewildered sufferings in Peter's soul are revealed. He remembers that he had planned a special treat for that evening. He had got some asparagus for

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his wife, as a surprise, because she was particularly fond of it. He decides, rather absently, that he will not eat dinner at home after all.

Perhaps one such moment is all we can expect in one evening. Certainly nothing in the succeeding acts rises to its level. Peter gradually falls in love with the mercenary Paula and because he is too stupid to understand how shamelessly she imposes on him, he wins her for his own. It isn't a pretty love story; and after Peter tries to give away his watch one feels that it is a little foolish to worry about him at all.

Sophie Treadwell's "Gringo" is another proof that, in the theatre, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and too much is fatal. Here is a play about banditry, gold mining, and interracial amour in Mexico. Miss Treadwell, obviously, has first hand knowledge of them all. She intended to give, and no doubt did give, a romantically exaggerated picture of the life she had found. But she allowed truth to hamper her. Playwrights who have gained their information on Mexico from reading the literature of the American Express Company have created a mythical and glamourous country which is, and perhaps must always be, "Mexico" for the theatre-going New Yorker. Miss Treadwell's play, in spite of its authentic bits of local color, carries a shock of disillusionment.

The scene which one follows most attentively is the one depicting a bandit camp in the hills. We have all wondered what florid orgies take place in those inaccessible hiding places. In Miss Treadwell's scene we find the bright shawls, the guitars, and the captive women, but the expected magic is missing. We realize that, after all, bandits are pretty dirty people, that their life is a harsh one, full of privations, full of hard work, rather a bleak and boring existence. José Ruben plays Tito, the bandit chief, with all the swagger and suavity that one could wish, but even Ruben cannot succeed in making him what the term "bandit chief" implies. He seems merely a petty crook, who works with his wife to extort money, with no risk to himself. There is little bravado or romance or sentiment about him. He does not let his victims off when he gets them in his power, as bandits are supposed to do. He is after money, not adventure. In New York he would be a stick up man with a woman to take his chances for him. Undoubtedly that is what Mexican bandits actually are, but no one will believe it in the theatre.

The play is curiously confused, and quite amateurish in construction. The big moments are allowed to flatten out. The interest is hopelessly diffused. It is difficult to say which of the unattractive characters Miss Treadwell meant to have the sympathy. She herself seems to waver from one to another. The Gringo is an old miner who has spent twenty years of his life trying to develop a gold mine. He is, to be sure, rather pathetically appealing, but we cannot give him our wholehearted affection because we cannot quite place him. We do not quite know what kind of person he is. He has, it would seem, been renting Tito's wife for seventeen or eighteen years, which somehow does not seem to go very well with a quaint old character who dotes on his daughter. We assumed, at first, that it was a Mexican custom to sell your wife on the instalment plan, but Tito punctures that by telling his brother that it is an American custom. So we can

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"Dear Brutus" by J. M. Barrie (Scribner). Uniform with the author's other well known and well loved plays. Not one of Barrie's best, perhaps, but one of Barrie's.

"Representative One-Act Plays by Continental Authors" selected by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown). The common people must love collections of one act plays, because the publishers make so many of them. The plays in this anthology are interesting and readable and comprise the less familiar work of Europe's best.

"Three Wonder Plays" by Lady Gregory (Putnam). In which "the greatest living Irishwoman" lets her fancy have full play. They will be found extremely amusing by those who find Lady Gregory amusing.

"Five One-Act Comedies" by Lawrence Langner (Stewart Kidd). They concern themselves with the marriage convention for the most part, and are pleasant, healthy, and actable.

"The Land of Punch and Judy" by Mary Stewart (Revell). Short plays, designed for puppets, but good reading for the nursery.

"Vaudeville Gambols" by E. L. Gamble (Denison). Putty noses, baggy trousers, red whiskers, plug hats, Kampus Klothes, "who was that lady I seen you with"—and we've all laughed at it at the Palace.

"Third Book of Short Plays" by Mary MacMillan (Stewart Kidd). One of which is called "The Weak-End".

"Cinderella, and Five Other Fairy Plays" by Lindsey Barbee (Denison). Dramatic versions of five of the fairy stories that every child should know. The playlets are quite charming and could be performed on the front porch or almost anywhere.

"Carolina Folk-Plays" edited by Frederick H. Koch (Holt). Giving a vivid glimpse or two of a romantic and unexplored section of the country.

"Drama in Religious Service" by Martha Candler (Century). A hand book which should be serviceable. It is a practicable and exhaustive survey by an author who knows her business.

"Jeremiah" by Stefan Zweig (Seltzer). A competent English translation of this massive and rather overpowering drama. It is of course a play for the library rather than the theatre.

only suppose it was an original device invented for this play. It is certainly a little grotesque, and naturally makes old Chivers seem eccentric and rather contemptible. We can scarcely root passionately for him. Tito, as we have said, fails to surround himself with sufficient glamour to take the sting out of his devilishness, and it is not very pleasing to see him walk off with all the money and the best looking girl in that part of Mexico. This girl herself, who is old Chivers's half breed daughter, goes of her own free will and thus foregoes her claim on our approval. For the rest we have the inevitable tailormade mining expert, trimmed this time with a southern accent; a draft dodger who is the worst rotter of all; and his wife who loves the mining expert but is too timid to do anything about it. Not a group that you would travel very far to meet.

"Gringo" might have been any one of several things. It might have been a vivid romance. But it ends with little Bessie leaving with a libertine three times her age, and that is not romance. It might have been melodrama, but the suspense created over some bags of gold is dissipated almost immediately. It might have been a tragedy, but no one is harmed except old Chivers, who deserved all he got.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* A thrilling and moving story of love, mystery, and the brilliant theatrical and literary society of New York and Europe. *(See page 762.)*

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A period novel of charm in which Benjamin Franklin is thoroughly human and entertaining.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* Petroleum takes the place of the usual gold mine in a conventional but rapidfire tale.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* This winding up of the affairs of "The Head of the House of Coombe" has enough sentiment to satisfy a host or two of lady readers.

THE CHESSMEN OF MARS—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*McClurg.* A Martian tale of romance and adventure, in which the creator of "Tarzan" again displays the gift of imagination.

*ROUGH-HEWN—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* A remarkably written story of love at first sight, most of it before the lovers met. Why they fell, in other words.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* The story of the soul of a young man of our plains, whose war experiences are not so convincing as those which precede them.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH—Gilbert K. Chesterton—*Harper.* An epigrammatic detective story in which the criminal is never convicted.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* "Jolly Roger" the outlaw leads the Mounted Police a merry chase, and a captive maid furnishes the romantic frills.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* Disguised as a boy, a lovely young lady wins the heart of an amusing but unconvincing gentleman.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* The sort of adventure that everyone in an office chair covets. Oh, for Peregrine's escape!

FURY—Edmund Goulding—*Dodd, Mead.* A novel of seafaring folk which is a curious mixture of rough talk, profanity, and philosophy.

PHANTOM—Gerhart Hauptmann—*Huebsch.* A skilful but gruesome piece of abnormal psychology, dealing with a man driven mad by his love for a child.

*THE BRIGHT SHAWL—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A colorful story of an American's search for the ideal in a Cuban revolution.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* The reviewer wishes that this would stop being a best seller in spite of its charm, for he can find no better term for its hero than "a misunderstood man".

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A muddled but interesting problem novel with only fifty per cent of the charm of "If Winter Comes".

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Tangled loves among tangled woods in romantic Africa.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* A novel of the breakdown of ethical standards under fire of war conditions.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* Cappy, as absurd as ever, triumphs in a new series of ventures.

THE NEW DECAMERON—D. H. Lawrence and others—*Brentano.* A third clever and entertaining volume by ten young English practitioners of the art of the old Italian conte, done however very much in the mode of today.

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*BABBITT — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* Superb character drawing and satire of middle western business and life.

FAIR HARBOR—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Gentle humor and salty characters in a somewhat unusual setting.

THE TALE OF TRIONA—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* In this case it didn't pay for a writer to romanticize. The lie is detected; but it all comes out beautifully in the end.

THE REVOLT OF THE OYSTER—Don Marquis—*Doubleday, Page.* A dozen facile and amusing short stories told with the mellow humor one expects from the Park Row sage.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH—Leonard Merrick—*Dutton.* Somehow this man makes Paris even more alluring than do the Frenchmen themselves, and here is further Parisian wine.

BROKEN BARRIERS—Meredith Nicholson—*Scribner.* An interesting problem of breaking ethical traditions falsely solved, in this case, by an opportune stroke of plotting.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* All things that happened to the Crabtree family of San Francisco, including what goes on at the kitchen sink.

THE EVIL SHEPHERD—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* A murder mystery with an unusually clever twist.

CARNAC'S FOLLY—Gilbert Parker—*Lippincott.* A father and a son's struggle with each other, politics, and a generous allowance of love in a Canadian set.

THE RED REDMAYNES—Eden Phillpotts—*Macmillan.* When a detective falls in love he is like "a cat in gloves, he catches no mice". So says one of the culprits in a mystery tale that few readers will be able to solve in advance.

*SWANN'S WAY—Marcel Proust—*Holt.* Two volumes of fine writing and beauty for those who enjoy leisurely books.

THE REIGN OF THE EVIL ONE—C. P. Ramuz—*Harcourt, Brace.* A metaphysical fantasia translated from the French, having to do with the conflict between good and evil.

FOURSQUARE — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* A story of one of the many sacrifices by women to make the profession of teaching worth while.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* A rapidfire story of love, mystery, and adventure with a psychological twist that is thought compelling. Do we ever face our real selves?

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* A romantic frolic with scarlet cloaks, gold buttons, et al. on the Spanish Main.

*ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS—May Sinclair—*Macmillan.* A beautifully written story about a girl's relations with an English family; psychoanalytically involved. *(See page 754.)*

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* A striking portrayal of ambition brought low, with a rich background of English small town and clerical life.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON —Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* Two indigent society folk and how they fall in and out of love and finally hope both to love and to cure the indigence.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Melville Again

EDMOND BYRNE HACKETT'S first venture into the publishing world is more than successful. Meade Minnigerode has found, and arranged in wisdom and taste, "Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville and A Bibliography" (Brick Row Book Shop). What a bellower and roarer old seadog Melville must have been! Like whom does this sound? When asked to review a book, he replies:

> What has Mr. Hart done that I should publicly devour him? I bear that hapless man no malice. Then why smite him? And as for glossing over his book with a few commonplaces — *that* I can not do. The book deserves to be burnt in a fire of asafetida, and by the hand that wrote it.
>
> Seriously again . . . the book is an abortion, the mere trunk of a book, minus head, arm or leg. Take it back, I beseech, and get some one to cart it back to the author.

Is it not our very Mencken?

Of all the letters in the book, the first is the best. Melville's analysis of madness is poetry. But it is dishonest to quote the best part of a book, and anyone actually interested in the background of American letters who does not own this volume does not deserve to read this fine letter. One more quotation, however, I can't resist. It is the old cry of the man with more ideas than time to carry them through to actuality. Melville bellows for "fifty fast-writing youths" to turn out as many novels.

> But I don't know but a book in a man's brain is better off than a book bound in calf — at any rate it is safer from criticism. And taking a book off the brain, is akin to the ticklish and dangerous business of taking an old painting off a panel — you have to scrape off the whole brain in order to get at it with due safety — and even then the painting may not be worth the trouble. . . .

The bibliography is like most others except that it is actually readable!

A Recipe for Verse

SO complete and so well bound a book is "Lyric Forms from France" (Harcourt, Brace) that it will "grace any library shelf". Miss Cohen leaves no corner of French versification unexplored. The introduction is informative surely, and fairly entertaining, and the anthology shows that practically everyone who ever wrote verse some time turned to the making of a triolet or a ballade; when the greater muse failed, say we! However, here is beautiful poetry, Rossetti after Villon:

TO DEATH, OF HIS LADY

(*Francois Villon*)

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
Who hadst my lady away from me,
Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown.
Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
Which now being dead, dead I must be,
Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
Death!

— and there are many, many more. *But* — and a large BUT — turn to page 92. Jumping Jehoshaphat! Odd's bodikin! All the expletives of the young realists poured into one series of ex-

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clamation points! She has, this estimable and painstaking Helen Louise Cohen, given us a table, a table of lines and measures, a table that reminds me of a class in geology, and she calls it, "A Rule of Thumb for the Construction of the 'Forms' in Modern English Verse". Here, good poets, give me your thumbs. You have now a quick and easy guide to success! You have now a table of rhymes to place beside your rhyming dictionaries. So we shall welcome more generations of gay little rhymesters and tum-tee-tum-tum poets! At any rate, it's a convenient book.

Dramatic Psychology

"ANNE SEVERN and the Fieldings" (Macmillan) is interesting in every detail. May Sinclair as a technician is superb, and I do not know that we should object too strongly to the fact that in this latest novel of hers in which the love affair reaches almost pentagonal proportions, it is her mechanics that interest most. By this I do not mean that her people are unreal; rather, she has so suppressed ordinary detail in favor of incidents that mark the psychological progression of character, that we put together her dialogue much as we do a jigsaw puzzle. We watch for the earmarks of this or that complex. But when she does escape from her method, how blazing her descriptions, how tender she can be in a mood of sentiment! Anne, Jerrold, Maisie, Eliot, Colin — these are her character threads. Robert, Adeline, and John, parental character threads! From them come quiet entanglements. There are no heroics in this book. Queenie, a masculine and vivid figure who might bring us up to a hexagonal affair, affords the most violent moment in the book. Miss Sinclair's problem is a fascinating one. Anne, motherless, is brought to live with the family of the woman — married to another — with whom Anne's father has always been in love. A playmate of the three sons of this family, Anne at an early age is passionately devoted to Jerrold, while Eliot, another brother, falls in love with her and Colin, still another, who is devoted to the stronger character of Jerrold, comes to depend on her as he would on his mother. Two other women are drawn into the web. And to this complicated situation Miss Sinclair brings beauty, passion, logic, and interest. It is an achievement; but, in the main, a mechanical achievement. In reality these Fielding boys are simply facets of Anne's own character, or rather they are her need to satisfy various sides of her character. Some of you will like this book because of its fine perceptions and its beautiful workmanship, others will not like it because of its implications.

Mr. Ervine's Heroes

HERE is a valuable book for the student of English letters. St. John Ervine is so definitely analytical that his searching studies of such men as Arnold Bennett, Yeats, Shaw, and others reduce them to a point where they might quite effectively step on the stage as characters in a realistic Ervine play. To me, at least, the book would have been more amusing had its author suppressed occasionally violent political opinions. This, however, may be forgiven an Irishman. After all, politics and literature have often, if not always, marched bravely together in the Brit-

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ish Isles. Wise and succinct portraits, these, and, to an understanding of giants of contemporary writing, "Some Impressions of My Elders" (Macmillan) is an easy and pleasant route. The paper on Galsworthy is the most interesting, perhaps because Ervine's own absorption in the drama led him to elaborate studies of one or two of the older dramatist's plays, and while Mr. Ervine is respectful to his elders, he does not hesitate to display their faults in as grand colors as their virtues. A fine book — and dedicated to Elizabeth Cutting, "who would not give me any peace until I had overcome my idle habits and written all these impressions of my elders for 'The North American Review'".

Informal Adventure

OF all this rich and varied book, from its stories of Yale crews and coaches through its sea tales of the "Three Friends", its anecdotes of Roosevelt, I like best the very last of it which deals with the war. What a vivid bit of history Ralph Paine tells, when he recounts the way he finally dared the base at Queenstown! How he belies the following anecdote:

> Only one incident occurred to mar the cruise, and this was when an infantile bluejacket of some seventeen years was overheard to remark to a mate:
>
> "That's Paine up on the bridge, the man that writes stories. They say he's a pretty good guy, but don't you think he's too blamed old to be bangin' around out here in a destroyer?"

"Roads of Adventure" (Houghton Mifflin) is, in the main, autobiographical chapters from the life of a newspaper correspondent. At least, this is the atmosphere that Paine has chosen to give it. Amusing incident does not fail. There is color, romance, and fact. Surely, however, stopping to quarrel in such a book of doing and daring is absurd. Why this?

> It was a minor episode of history, but gorgeously romantic against the quiet background of twenty-five years ago, when American life was unvexed by wars or foreign relations or the loud cries of the Young Intellectuals as they cease from praising one another long enough to toss overboard the morals, manners, and ideals of all the generations of mankind that have preceded them.

The intimate picture of Stephen Crane is a good one. Here is an entertaining bit — a picture of the difficult Crane, whipped into being a newspaper man.

> "For heaven's sake, Steve, sit down and write some of the stuff. We left you here to cover the fight, and you've got it all. As soon as we catch up with the story, I must run this vessel back to Port Antonio and keep the cable busy. Duck into the cabin and write."
>
> Crane paid no attention, but continued to talk about the marines. These practical, uninspired newspaper men were a confounded nuisance. They and their absurd demands were to be brushed aside. McCready tried bribery — beer and cigarettes — and Crane consented to dictate a dispatch, although very much bored. It was a ridiculous scene — McCready, the conscientious reporter, waiting with pencil and paper — Crane, the artist, deliberating over this phrase or that, finicky about a word, insisting upon frequent changes and erasures, and growing more and more suspicious. Finally he exclaimed:
>
> "Read it aloud, Mac, as far as it goes. I believe you are murdering my stuff."
>
> "I dropped out a few adjectives here and there, Steve. This has to be *news*, sent at cable rates. You can save your flub-dub and shoot it to New York by mail. What I want is the straight story of the fight."
>
> Ralph Paine left them wrangling bitterly, with small hope of a satisfactory adjustment. He had been so absorbed in Crane's recital of events that he had forgotten his haste to get ashore and investigate this small battle at first hand. He noticed that the scattering fire from the camp and from the chaparral had ceased. It was a morning lull. The Spanish sharpshooters had bethought themselves of breakfast, or such was the deduction, and the marines were in a mood to second the motion.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HARVEY O'HIGGINS'S "DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS"

By Edward H. Reede

Dr. Reede's review is the second of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

IN the exercise of the gift of creative expression, the artist is the last person in the world to confess that he is a propagandist. Yet, it is difficult in the pursuit of beauty and truth to restrain the index finger from indicating the quarry. And, at that moment of indication, the artist becomes the propagandist.

Mr. O'Higgins would least of all accept the appellation of evangelist, and yet what he presents is a gospel of character. To him the good story is the old Anglo-Saxon godspell or story of truth. Whistler could not refrain from emphasizing line, nor Tintoretto color, nor Angelo fluid energy, and in this measure, they proselyted.

Obviously Mr. O'Higgins aspires to be an artist of character. To him, character is a kind of beauty, it is a sort of diamond for which the artist performs the task of detaching it from its matrix so that it stands out with light on all sides of the rhomb. For him the cutting process has already been performed by nature, the polishing has been accomplished by circumstance, and there is left but the task of pivoting it in unshadowing light. To him the diamond is meant not only for beauty but for the fundamental purpose of cutting into the glassy surface of reality. He sees the point of contact of character with reality as the apex of a pyramid which moves with its base and body from a total past against the decisive present. Every gesture is for this moment a final gesture, every word a decisive word. The very self of the man is at the moment contained in this present apex of an enduring past. The man lives in pin points. Here is no symphony, rather a discord from which ring dominating tones which arrest the ear. If there are overtones, make the most of them — Mr. O'Higgins is not called on to preach their æsthetics.

In contrast with the literature which presents character in facets, where the present reality is but a spotlight bringing out rare beauty or secret flaw, Mr. O'Higgins's technique causes disquietude. It is the technique of an ironist. It demands an ironical audience and this audience grows slowly among us. We are accustomed to view our beauty and truth either in sentimental galleries where we protect them by ten foot hand rails, or in naturalistic laboratories under a compound Zeiss lens. We have never been able to blend the perspective of beauty with the proximity of truth. In the movies we demand an anamorphoscopic lens.

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The ironist is always in danger of being mistaken for a satirist, of seeming to demand derisive laughter as evidence of appreciation. Quite the opposite, his art is a tragic art, but the tragedy is subjective in the audience rather than in the object. The audience becomes a tragic audience when the weight of truth overbears the lift of beauty. The ironist bears beauty in one hand, truth in the other, yet keeps an even balance on the tightrope of life. He can even toss his weight from one hand to the other without claiming that a pound of leaden truth outweighs a pound of feathery sentiment. The ironist, himself, feels that life is more hard work than tragedy. He greets his illusions with tongue in cheek but that does not mean vocable derision. He can look at more than cut flowers, and bears no prejudice toward earth clinging roots.

Character, to Mr. O'Higgins, has a fibred nobility. He does not lose his admiration of the crested oak because it has been dragged through the mud of the logging camp. He does not have to shut his eyes until it appears with the polish of the cabinet shop. And finally, he is saying to his reader, this is the stuff of life, it is only with this kind of material that any man can do anything. It is only with this kind of stuff that any man, anywhere, has ever done anything. If you can mold beauty from it, it has been done; if you carve ugliness out of it, that too has been done. The only true use of mind is to do what you do with the courage to bear the reward or the penalty of clear eyed choice. It is the only hope of escape from muddled sentimentalism and muddier naturalism.

In "Some Distinguished Americans" Mr. O'Higgins presents certain diamond clear characters which have fused their content in the matrix of American society. They are as many-sided as any human rhombohedron and yet at any given moment they have but one cutting edge.

Modern psychology has proved that man has but one adequate outlet of energy against his environment and that is the motor path. That there is only one fundamental purpose of the human being and that is action. Throw as many motives as you please into the hopper of impulse and yet only one can control the one way rails of action. Always the final act is "a breath ahead of the wind" of other impulses. We lose sight of this in reading Dostoyevsky and sink in a swamp of ambivalency and ambitendency where we mistake motive for act. Mr. O'Higgins is a psychologist of act. The gesture is supreme to him. Whatever commotion goes on beneath the surface, the hand which lifts Excalibur above the lake is a single hand and the weapon is single pointed. All his skill is exerted to give a stereoscopic view of gesture.

For one thing, at least, we should be grateful to Mr. O'Higgins: he is not content to say that a tungsten lamp, a trolley car, or an electric percolator is simply an expression of repressed electrons. Any one of his stories can be reduced to the Freudian formula if the seeker for such finality so desires. But life seems to him something more, so far as appreciable content goes, than mere *élan vital.* Life cannot be shown in terms imperceptive to the reader. A certain biological myopia has developed in the race which renders mere amœbic chemiotaxis unacceptable as a motive of literature. Chemiotaxis is untranslatable in any terms which the average man can apply to his acceptance of the presidency of the Rotary Club or of the Authors' Guild.

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The universally unconscious motive of life is one which by its terms is unknown to any. It is not a material for use in the fictional representation of life. It at once makes life unknowable. Any subconscious motive practicable for literary use must at least have its peak in consciousness. A man must be able to find at least a raveling in himself which will lead into the catacombs of his unthought. A usable repressed sex motive should portray its substitution in the working act and at the same time retain enough sensory tinge to lead to recognition by the reader as if in himself. Otherwise it remains for all time unrecognized and unrecognizable. For him, in his reality, it is as if it were not. It remains purely the material for the psychopathologist.

In "Some Distinguished Americans" we have a series of struggles between character and reality. Character forms out of many warring impulses, attempts to make terms with a reality which has but one protocol — unconditional action — and in its attempt throws out byproducts of fact and fancy. The products, the fruits of human life, become of value to society or do not, but are all that residues from the man living on the earth. The tragedy, if a tragedy is contained in these stories, is that society, which man unconsciously, through predetermination of nature, lives in and for, remains blind to the possible value of its several component parts — the energic possibilities of its individuals.

Genius is born, develops greatness through weakness, has heroic dreams, trickles puny acts, or reversely develops weakness through greatness, muses poltroonly, and overturns empires. Only social values remain, yet when does society attempt really to add a cubit to its stature? And always its one Cyclopean eye is being gouged by some doughty Ulysses.

A certain unpremeditated greatness drips from the dead and gone husks of all the people of O'Higgins. It lies not in what they wished but in what they did. Perhaps it is only here that greatness lies. Few of those dead and gone Americans whom we justly now call great, visioned this greatness as they looked back through the vistas of dead days. Like autumn leaves the path was strewed with dead grandeurs and drifting trivialities.

The dreams of Henri Anthon lived only as they were structuralized by the hands of others. Against reality his puny hands struggled with an unconquerable protagonist. And yet as energy, his impress remained upon the face of things as they are. Defeated, yes, and personally conquered, but something undefeatable drifted on the face of the waters beneath which he sank, unmarked.

The acts of Big Dan Reilly could never bend reality to the form which he could happily accept, and he too passed defeated. Yet he had woven a something of social texture between man and man with whom he had his being that persisted and had substance and value. He too left social values drifting above his abyss.

And Mrs. Murchison you would say was totally defeated, objectively and subjectively. Perhaps, but still she remains one of those unconscious martyrs to the law who have served to awaken suddenly the legal conscience of the race to the fact that the criminal may be a sick person and that some prisons should be hospitals for the socially unwell if we are to fulfil an ideal.

In Warden Jupp we have the unconscious philanthropist, the man who

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out of the trivialities of his sordid complexes produces societal sublimities, values so great that society in its wisdom should protect him from his own ignorance. But his existence today depends upon his agility in building a hobby horse for faddists to ride on. Always he is in danger of being tried by society and found wanting because he knows not what he does.

And poor old P. Q., the type of piloried "predatory rich", striving in his blind and wholly human way to keep his own head above the slough of inferiority, and like Samson pulling down the pillars of societal scorn on his shoulders. His hobnails of defensive arrogance continually leave wounds of social injustice, yet in his heart he is a lover of society in a society where that which is most greatly desired is most stoutly shut away and sealed up. Still his impress stands today, and in the ridges of his Gargantuan finger prints pigmies live.

Helmuth, too, passed and gone, but not before he had done what no man hitherto had done. Other men have carried the fruit of his creative genius into a wave of scientific progress which has benefited more individuals than the work of all the others in this book. Yet how trivial the content of his life to him. Indeed, as Mr. Whitney sees it, a terrier shaken to death by a mouse.

In Vance Cope, Mr. O'Higgins, beyond the details of the inexorableness of character formation, suddenly sheds the illumination of the secret of character transformation. Man is the slave of his symbols, his responses are abject before his stimuli. By will power he wins not an inch nor the ten thousandth part of an inch. But reverse his symbols, true up his perceptions, and suddenly his prison doors fly open. And somewhat as if in a psychological laboratory, Mr. O'Higgins, step by step, shows how the control of the symbol controls character. Pinch hitting for intellect, Mr. O'Higgins suggests, the intelligent correction of perception desymbolizes the symbol, releases the instincts from infantile byways, and introduces them to the joyous highroad of normality.

This book is valuable to whoever is disposed to take heart from reviewing the trivialities of his own past, and reminds one of the old Second Reader aphorism that "great oaks from little acorns grow". Those who still renew their youth through Napoleonic field glasses will find small blessing in it. It seems a natural use of such psychological material as is fitted for the portrayal of the conflict between man and his circumstances.

Some Distinguished Americans. By Harvey O'Higgins. Harper and Bros.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

TWO OUT OF A POSSIBLE THREE

By Ruth Hale

EXPERIENCE has taught us that autobiographies are usually written by people who have been considerably picked on, and who aim to place their side of the matter before the public while there is yet time. The majestic feeling of being able to say to oneself, when the slings and arrows are flying, "Of course, I could tell you a thing or two if I would", seems to find its most satisfying outlet in an autobiography.

Well, writing a book, or copying out your love letters, is certainly a hard enough job, and we ought not to begrudge the authors even their feeblest source of energy for so doing. If we have a complaint against any of the three ladies whose lives and times are here at hand: Lady Susan Townley's "Indiscretions", Margot Asquith's Autobiography, and Mrs. Pat Campbell's "My Life and Some Letters" — it is that their apologiæ are largely for the lives of their husbands, to whose emotions upon being so championed we can imagine nothing being added but a pained surprise.

We will say at the outset that if you should happen to want to get one or all of these chronicles, you will find in Margot a candid though somewhat chaotic tale bearing on political doings in England from about 1900 on; in Mrs. Pat an obliquely revealing story of a fine if somewhat muddled woman in London's world of letters; and in Lady Susan the reason why we, for one, shrink at the very mention of her name.

Lady Susan describes her life as the wife of a diplomat who appears to have been hastened about from place to place by his Foreign Office, giving her constant new fields for the play of her sprightly temperament and subject matter for her memoirs. In her final chapter she tells how her husband failed of a deserved promotion because, so the Foreign Office said, of "the indiscretions of Lady Susan". Therefore the book's title. The Foreign Office then, apparently, behaved very badly indeed in refusing her a hearing. But we felt sure we knew why. If they knew the half about her that her book lets out, they simply couldn't abide the woman, and yet did not have quite the heart to say so. What she actually did, on her own accounting, wasn't a patch on what we've known the wives of other diplomats to do, from a certain part of our past spent reporting in Washington; but if she was not particularly indiscreet, she was invariably arrogant and vainglorious. She hadn't the knack of doing things, and she thought she had. The combination is fatal, and we devoutly hope we have heard the last of Lady Susan.

It is a great relief to turn to Mrs. Pat. She also does what she can for her husbands: Sergeant Patrick Campbell and George Cornwallis-West. But Mrs. Pat would have to marry Moses, or Mustapha Kemal, or heaven knows whom, to get a husband who could be half as interesting as she is herself, so by virtue of this specific gravity she remains the central figure

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of her book. She tells of her life very honorably, not trying to make it more or less distinguished than it is. She tells of her rôles, which of them were successful and which were failures, and usually very acutely why. Then she undoes her old letters for us. Some of them are splendid, and some of them, particularly those from Bernard Shaw, are positively news. Who would have thought that Shaw could sign a letter, for instance, with "Good nightest". We made great haste, when we came upon it, to fight back the impulse to gag; but after all, if Shaw could bear to write it we ought to be able to read it, and we cannot suppose that Mrs. Pat simply made it up on him. Her book is the revelation of a woman whose spirit is both large and high, whose history has been amusing, stirring, tragic, and rounded. You will be sure to like her.

You may not be so sure to like Margot Asquith, but you cannot very well help being stimulated by her. We are going a long way round to try and describe one peculiar quality of her. When Dean Kirchwey waked up one morning to find himself on one of Archie Stevenson's little lists of dangerous persons during the war, Kirchwey said promptly: "I'd like to wring his neck." The irritated informality of that phrase immediately dropped Stevenson and all his works forty fathoms beneath the serious consideration of any sane person. As far as Kirchwey was concerned, Stevenson could contain no menace. Well, we can imagine that many English politicians must often have felt that same exasperation at Margot Asquith, accompanied by exactly that same absence of fear. She does appear to have mixed a good deal in things that did not need her. But those who thought her possessed of the slightest evil intent, to her country, to her people, or to anything else, must have been simpletons. She is an honest woman, one of personal force so great that no limitations whatever could restrain her. She is generous, tolerant, impetuous, and full of healthy inquisitiveness. And, although she might — in fact must — have injured many a statesman's sense of official dignity, she does not anywhere appear to have injured anybody's sense of personal dignity, which shows her innately and deeply kind. The rather large gesture of her dedication: *"Les chiens aboyent, la caravane passe"*, which she credits to her son-in-law, Prince Antoine Bibesco, is of a piece with her. That was the attitude which nurtured her energy to breeze through politics. We think it grossly unfair to ascribe to her the mediocre showing of her husband in the last election. The left wing of English politics, in the last four years, has moved so violently leftward that the former outpost of the party is now a mere *embusqué*. Anyway, whether calamitous or not, the final two volumes of her autobiography are gay and interesting, and seeing that they are about politics, that is no mean testimony.

"Indiscretions" of Lady Susan. By Lady Susan Townley. D. Appleton and Co.

My Life and Some Letters. By Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Beatrice Stella Cornwallis-West). Dodd, Mead and Co.

Margot Asquith: An Autobiography. Volumes III and IV. George H. Doran Company.

RUSSIA AND THE DRAMA

By Kenneth Macgowan

IN the summer of 1914 the dramatic critic of an Indianapolis newspaper went abroad to call on the three great

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men of the modern theatre. He found Gordon Craig in Florence and Bernard Shaw in London. But before he could get to Moscow to see Constantin Sergeievitch Stanislavsky, the première of an international tragedy staged in Liége called his attention elsewhere.

When in March, 1917, the curtain rose on the fifth act of that tragedy, and disclosed in the opening scene the debacle of the Tsar before the sailors of Kerensky, this same dramatic critic made up his mind that, if he were ever to present his card at the stage door of the Moscow Art Theatre, this was the moment and the very last moment. Accordingly, Oliver M. Sayler — for, as the good books used to say, it was indeed he — started for Moscow. Across America to the Pacific, across the Pacific to Japan, across Japan and China to Siberia, and then down the slow, interminable trans-Siberian railway to the end of his 17,000 mile call, treked Oliver M. Sayler. The day that he stood before the doors of the Moscow Art Theatre the guns of Trotzky announced the fourth day of the Bolshevist revolution.

It was no futile quest, however. Stanislavsky was not among the dead, and machine guns could not silence the Russian theatre for more than a fortnight. Accordingly Sayler was able to see the whole panorama of an extraordinary art, and to record it fully and picturesquely in "The Russian Theatre under the Revolution".

Since then, two interesting things have happened. Despite Bolshevism and intervention, starvation and communist propaganda, the Russian theatre has plowed pretty steadily ahead, a theatre of the completest realism and the most advanced expressionism in the world. And a large part of the art that Sayler had to travel 17,000 miles to see has come the rest of the way round the world to call on us.

The result is a reissue of Sayler's book under the less temporal title of "The Russian Theatre" and enlarged to cover the record of the past four years in Moscow and of the Russian invasion of America. Four colored illustrations and many in half tone have been added to the lavish outlay of the first edition, making more than fifty pictures in all. Thus completed, "The Russian Theatre" is the one indispensable book in any modern theatrical library. Playgoing without this Baedeker of Moscovy is as venturesome these days as was Sayler's call on Stanislavsky.

The Russian Theatre. By Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's.

MRS. ATHERTON'S SCOOP

By Charles Hanson Towne

THE poets have given the novelists many beautiful titles for their books. William Dean Howells was fond of turning to his Shakespeare, as "The Quality of Mercy" will bear witness; and Mrs. Atherton has done well to snatch from Yeats a phrase from "The Countess Cathleen" as a name for her latest novel, dealing as it does with the inexorable tide of time. I do not know when I have come across a happier selection of a title. It gives the theme, without betraying its workings out. I know she had difficulty in finding the words that would express the story's intent; but when she finally hit upon "Black Oxen" she discovered, without doubt, what she sought; and Yeats should be proud to be put to such practical service.

For this novel by America's most amazing literary personality is the fin-

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est of a long line of brilliant achievements. It will create a new place for Mrs. Atherton; and it will be discussed everywhere. There are those who contend that she belongs to an earlier school; yet here she reveals, in every sentence, her capacity to absorb the spirit of her time; and none of the smart-aleck whippersnappers of the hour, with their cheap flappers and jazz, could have done what she has so triumphantly accomplished.

She takes a daily newspaper columnist and makes of him her male protagonist, putting him down in a New York of prohibition and Geraldine Farrar and gay parties in the heart of the town; she brings from that background of Europe which she knows so well an extraordinary heroine, a volcanic, impulsive creature, and projects her into a tempestuous love affair which could hardly be matched for drama and suspense; and she calls her bohemians the "sophisticates" — oh, happy relief from "intelligentsia" and "intellectuals"!

The moment that the mysterious Mary Ogden, who had married an Austrian count, appears at a metropolitan opening and rises from her seat during the intermission to gaze about her, continental fashion, through her opera glasses, the drama begins. Lee Clavering, in his early thirties, is consumed with curiosity. So is the rest of the house; and soon the whole city rings with rumors of this strange young beauty who, time and again, attends the theatre alone.

Of course Clavering, the last word in progressive newspaper men, manages to meet her, after the ancient gossips, in roundabout and direct ways, have hinted their beliefs. Mrs. Atherton avoids the temptation of a mystery story — her material is of far sterner fabric; and the reader is almost instantly made aware of Mary Ogden's curious history. Piece by piece it is revealed, first by one or two minor characters and ultimately by the woman herself. When Clavering learns the bitter truth, it is too late to stem the torrent of his passion; he is unequivocally in love, with no desire to withdraw his promises. A mere sensationalist would have saved this dénouement, making it the green firecracker in the pack; but here again Mrs. Atherton shows a superb theatrical sense by utilizing this incident only as her first act curtain. The rest of the novel, with its multifarious characters, covers a goodly space of time on two continents, with ingenious holdings off, and the construction of delectable bypaths which lead to all sorts of surprising events.

To reveal the secret of Mary Ogden's magnificent and eternal youth would be unfair both to author and readers. It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Atherton has seized upon a scientific theme and developed it for her purpose with an adroitness hard to realize until one has plunged with her into the labyrinths of an engrossing subject. Women — and men too — will revel in her sharp, penetrating analysis of a discovery that is universal in its human appeal. Her story, however, never for a moment gets out of her hands or out of bounds. Always the novelist, she does not permit science to usurp the story's place on the printed page; her characters are living people who emerge from type and talk and act like men and women today.

It is indeed a notable book—a thrilling piece of reporting, which might have been finished at midnight and put upon the morning presses. As a getter of a fiction "scoop" Mrs. Atherton will make every other writer furiously envious. She stuns one by her sheer

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cleverness; but her art never wavers. "Black Oxen" is by far her greatest story, and to me, at least, the most absorbing novel by anyone which I have read in a couple of years.

Black Oxen. By Gertrude Atherton. Boni and Liveright.

FOOTBALL LITERATURE

By Charles Phelps Taft, 2nd

A YALE man can hardly be enthusiastic about Percy Haughton, but at least he can be fair, and it takes only fairmindedness to conclude that he was one of a very few great coaches of the fascinating game of football. He has now joined an increasing group of well known coaches in helping to create a football literature. It is not too much to say that his book is the best of them all.

Mr. Haughton has written, so he says, for the average spectator. The first half of the book is directed toward helping this large class of our population to watch the game intelligently. The opening chapter is quite elemental enough for one entirely ignorant of the game. The second chapter is a concise and interesting account of the history of the game.

This is avowedly the purpose of the book, but it is far more than a primer for spectators. Like all our activities today, football in each large college is becoming highly organized, and a successful system requires not only an executive head with a knowledge of the infinite detail of the game, and with a strong personality, but also a body of men which corresponds to the Board of Directors in a corporation. For any such body which seeks to plan out a season and a general scheme looking toward the humiliation of the bitter rival, this book contains a fine outline of the fundamentals of such a plan, and much which will arouse thought and valuable discussion. The second half of the book gives an analysis of the effective pre-season development of a college team, of the campaign, of the physical care of the men, of the proper place of scouting, and a brief statement of the essentials of attack and defense.

A few passages are very interesting. In outlining the general principles of offensive strategy, Mr. Haughton says, "Between your own twenty and forty yard lines...don't dare to use any forward pass which may be intercepted." One is therefore led to believe that the departure from this principle seen in the last three Yale-Harvard games was merely a temporary departure, and was perhaps due to Buell's own initiative.

In the chapter on the attack, Mr. Haughton mentions the kick as an offensive weapon, but he fails to describe the kicking game in general. This fundamental of football is never understood by spectators, and not always by coaches. Its value even in the so called modern game should be emphasized, as I am sure it is emphasized by most of the Harvard coaching staff. Aside from this, however, the statement of the principles of attack is extremely good. The defense lends itself less readily to generalizations.

Mr. Haughton devotes some ten pages to very pertinent comment on the knocker and know-it-all in the stands who can always tell on the spot what the quarterback should have done. This might very well be extended to include many of our friends who report football games for the newspapers.

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One of the best features of this book is the collection of photographs, which are not distributed through the volume haphazardly but really contribute to the development of the thought of the text. Yale-Harvard and Harvard-Centre pictures predominate, and one notes that almost as many successful Yale plays are pictured as those successful for Harvard. Harvard always has been a generous rival.

It is a high testimonial for the game of football that it should require players with brains and attract grown up men with brains, and that one of the great coaches of the game should write almost as well as he worked.

> What good is like to this,
> To do worthy the writing and to write
> Worthy the reading and the world's delight.

Football and How to Watch It. By Percy D. Haughton (Harvard Coach, 1908-1916). Marshall Jones Co.

PROMISE AND ACHIEVEMENT

By David Morton[1]

A PRIZE poem, of course, encounters the handicap of great expectations. The poet is compelled to forego any possibility of the happy and sudden surprise of unexpected excellence. No doubt that explains in part, though not altogether, why one turns from the title poem of Lew Sarett's "The Box of God" with a feeling of inadequacy, and comes upon his "Maple Sugar Chant" and other poems in the book with a sense of surprised delight.

The title poem, it should be explained, was awarded the Helen Haire Levinson Prize as the best contribution by an American to "Poetry" in 1921. One is tempted to wonder how much the poem owes, in its selection for this distinction, to the novelty and freshness of theme. The subject, of course, is epic in proportions, and susceptible of stark and moving tragedy. But neither the epic breadth of the theme nor the grandeur of the tragedy survives in "The Box of God". In the conflict between the fine and moving pantheism of the Indian and the somewhat arbitrarily restricted religion of the white man, the argument is not convincing and the intended feeling does not transpire. Passion is not felt in the poem as the author plainly meant it to be felt, and what passion is there is dissipated and rendered less effective by lack of restraint and discipline. The language of the poem strains for exalted speech, but rarely achieves genuine poetry.

In contrast with these inadequacies, and surmounting them in the resultant impression from a reading of the entire volume, is the distinct feeling of the presence of authentic poetry in such pieces as "The Maple Sugar Chant", "To a Dead Pembina Warrior", and some of the slender lyrics. The dances and songs in the third division of the book are marked by the strong, elemental rhythms of primitive, emotional speech. Sound and sense conspire to effective ends. And in "The Maple Sugar Chant", the author has achieved the trembling and half unconscious beauty that is poetry. Here is simple and direct utterance, exalted beyond self-consciousness by a fine and stirring passion.

Among the shorter lyrics, in the division entitled "Green Altars", there is freshness of phrase and poignancy of feeling — in such poems as "Wind in the Pine", "Dust", and "Timberline Cedar".

Achievement — such as Mr. Sarett's — is one occasion for rejoicing. Prom-

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ise, of the kind to be found in the volumes from the various university presses during the past three or four years, is another. In more than a few instances, names first emerging modestly from these quarters have become luminaries of distinguished achievement. This is not universally true; but it has been true in a sufficient number of instances to justify the Yale University Press, for example, in its stated purpose to offer "such verse as seems to give the fairest promise for the future of American poetry". In any such undertaking some disappointments are inevitable, and the output, of course, is uneven. "Lyra Levis", by Edward Bliss Reed, who has already three volumes to his name, is not compelling humor. His rhyming is dexterous, but his wit is neither agile nor surprising.

Bernard Raymund, on the other hand, in "Hidden Waters" has gone beyond the purpose of his publishers, as quoted above. Here are sharp and surprising turns of thought and feeling transpiring in poetry whose accent is authentic. A gift for the delineation of emotion in portraiture, performed with the artist's detachment and restraint, marks many of the poems. A delicate and regretful and smiling irony pervades the book. The distinct contours of an individual mind are imprinted upon such poems as "Ægea", "The Quickening", "Drama", and "The Tower". To say that "Hidden Waters" is a book of high promise is to do it something less than justice.

Another volume issuing from a university press — Princeton, in this instance — is by just such a writer as these publishers mean to serve. There is evidence of genuine poetic feeling, there is an occasional successful verse, there is sometimes a gleam of the light that never was on land and sea. There is, in short, promise — there is scarcely achievement — in "Mauna Roa" by Ames Brooks.

Charles L. O'Donnell's ability to write graceful and sometimes moving lyrics is evidenced again in "Cloister". A passionate religious mysticism characterizes many of the verses, and in nearly all of them the imagery and metaphor are from religious thought and history. Father O'Donnell's is a quiet, reflective muse who moves pensively among the established sanctions of English poetry.

The Box of God. By Lew Sarett. Henry Holt and Co.
Lyra Levis. By Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University Press.
Hidden Waters. By Bernard Raymund. Yale University Press.
Mauna Roa. By Ames Brooks. Princeton University Press.
Cloister. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. S. The Macmillan Co.

THE JOLLY BURLESQUERS

By Robert E. Sherwood

THERE is nothing in the world that warms the heart of an essayist so effectually as a trend. Whenever literature, or art, or life itself swerves out of its usual course and starts to flow through an unexpected channel, the non-fiction writers rush to the water's edge and start cheering. It means copy to them. It irrigates the arid wastes of their imagination.

Give an essayist a fairly workmanlike trend, and he is good for eighteen hundred words in the book review section of the New York "Times".

Recently there has been a trend toward burlesque which is plainly perceptible to all those who are on the lookout for such movements. We are literally flooded with volumes "in the

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manner of" and "with all due apologies to". There have been the various excursions of the "Kawa", "A Parody Outline of History", "The Queen of Sheba", and such specialized examples as "The Shriek", "Ptomaine Street", "Jane Street", etc. etc.

I might follow this new channel until it ends its career at the sea, but there isn't room for eighteen hundred words in this space — and, besides, I confess to an unworthy lack of inclination. So I shall confine myself to the two latest products of the school, "Perfect Behavior" by Donald Ogden Stewart, and "Euclid's Outline of Sex" by Wilbur P. Birdwood — which is all this article is for, anyway.

Mr. Stewart's volume is a parody on the various obnoxious Books of Etiquette which have been making a terrific effort to promote social consciousness in this bighearted nation of ours. He handles his subject with more consistent skill than he displayed in "A Parody Outline of History". It is a much evener performance, accomplished with less obvious effort.

There is nothing in "Perfect Behavior" that is quite so funny as "The Whisky Rebellion" (in the Bedtime Story manner) or so incisively ironic as "For the Freedom of the World" (in the manner of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Eugene O'Neill). But at the same time, there is nothing so dull as the chapters of "A Parody Outline of History" in which Mr. Stewart burlesqued the styles of James Branch Cabell and Sinclair Lewis.

"Perfect Behavior" divides itself into nine departments, in which are set forth "The Etiquette of Courtship", "The Etiquette of Travel", "Etiquette for Dry Agents", "A Chapter for Schoolgirls", "Correspondence and Invitations", and more or less kindred subjects. Of these, "Correspondence and Invitations" is easily the best. Enlarging on an idea which Max Beerbohm once touched, Mr. Stewart composes correct and incorrect letters — from a débutante to a taxidermist thanking him for having stuffed her pet Alice, from a mother to her son congratulating him on his election to the presidency of the United States, and one to a bearded lady, inviting her to attend a performance of "The Barber of Seville".

The most pleasing passage, and the most characteristic, is contained in the chapter on "The Etiquette of Travel":

> An elderly lady with a closed umbrella, desiring to take a street car, should always stand directly under a large sign marked "Street Cars Do Not Stop On This Corner". As the car approaches she should run quickly out to the car tracks and signal violently to the motorman with the umbrella. As the car whizzes past without stopping she should cease signalling, remark "Well I'll be God damned!" and return to the curbstone.

Turning from "Perfect Behavior" to "Euclid's Outline of Sex", I find my respect for Donald Ogden Stewart's wit increasing perceptibly. This latter volume is appallingly dull. The true identity of the writer is unknown to me, but he should be thankful for his anonymity. There is scarcely a single visible spark of humor in his entire book.

The author apparently had one idea in mind: to kid the Freudian sex consciousness by applying it to geometric figures — eternal triangles, domestic circles, and the like. It would have made an amusing short article, if it had been written by Robert C. Benchley. But in the hands of Mr. Birdwood it assumes the proportions of a deadly bore.

Perfect Behavior. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company.
Euclid's Outline of Sex. By Wilbur P. Birdwood. Henry Holt and Co.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

IT is a pleasure to find Nathaniel Wright Stephenson's account of "Lincoln" (Bobbs-Merrill) among the many wearisome repetitions which pass as new interpretations. This is more than a record of Lincoln as he stands in history. It is a thoughtful consideration of the almost subconscious causes that made him what he was: the mysticism of a forest people, a highly religious and emotional strain inherited from his mother, a recurrent lack of confidence from a vagrant father. This study endeavors to show the inner Lincoln, the thinker with his inherent sadness and sympathy, becoming fused with the outward, affectionate, story telling Lincoln visible to most people, and resulting at last in the Lincoln of the war. As Mr. Stephenson says, "All stories have been told, it is the telling of them that matters." And this of his is outstanding in beauty, depth of feeling, and sustaining interest.

A new edition has been brought out of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Knopf), the work of one of the most intelligent critics now writing in America, Ernest Boyd. His purpose is "to give an account of the literature produced in Ireland during the last thirty years under the impulse of the Celtic Renaissance" which followed the political events of 1848; and the book contains chapters on the precursors of the movement, its sources, the transition, the revival, Yeats, the poets, the Dublin mystics, the dramatists, and the writers of fiction and narrative prose. In his preface Mr. Boyd objects to the custom of fitting Irish writers into the English literary movement. He, on the contrary, has studied them as part of their national literature and estimated them accordingly.

The short "Autobiography of Countess Tolstoy" (Huebsch), which was to have supplied the other face of the unhappy domestic story told by Tolstoy's autobiography and his letters, is by itself rather unrevealing; it seems but another memorandum in the controversy over their private situation. It is not the chatty sort of memoir now to be had from the wives of important persons; it is only meagrely a memoir. Its truthfulness, so far as it goes, is sincerely and sadly set down; but a censorship has seemingly been exercised over actualities. The things chosen for telling seem colorless and palely told; with something of a trite effect they show the Countess as the devoted wife, the devoted mother (of thirteen children), the devoted adorer of her husband, the laborious copyist of his manuscript, the painstaking manager of his estate. They do not show, except as the reader infers it, the other side of her devotion — the hysteria, the jealousy over those ideas which apparently she did not comprehend but which she could not endure that her husband should share with others and not with her. It is natural that this reverse side should not be in high relief; but also it is not unreasonable that in the face there should be some attempt at distinct expression of personality. This aim, however, does not seem greatly furthered; the tale too much requires a context, part of which, it is true, is

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supplied by the preface, and notes and citations by the translators.

A scholarly and thorough piece of work is done by Lewis Mumford in "The Story of Utopias" (Boni, Liveright). Believing that the development of man's ideals of existence is a signpost to his more material changes, he traces the various Utopian schemes that thinkers have evolved from Plato and Sir Thomas More down to W. H. Hudson and H. G. Wells. The first part of the book is concerned with the theories themselves, the last part with an analysis and a very capable criticism of their faults, as well as some interesting constructive suggestions. Mr. Mumford makes the book surprisingly concrete for so abstract a subject, and the scope of his material gives it a social as well as literary significance.

One quality of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's thinking is its independence; and this freshness of outlook compensates for his traveling over such worn paths as Byron, Shelley, Milton, Chaucer, et al. Moreover, "Studies in Literature — Second Series" (Putnam), being as usual a series of lectures, is written in easy conversational style which does not on that account depart from the standards of written prose.

In one way "Human Nature in the Bible" by William Lyon Phelps (Scribner) differs from all the previous commentaries of this much commentaried book. It gives a twentieth century twist to the book of the ages by retelling scriptural tales and rediscussing scriptural themes from the human — not the divine — viewpoint. Every incident has its interpretation, its parallel in modern American life: Saul is called a cowboy, Abraham a Palestinian Roosevelt, Elijah an evangelist, and Joab a professional fighting-hack. The lucid literary style of the Yale professor is varied with a racy Yankee idiom that suits well the simple moralizing and homely philosophy of this, the book of all time arranged for our own day and generation.

The poems in Miss Widdemer's little book, "A Tree with a Bird in it" (Harcourt, Brace), are not all new to the poetry loving public, for many of the parodies that make up this "symposium of contemporary American poets on being shown a pear-tree on which sat a grackle" appeared in either THE BOOKMAN or "The Literary Review". Yet here for the first time they are brought together, and it is impressive to note what an array of poets we have whose work and personalities are sufficiently famous to be parodied. There is much skill and cleverness, deep familiarity with our best, and a kindly, keen sense of satire in this fun making book. Here one meets Lindsay singing a rhythmic marching song full of pulsating excitement, Witter Bynner delivering a "short barytone monologue on Chinese architecture", Richard Le Gallienne piping up to a ballade, Edwin Markham declaiming hurried heroics; and one feels, in short, as though one were attending the Hallowe'en frolic of the Poetry Society of America.

"The Wandering Years" by Katharine Tynan (Houghton Mifflin) is a rambling and talky piece of autobiography. Despite the charm of the writer it becomes very stiff going at times. This eminent Irishwoman is of all people the one to give us something tangible about the Irish character and situation, but she merely

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skirts about it in a vague and snatchy discussion. There are fragmentary bits describing her visits to various of the great houses of England and Scotland as well as those of her own country. Many famous names appear on her list of acquaintances, but we know no more about them when we are through than we did when we began. The only real thing in all these pages is a fine showing of the English as well as the Irish soldier.

Given a remote bearing upon a stated problem, any book, in the hands of a skilful prestidigitator, can be made to answer as a medium for the airing of ideas. Our old friend Robinson Crusoe is the goat this time. From an interesting, pottering duffer trying his city bred ingenuity against the wiles of a perverse nature, he has become a social engineer with a philosophy anent the betterment of the poor working girl, the factory drudge, the dead community, etc. Witness "Robinson Crusoe, Social Engineer" by Henry E. Jackson (Dutton). Just why Mr. Jackson, whose head is apparently full of excellent ideas, should resort to the inane trick of passing the buck to Defoe, is beyond our ken. As long as Robinson and Friday are off somewhere fishing, the book is literally packed with a very forceful philosophy concerning the uplift of man, particularly as regards community betterment. But when the marooned city chap and his faithful black appear in the offing, the effect is distressingly inept. Mr. Jackson is so evidently sincere in his intention to correlate Defoe and modern sociological advancement, that one must take his book seriously. But it would have been much better to leave Robinson to the tender mercies of his island, and to talk straight from the shoulder instead of practising philosophical ventriloquism.

The late Thomas Nelson Page discovered that superlatives were feeble things when he tried to express with them the tenderness, the vision, and the sublimity of Dante Alighieri. In "Dante and his Influence" (Scribner) he has gathered together his lectures given at the University of Virginia on the Page-Barbour Foundation. No Italian could exceed in appreciation this estimate of the great "Poet, Seer, and Educator" whose influence Mr. Page traces through his own age and all other ages that have followed, since he was "the inspirer of the great body of poetry of the last six hundred years throughout the world", as well as one of the chief unifying forces of Italy. Those who love the great Florentine will be glad to find in this book an enthusiasm supported by scholarly research; those who do not yet love him will learn to do so.

When our professors turn litterateurs — as they appear to be doing in astounding numbers — they cling to the synthetic method of presenting their subjects, and the result is hardly stimulating. Hence, "An Introduction to Economic History" (Harper) by N. S. B. Gras, professor of economic history at the University of Minnesota, while covering thoroughly and tersely — too tersely — the five fundamental stages of economic development, remains merely a combination of species into genera. As such, it is of undoubted value to the college student, but will not appeal to the average human — to whom it is recommended by the publishers — who desires an insight into economic processes. Van Loon might have made of it a thrilling pageant of interest to all.

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A splendid mind and a fine physique seldom are found together. David Lloyd George, mentally a figure of international proportions, is a demi-god to the fourth button of his waistcoat but performs a rapid diminuendo from that point to the ground. E. T. Raymond, in his "Lloyd George" (Doran), has painted a brilliant portrait of one of the outstanding figures of modern times. It is a searching analysis, leaving little to the imagination and presenting the facts with such frankness and sincerity that one is left quite free to draw his conclusions and make his own estimate of this good humored, adroit, eloquent, self-confident politician — this politician who proved so resourceful, who possessed such vitality and such remarkable powers of intuition that he became the one man who could lead his country in the crisis of the late war.

It is a newspaper rule of self-defense to season its voluminous Sunday issue with a dash of humor. It flavors the monotony of scandal, politics, and pseudo-science. Lawton Mackall's endeavors have furnished many a Sunday editor with this ingredient. His bits — mostly of the conventional humorous essay style — read well on Sunday mornings. Then they are taken but one at a time. Lieber and Lewis have collected many of these bits — and possibly some new ones — into "Bizarre". Were the book issued with instructions to take no more than, at the most, one chapter a day, the collection might seem funny. But to read them all at once is like trying to make a meal of chutney.

Jesse W. Weik's "The Real Lincoln, a Portrait" (Houghton Mifflin) is an interesting study of a more human being than the category of virtues which makes up the Lincoln of schoolbook tradition. It is a relief to know that the only reason our respected patriot and president sat up all night to study was because he happened to enjoy it. And that he didn't indulge in rail splitting save when it became essential to his living that he do so. This is a simple if not overinspired picture of a brilliant intellect and a humanly faulty, as well as divinely virtuous, character.

Man's unconscious refuses to admit the possibility of his own death but desires the death of his enemies, just as did primitive man, and the civilized attitude toward death should make room for these unconscious truths, declares Sigmund Freud in "Reflections" (Moffat, Yard), a brochure translated by Dr. A. A. Brill and Alfred B. Kuttner. The way in which humanity, in throwing off its restraints during the war, returned to primal instincts prompted Freud to give this psychoanalytic explanation of human conduct as it is influenced by the repressed conception of death. As ever, he wants people to realize what forces are at play in the unconscious in the hope that this understanding will bring sanity into human and international relationships.

How widely apart can be the careers of two men with the same beginnings in life, a comparison of Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up Stream" with "Under Four Administrations" (Houghton Mifflin), the autobiography of Oscar S. Straus, shows. Both men were the foreign born sons of immigrant German-Jewish parents, settled in the south. Straus was a prosperous lawyer before he was thirty. As he tells it, his entry into diplomacy was almost casual and his further career of public

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service followed quite naturally. It seems a pity that Mr. Straus hardly mentions the businesses which afforded him sufficient income to pursue that career. Certainly, the history of the Straus fortune is as characteristic of the last half century as is Mr. Straus's public life.

Whiting Williams is a sentimental traveler among the masses. He treats the working man as a phenomenon. "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows" (Scribner), like his earlier book "What's on the Worker's Mind", is good reading. But it skims the surface. As a sketchy picture of European conditions it is illuminating enough, however, and its humor serves to make alarming situations more palatable for American consumption.

To those who speak the name of Walt Whitman in reverential awe, Stuart Merrill's diminutive "Walt Whitman" (Saunders) may appeal because it gives one more glimpse of this great American. Here is an account of a meeting between Mr. Merrill and Whitman — a meeting that in the passing of years has become a sacred memory. This memory the author tries to send out to the Whitman idolators. It is a tiny contribution to the diadem of biographical gems that recent years have fashioned.

"The Constitution of the United States" by James M. Beck (Doran) is what the title implies — a study of the origin of the Constitution, a criticism of the principles it embodies, and an appraisal of its value in the light of twentieth century conditions. The Constitution, declares Mr. Beck, is "one of the great monuments of human progress. It illustrates the possibilities of true democracy in its best estate." At the present time, he warns us in the concluding chapter, we are gradually forgetting the high principles set forth in the Constitution; we are losing our regard for individual rights and individual freedom; our civilization is becoming too materialistic and too mechanical, too inclined to excessive organization and standardization of men and ideas as well as of commodities; and we have need of learning from the Constitution the necessity of defending "the integrity of the human soul".

Carlyle once said, "Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." This rara avis Joseph Bucklin Bishop has given us in his life of "Charles Joseph Bonaparte" (Scribner). The character and works of Bonaparte, devotee of Pickwick, leader in school and college, model citizen and patriotic American, are unfolded sympathetically, vividly, interestingly. Throughout his long career Bonaparte was assailed from all sides. Yet every attack found him calm, serene, wearing that perpetual smile. This biography of our late Secretary of the Navy and Attorney-General may well be consulted for daily guidance.

A famous critic who had little use for poetry once blurbed: "Any damn fool can write good poetry, it takes a genius to write good prose." Heretical, yet somewhat true, despite the evident prejudice. Our current magazines are full of frothy, wishwash poetry, or rather doggerel. Few good, really fine poems appear in them, and careful study of those discloses the fact that they follow certain fundamental laws of versification. A paraphrase of the hysterical outburst just quoted might well be: "Any damn fool

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can write good doggerel, it takes a genius to write good poetry." Perhaps with this in mind, was "The Principles of English Versification" by Paul F. Baum (Harvard) written. It is a rather technical explanation of the fundamental laws of verse making. Strict rules, basic precepts, and a *minutiæ* of technicalities are discussed. The serious student of the art of versification will find the book of immense but highly mechanical value. At least, after mastering its contents, he will not stoop to cheap doggerel.

Whether a first skimming of F. P. A.'s large vats of philosophy and humor would yield any thicker cream than the second is a moot question. At any rate, whatever skimming has been bowled in "Overset" (Doubleday, Page), it has the full, provocative flavor that is F. P. A.'s alone. From the characteristic dedication

> To Herbert Bayard Swope without whose friendly aid and counsel every line in this book was written

to the last Socratic Dialogues the deadly barbs of F. P. A.'s irony snap in all directions like sparks from a pinwheel. There is no aerie to which American life may win to be secure from him. Yet he slays us with such winsome gambolings, such seductive waggery, that there is rich balm in every thrust.

Translation, as a profession, has always seemed to us a lazy way of dodging responsibility. We herewith take it all back. There is one translator, at least, whom we shall respect, although we may never read a book he has translated. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who is vouched for by Stephen McKenna in "Tex" (Dodd, Mead) as one of the world's greatest translators, reveals himself through his letters to Mr. McKenna as a genius at the art of play. He is one of those rare individuals who can write a letter which is at once intimate and universal, humorous and intellectual, piquant without being flippant. The letters, never dull, cover a field of discussion from translation to sulphur spring cures, with a charming naïveté most diverting. His own rule for the art of translation begins: "The translator's first duty is not to translate. His first duty is to fear God, honour the king and hate the Germans." Mr. de Mattos's letters sparkle with wit, and be it said to the very great credit of Mr. McKenna that he does not obtrude his own person unnecessarily into the atmosphere of piquancy created by the letters. One of the few books of which it can be truthfully said: delightful!

A veritable tidal wave of books on the appraisal of human character has flooded the market of late. Any such difficult task as evaluation of human character must of necessity require much study from many and diverse points of view. "Judging Human Character" by H. L. Hollingworth (Appleton) approaches the subject from the point of view of standardized tests of mentality. It is a pedagogic discussion of the modern psychological test and its effect upon the study of character. Although cruelly logical to the point of mental vivisection, this book deals forcefully with a most interesting and elusive topic. It is not for a casual reader, involving, as it does, much psychological mathematics; but for teachers, employment managers, and others whose business requires judgment of the other fellow's mental, moral, and social

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characteristics, it will prove thought provoking.

"Companionable Books" (Scribner) is a volume by Dr. Henry van Dyke in which he gives a list of the books and authors he recommends under such a heading. The Bible, particularly the Psalms, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Keats, Stevenson, and others are treated with the sympathetic handling of one who loves books not only for their novelty or brilliance but because of their companionship and because of the insight they reveal into the personality of their authors. Particularly sympathetic is the chapter on Dickens.

Howard T. Dimick's "Modern Photoplay Writing" (Reeve) is the most thorough manual of its kind that we have ever seen. The author has both theoretical and practical knowledge of the scenario and, in a readable textbook of 392 pages, he arranges his material in an interesting and effective manner. He has not made the writing of a screen play appear such an easy task that any ambitious moron can learn it in two lessons, nor has he shrouded his subject in such mystery that only the high priests of the craft can understand it. The book treats every important detail of screen authorship in a sensible fashion. It should be of much assistance to those without literary training who aspire to the golden laurels of photoplay writing, but we especially wish to recommend it to the great authors who hire special trains to take them to Hollywood and who return a month later in the day coach.

"Pirates" by the late Lovat Fraser (McBride) is a delightful book in more ways than one. First of all, a witty introduction serves to put one in the proper frame of mind for the rest of the book. Then the decorations and full page drawings, printed in black and white on colored pages, carry out the spirit admirably. Though beautifully made up and printed obviously for children, the book is really for adults. Reprinted from the "Lives and History of Notorious Pirates" by Captain Charles Johnson, the text has been modernized a little. It is lightly and satirically written and makes smooth, pleasant reading. One story for instance begins: "Edward Lowe very early began the Trade of Plundering; for if any Child refused him what he had, he must fight him. When he grew bigger, he took to Gaming among Blackshoe Boys upon the Parade, with whom he used to play the Whole Game, as they call it; that is cheat every Body, and if they refused, they had to fight him."

Under the not particularly arbitrarily chosen abstractions of "Ingenuity", "Irony", "Setting", "Drama" (Part One: "Progress in Art"); "Relapse", "Movie", "Chronicle" (Part Two: "More Craft than Art"); "Pity" and "Truth" (Part Three: "Art and Craft at One"), Joseph Warren Beach, himself both university professor and poet, follows through with both scholarliness and something of the poet's insight and sympathy "The Technique of Thomas Hardy" (Chicago University) — in so far as the novels alone comprise it. Though a bit heavy handed, this study is of definite worth both to students and to those writers, always among us, who really profit by the example of a great writer's ups and downs.

Great glimmering masses of sunset cloud-stuff — this is the mind and mold of Rose O'Neill's poetry in "The

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Master-Mistress" (Knopf). An elusive, clinging medium whose utterances perforce are vague, groping, as if the spirit behind them were too languid to pierce through formlessness and subdue it to coherence and simplicity. Both the drawings and the poetry express a vast, almost prenatal helplessness. The drawings, rather better than the verse, have a look as of embryos preserved in alcohol. A large Celtic mysticism hangs over the book like a thick impenetrable sky. At times, but all too fitfully, the author wrestles with her chisel and succeeds in trimming the nebulous billows down and shaping them rather hauntingly — but through the book as a whole, one must resign oneself to wandering and wondering.

Constitutions are supposed to make dry reading. Though the fiction element may enter into the actual carrying out of their provisions, they lack fiction's charm. Professors Howard Lee McBain and Lindsay Rogers, in "The New Constitutions of Europe" (Doubleday, Page), however, have handled their subject interestingly. Part One offers a clear outline of modern European constitutional history and the postwar conditions out of which the new constitutions (Part Two) have developed. Especially interesting are: a clear exposition of the Soviet idea and (in view of a comparatively recent decision of our own Supreme Court) the fact that the constitutions of the German *Reich* and the Free City of Dantzig expressly specify that "youth shall be protected against exploitation". Any student of current European history will find the volume useful.

A companion volume to "The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley" is the recently issued "Maturity of James Whitcomb Riley" by Marcus Dickey (Bobbs-Merrill). It is a very understanding tribute to the Hoosier poet, giving, as well as an outline of the facts of his life, a great deal of the spirit of his personality by frequent quotations from his poems, his letters, and his interviews with friends. From the early, disheartening days of many failures, we follow his career to the time when he was a national figure, and encounter many of the famous men that were his friends. In fact, the biographer's desire to show the esteem in which he was held reduces several chapters to a digest of opinion (always favorable) on his merits. On the whole, however, it is a thorough and conscientious account and should be of great interest to the many admirers of the poet.

It remained for a young Englishman to write the classic history of the tragedy of Napoleon III and to do it with an understanding of his time and of the Gallic temperament that is particularly noteworthy in an Anglo-Saxon. Philip Guedalla has written "The Second Empire" (Putnam) as though he had been an eye witness of it all. There is a precision of detail, combined with a colorful, vivid quality that makes it a thing of today; a style that will please the most meticulous literary judge; an omnipresent sense of humor that sharpens every phrase. Added to which, Mr. Guedalla has a fine sense of dramatic values, making the most of romantic gesture and tense situation. Our enthusiasm is limited only by lack of space.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

The perennial struggle for first place on the list of fiction in demand at the public libraries has resolved itself in December into a contest between Sinclair Lewis and A. S. M. Hutchinson. First "Main Street" led, and held supremacy for a year or more; then "If Winter Comes" climbed to the top, to be succeeded by the same author's "This Freedom". Now Mr. Lewis is again ahead, with "Babbitt", which took longer than "Main Street" did to reach first place in the monthly score but can hardly be expected to hold it so long. This month's fiction list is almost beyond criticism; if it reflects (as indeed it does) the reading taste of the average American, who shall say, after perusing the titles printed below, that his or her literary standard is not, on the whole, a high one?

Turning to the general list, one is struck by the recurrence, month after month, of the same general types of books, and so many of the same familiar titles. Biography, information, self-development; for the last three years, or at least since strictly war books began to wane in popularity, there have been no other classes of literature represented in the general list — with rare and ephemeral exceptions. Mr. Bok's naïve self-revelations continue to charm, after nearly three years; Dr. Page's monumental "inside story" of diplomacy (and the absence of it) as it is practised in London and Washington is mentioned in the reports from almost every library in the country. And Mr. Wells still holds, unchallenged, that proud eminence to which "The Outline of History" leaped just two years ago and from which it has never been displaced. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Babbitt	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
3.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
4.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
5.	The Breaking Point	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
7.	Fair Harbor	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
8.	Certain People of Importance	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	The Glimpses of the Moon	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
10.	Rough-Hewn	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
3.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
4.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
5.	Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion	*Emile Coué*	AMER. LIB. SERV.
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
7.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Conquest of Fear	*Basil King*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
10.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Due to the complicated nature of the poetry program and the fact that members of the committee are so widely scattered, it has been necessary to postpone the publication of the first section of the poetry program until the March number. THE BOOKMAN *will present next month, then, the fifth instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see* THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, January); II. Contemporary American Poetry; III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

The following are a few of the miscellaneous programs prepared by our service for various clubs across the country.

A CLUB in Minnesota wants suggestions for a program devoted to the study of "Famous Modern Women".

A list of the famous women writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would begin with Jane Austen. Be sure to have her delicious "Love and Freindship" (Stokes) just published after a century. Then George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and of the present day writers May Sinclair, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Dorothy Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Of the Americans, Edith Wharton, Zona Gale, Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Austin, Dorothy Canfield, Sara Teasdale, Amy Lowell. You will find help in "Contemporary American Novelists" by Carl Van Doren (Macmillan) and in the two bibliographies "Contemporary British Literature" and "Contemporary American Literature" published by Harcourt, which give information about living authors often not readily found elsewhere.

For actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and if you wish to include Ada Rehan, read the "Life of Augustin Daly" by his brother (Macmillan). For dramatists, Zoe Akins, Clare Kummer, Rachel Crothers, Josephine Preston Peabody. For women in public life, Queen Victoria, using Strachey's life (Harcourt), Jane Addams, using her "Twenty Years at Hull House" (Macmillan), and Lady Astor. Mme. Curie stands alone, so does Rosa Bonheur. Selma Lagerlöf should be included.

There is a book by Grace Humphrey published by Bobbs-Merrill and intended for the use of clubs giving programs like this. It is called "Women in American History" and goes from Pocahontas to Clara Barton. You will be interested in the recent life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton (Harper) and in "The Story of a Pioneer", the life of Anna Shaw (Harper). "The Story of the Woman's Party" (Harcourt) is a useful work for your study of women in public life.

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ANOTHER Minnesota group is interested in the modern essay and the modern drama.

THE MODERN ESSAY

American

American Mind and Manners.

George Santayana. *Character and Opinion in the United States.* SCRIBNER. 1920.

Henry Seidel Canby. *Everyday Americans.* CENTURY. 1920.

Agnes Repplier. *Americans and Others.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 1912.

The Masculine Viewpoint.

Ralph Bergengren. *The Perfect Gentleman.* ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS. 1919.

Robert Cortes Holliday. *Walking-Stick Papers.* DORAN. 1918.

Christopher Morley. *Pipefuls* and *Plum Pudding.* DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

The Feminine Viewpoint.

Margaret Sherwood. *Familiar Ways.* LITTLE, BROWN. 1917.

Frances Warner. *Life's Minor Collisions.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 1921.

Winifred Kirkland. *The Joys of Being a Woman.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 1918.

Out of Door Essays.

"David Grayson." *Great Possessions.* DOUBLEDAY, PAGE. 1916.

John Burroughs. *Wake Robin,* or *Leaf and Tendril.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Henry van Dyke. *Fisherman's Luck.* SCRIBNER. 1899.

Books and Reading.

A. Edward Newton. *The Amenities of Book-Collecting.* ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS. 1919.

Samuel McChord Crothers. *The Gentle Reader.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 1900. Or any of his delightful essays.

William Dean Howells. *My Literary Passions.* HARPER.

Lafcadio Hearn. *Interpretations of Literature,* selected and edited with introduction by John Erskine. DODD, MEAD. 1915.

The Art of Living.

Richard Cabot. *What Men Live By.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 1914.

Randolph Bourne. *Youth and Life.* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Ralph Adams Cram. *Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.* MARSHALL JONES. 1919.

A quite different program could be made, using English authors. We have found that far more interest is sustained through arranging by subjects than through the old way of taking authors one by one.

The University of North Carolina publishes such a good program for the study of modern drama that you will do well to send them fifty cents for a copy.

A "LITERARY program" which shall combine poetry, contemporary literature, current literature, and perhaps classic or Shakespearian studies is desired by a North Carolina club. There are to be fourteen meetings, with two members on each program. Previous programs have covered European travel, history, Americanization, southern literature, and modern drama.

We take it that you are already familiar with the admirable programs issued by the University of your state for the use of clubs, and that you will use their advice when necessary. Here is a program including the subjects in which your club is interested, and bearing in mind what you have already studied.

IDEALS AND REALITIES OF AMERICA

The Pioneer Spirit—The Novels of Hamlin Garland.

1. "The Frontier in American History" by Turner (Holt). A review of this very readable history showing how the frontier has pushed westward through all our history.
2. "A Son of the Middle Border" and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (Macmillan). A review of the life and work of Hamlin Garland.

Two Idealists of Everyday.

1. "Adrienne Toner" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton). (Show how she is a type of the sentimental idealist who is all right as long as she gets her own way, and as long as she does will be lovely to everyone. But the test comes when such an idealist runs against opposition, either of men or events.)
2. "Babbitt" by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt). (Use this review to point out the pathetic self-questionings of what would seem to be, to an outsider, a perfectly self-satisfied business man.)

Democracy in Modern Poetry.

Use Marguerite Wilkinson's "New Voices"

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(Macmillan) for all the poetry numbers. It is essays on poetry, with fine poems chosen for illustration.

The Family and its Problems in Fiction.

1. "One of Ours" by Willa Cather (Knopf). (Show the effect of dulness in home life, and discuss whether you think it is worth a war to get rid of the drab of everyday.)
   "Certain People of Importance" by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday) might be taken.
2. The family in the novels of Booth Tarkington. Choose novels like "Alice Adams", "Gentle Julia", or "The Magnificent Ambersons" (Doubleday).

Women in Modern Poetry.

Use "New Voices".

Books About Young People.

1. The novels of Stephen Vincent Benét (Holt).
2. The novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner).
   (Make this a presentation of young people's ideas by themselves. Have a young person make the review, or someone sympathetic; then discuss it.)

Recent Travel Books.

1. The South Seas and the books of Frederick O'Brien (Century).
2. "The Friendly Arctic" by Stefansson (Macmillan). Good contrast. Save this for hot weather. It's a fine book.)

American Essays.

Choose two essayists from the book "Modern Essays" edited by Christopher Morley (Harcourt) or two groups of essayists. Or have one paper on "Essays on American Ideals" and the other on "Essays about Books".

The One Act Play in America.

1. Review of "The Art of the One Act Play" to be published by Little, Brown. It is by Percival Wilde and is the only book of its kind except the little one published by Luce.
2. Choose from "Fifty Contemporary One Act Plays" published by Stewart Kidd, or, better yet, from the volume of "Contemporary One Act Plays of 1921" issued by them.

The Little Theatre in America.

This really should precede the one act play.

1. "Producing in Little Theatres" by Clarence Stratton (Holt).
2. The little theatre as a developer of native drama. Get reports from the North Carolina movement (Holt publishes their plays).

American Biographies.

1. "The Americanization of Edward Bok" (Scribner).
2. "Elizabeth Cady Stanton" (Harper). (This gives a chance for discussion.)

The Living Spirit of Greece.

1. and 2. Reviews of the collection of essays published by the Oxford Press, called "The Legacy of Greece". This is a fine presentation of the survival of Greek thought in our civilization.

Lyric Poetry in America.

1. Poems of Nature.
2. Love songs.

The Book of the Year in America.

Two papers to be left to the choice of the writers, who should be the best you have. Let each choose the book that seems to her the most important that has appeared this year in America, and tell why. All the better if it has been reviewed in the course.

RUSSIAN literature is the subject chosen for eight meetings by a second club in North Carolina.

1. A. S. Pushkin (1799-1837).
   "Eugene Onegin."
   "Boris Godunov."
   (Use the operatic version, including music with phonograph records.)
   N. V. Gogol (1809-1852).
   "Dead Souls." (His great novel.)
   "The Inspector-General." (A delightful farce, still acted and to be found in several English editions.)
2. S. T. Aksakov (1791-1859).
   His "Family Chronicles" has been translated and makes an invaluable record of life under the old régime.
   N. A. Nekrasov (1821-1877).
   "Who Can be Happy in Russia?" (translated by Oxford Press). (Famous book length poem, fine for descriptions of peasant and other life.)
3. I. S. Turgenev (1818-1885).
   "The Diary of a Sportsman."
   "Fathers and Sons."
   "Smoke."
   All translated (Macmillan).
4. F. M. Dostoyevsky (1821-1881).
   "Crime and Punishment."
   "The Idiot" (much autobiographical color).
   All translated (Macmillan).
5. L. N. Tolstoy (1828-1910).
   The first period: "Anna Karenina". After his change of heart: "Resurrection" or the beautiful "Tales".

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6. A. P. Chekhov (1860-1904).
   As a short story writer. All his stories are translated in several volumes (Macmillan).
   As a dramatist. Speak of the work of his wife, the actress Mme. Knipper.

7. F. Sologub (1863–).
   "The Sweet Scented Name." (Short stories translated.)
   V. Korolenko (1855-1922).
   "Makar's Dream." (Fine study of the peasant's religious faith.)
   L. Andreyev (1871-1919).
   His greatest play is "Anathema"; his pleasantest is one of the few Russian comedies—"The Pretty Sabine Women".

8. Maxim Gorky (1868–).
   Use the volumes of his autobiography (two are in English) for 1.
   For 2, his novel "Mother".

Everything mentioned on this program is accessible in a good English translation. You will do well to keep on hand through the course Moissaye Olgin's "Guide to Russian Literature" (Harcourt). It is not profound, and Russians — who are accustomed to perhaps the most scholarly and thoughtful critics of any nation — do not rank it as an important work, but for the American reader who must not take anything for granted and who must depend altogether on translations it gives just what he needs and wants. Another admirable book is Baring's "Outline of Russian Literature" (Holt) and Mme. Waliszewska's "History of Russian Literature" (Appleton) is often used.

There is a useful book called "The Reader's Digest" published by Macmillan, that gives the plots of all the great novels of the world; this might help you with some of the longer books. But by all means have the member who reviews a book read it all the way through; the Russian novel should never be taken secondhand. A synopsis of the plot may help the one reviewing to see how she could prepare one for herself. Any novel, no matter how long and complicated, can be reduced to an hour's verbal report. It is all a matter of deciding what are the essentials that must be retained in your report, and centring on those.

FROM Oregon comes a request for a Wagner study outline.

1. *Early Works: The Story of Wagner's Young Manhood.*
   "Rienzi." Illustrate with the Overture or the Prayer. In the case of all these illustrations, use phonograph records or better yet, let members who can play give two-piano transcriptions whenever it would add to the program.
   "The Flying Dutchman." Illustrate with Spinning Song and Overture. In both of these operas, tell the story.

2. *Romantic Operas.*
   Go on with the story of his life through the period of these two.
   "Tannhäuser." — Overture, Pilgrim's Chorus, Evening Star.
   "Lohengrin." — Wedding March, Elsa's Dream, Address of Lohengrin.

3. *The Story of the "Ring".*
   Get the general synopsis of the Nibelungen legends from H. A. Guerber's "Myths of Northern Lands" (American Book Co.).
   "Rhinegold."
   "Walküre."

4. *The Story of the "Ring".*
   "Siegfried."
   "Götterdämmerung."

5. *"Tristan and Isolde."*
   Tell the story of his association with Mathilde and Otto Wesendonck. Have the songs "Dreams" and "In the Greenhouse", preliminary studies for the opera, sung.
   This period of his life is well documented: see Wagner's letters to Mathilde Wesendonck (Scribner) and his "My Life" (Dodd, Mead).

6. *"Meistersinger."*
   Have a paper on the Guilds of the Middle Ages and one on the city of Nuremberg.
   Give as many selections from the opera as you can.

7. *"Parsifal."*
   Have a paper on Grail legends in general; call it "The Grail in Folk Lore".
   Tell the story of the Bayreuth Theatre, and the story of how it was given in New York.
   There are good illustrations of this for the phonograph.

There is a large list of books about Wagner, if you need more detailed advice, but for a guide to his method and meanings there is nothing better or clearer than Bernard Shaw's little book "The Perfect Wagnerite" (Brentano), a commentary on the "Ring". You will find Gustav Kobbe's "Complete Opera Book" (Putnam) a most useful handbook not only for German but for any operas. It gives plots, snatches of music, history, and any number of pictures.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

How Does She Do It?

THIS world abounds in many things, one of which is national prejudice. We in this country, for example, live in the congealed delusion that Sweden is noted for her steel, matches, punch, lakes, Nobel Prizes, and "poor Swedes". There we stop. Some of us know that Swedish steel is famous because it has no phosphorus and hence is not brittle. We all remember Swedish matches because of the legend on the box: *"Utan svavel och fosfor"* (without sulphur and phosphorus). Even this should be enough to show that Sweden cannot be such an "infernal" country. But then some of us recall *Svenska punsch* with its insidious "kick" that never comes until about eight hours after the indulgence, and are not so certain of Sweden's claim to exemption from the charge of Hadesian characteristics. Her fifteen hundred lakes remind of Minnesota and the Eighteenth Amendment, Nobel we associate with the high explosives he invented, and a "poor Swede" is just that: a slow though fairly faithful laborer who says *"Jag taenk saa"* (I think so) when all he means is "Yes".

This is a lugubrious caricature, and if we are not to lay ourselves open to one of the worst of all embarrassments — self-stultification — we should efface it as soon as possible. Sweden, like littler and loftier nations, has of course her thin spots, and her spots. But in the main she is quite justified in asking for a place near the front, and on the right of the column of twos, in the march of civilization. Renewed testimony to the conservatism of this statement is given by the Christmas number of that inimitable magazine published by Aahlen and Aakerlund of Stockholm, and called, by way of timeliness, "Julstaemning" (The Christmas Mood).

Superlative adjectives have done much harm. Great men are wary about using them. Goethe rarely spoke in superlatives. Nietzsche, radical, wild headed author of eighteen great volumes, probably employed fewer superlatives in all his writings than are found in the "blurbs" for one week of any one American publisher. And yet, I wish to lay it down as a fundamental truth, prepared to take it up, that "Julstaemning" is as glorious a bit of illustration and publication as this country has produced since the day Leif Ericsson of Iceland sailed his racy dugout into a fair harbor somewhere near Rhode Island, baptized his discovery "Wineland the Good", and then left it, willing it would seem for Cristoforo Colombo and Mr. Volstead to finish the job, 492 and 918 years, respectively, later.

"Julstaemning" is large in size; larger than "The Ladies' Home Journal". Even the "wrapper" is of luscious beauty. It is adorned with — it is in itself — a reproduction in colors of Olle Hjortzberg's conception, expressed through the medium of oil painting, of the three wise men from the East. Here the magazine is really wasteful: for how many readers are going to lift this opaque covering and feast their eyes on a full page reproduction, on the lid, of Anders Zorn's exquisite painting entitled "Vid Fönstret" (At the Window)? Not many;

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and yet probably quite a few; for the illustrations are so rich that you feel tempted to take the very leaves apart and see if there is anything in between — somewhat as we were wont to examine picture postal cards written by and to Germans while with the colors and attached to the Intelligence Division, U. S. A.

This is in reality an Anders Zorn number. It contains some twenty-odd reproductions of his works, all glorious, all fit to frame, except the nudes, and even the one on the first page, entitled "I Skaergaarden" (On the Rocks by the Coast), is admittedly beautiful. It might be hung with profit and propriety in any home, provided the light is so arranged as to make it impossible to see the counter figure to the heroine, another nude out in the shallow water where the beach is evidently of such a nature that the only position it is safe to take is such as might be assumed in a setting up exercise or while "at ease". This is a subject on which the Swedes simply have ideas of their own. The full page reproduction, for example, of Anders Zorn's "Skiff" — a blonde nude whose ankles are far too full to be fetching is rowing a boat, toward the beholder of course — is something to be countenanced only by those whose interest in anatomy exceeds their interest in æsthetics.

But the pages containing this and similar works of art are on loose leaves — apparently so that the reader can hold the magazine up and shake 'em out, somewhat as some dailies "insert" their editorial page. The rest — including all the other illustrations, full page, quarter page, and marginal — are glorious.

And the text? Such trotting over Europe as I have done has merely made me love this country more. Owing, however, to something, probably to my gainful interest in foreign as opposed to native things of the spirit, I feel that our magazines do not produce the type of writing found in this issue of "Julstaemning". There is a poem by Bo Bergman entitled the "Yule Guest". We know the slogan: Women and Children First! Hr. Bergman has given, in five stanzas, a wonderful visualization of the thought that Christmas is a time for the women and the children. It is. Give nine out of ten unattached men a chance, and they will spend, by preference, Christmas as far away from "friends" as their business permits.

Sven Hedin, born in 1865, traveler, writer, scientist, probably the greatest authority on Asia now living, has an article in "Julstaemning" in which he tells of his childhood. He reverts quite naturally to Christmas, and closes with these words:

> I spent the Christmas of 1885 in Balakhani surrounded by Nobel's oil drills. Since then each Christmas has rushed by with appalling rapidity. The older I get the oftener it seems to come. Its splendor lessens with each passing year. But our childhood memories of Christmas can never fade nor grow dim. They return each year, tired and wearied though we be, and knock at our door. And what they whisper into our ears is a hymn on the flight of time and the passing of life.

Selma Lagerlöf contributes an article under the caption of "The Crofter in the Employ of Dobbrichsen". It is as grand a pæan to work as has been written since Genesis. The story: About sixty years ago there lived in Sweden a man who knew nothing but hard work, a distressed wife, and hungry children. A preacher came into the community who wished to uplift the natives by assuring them that hell is an awful place. This crofter thought: "What is there in life if nothing but drudgery and an even

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chance for eternal damnation when it is all over?" A year ago, Selma Lagerlöf dreamed that she saw this man approaching the Gates of the Kingdom. He was quite without hope apart from the belief that he might be given credit for his incessant, loyal labor. He was. Selma Lagerlöf says that she never woke up from a dream in a happier state of mind; that that dream made her happy all year; and that it is going to make her happy the rest of her life. She rejoices to have heard these words: *"Grovarbete hölls i ära hos Vaar Herre, och kanske annat arbete ocksaa"* (Rough work is held in high regard by the Lord, and perhaps other kinds of work too).

Then there is the last story. It might have been the first. It is entitled "The Motif Dog". Erik Palm wrote it. The illustrations, in black and white, are altogether admirable. An artist had a dog which accompanied him on his jaunts to the wild in search of woodland scenes. The dog, Slusken by name, soon acquired a remarkable habit; or a phenomenal ability. He would run on ahead, come to a scene of marvelous beauty, and then chase back, barking and yelping, never satisfied until the two — dog and artist — had reached the spot the former had in mind. Slusken's æsthetic judgment was beyond reproach. In time he learned to go out alone, and scent a place that would be worthy of the painter's brush.

But one evening he came home, tired and despondent. He refused food, and died at the end of the week. It was long before the cause of his death could be got at. Finally, through the aid of a heap of incontestable evidence, it was shown that Slusken had seen a magnificent sunset. But he realized that it would be quite impossible to return home and have his master come and paint it. The consciousness that this sunset had been in vain so far as art was concerned broke his heart.

No, it is not an unconvincing exaggeration; it is as fine a dog story as I ever read.

There is also a highly illuminating article on Anders Zorn by Knut Barr. It has but three doubtful notes. Hr. Barr contends that when Zorn was in this country, Mr. Rockefeller offered him all he might ask for a portrait; it sounds mythological. He says that Zorn never used a questionable motif for his canvases, and that he derived his idea of nudes from the paper on the subject by that gifted Swedish poet, Gustaf Fröding; and that Zorn himself, in order to prove the virility of the Swedish language, contended that Swedish has had its influence on Scotch and English dialects. Possibly, but not probably.

There are also two deathless poems by Tor Hedberg, the distinguished writer, and even more distinguished manager of the leading theatre in Stockholm. There is a character sketch by Frederick Böök, that lavishly endowed young professor of literature at the University of Lund, a man who gives excellent promise of becoming a second Georg Brandes — with variations. There is a story by Frank Heller based on life in Capri and Anacapri — those two Italian villages immortalized by Paul Heyse — that is as complete and compelling a satire on saints and lawyers as has been written since Swift or Boccaccio or even Aristophanes abandoned writing as a means of making a living for other people.

And there are other stories and poems and illustrations. Now, there are fewer than six million people in the whole of Sweden, and fewer than five hundred thousand in Stockholm

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where "Julstaemning" must look for its chief sale. How can a publisher afford to bring out a work of this quality? It cannot be sold to the Swedes in America, for it costs two dollars. If it can be sold at home in sufficient quantities to enable the publisher to get back a new dollar for an old one, he is to be congratulated, twice over. If, on the other hand, the work was undertaken in the same spirit in which Shakespeare undertook "Hamlet", with no thought other than that he might win a little honor from the Globe and brighten up the afternoon of those out in the provinces, the question, so far as Sweden is concerned, remains: How does she do it?

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Notes from France

THE death of Marcel Proust has provoked a stream of literary comment whose strength shows no tendency to decline after these few weeks. It has also provoked a multiple manifestation of personal sympathy from such a number of writers, that we wonder if Paris and its literary circles deserve their reputation for cruelty, indifference, and lack of good comradeship. This death amounts to a personal loss for many admirers and for many friends. One cannot help recalling Péguy's words: "The only force, the only value, the only dignity of anything — is to inspire love." Proust was surrounded by love.

There remains some uncertainty — which will be dispelled by the time these notes appear — as to the exact quantity of books left unpublished by Proust. But we know that the capital work was finished. Following "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" there is a conclusion, called "Le Temps Retrouvé". The last page bears the word "End". It is said that a few days before he died, Proust wanted his books to be brought to his bed. "Look for the passages where I wrote about death," he said. "I think I must know better about it now. I want to rewrite the death of Bergotte . . ."

The prodigious interweaving of motives, from the first "Swann" book to the last volume, the conscious interrelation of episodes which makes this long series of books a single unit, will appear as he wanted them to, and there is some half absurd kind of consolation to be found in this fact. "The greatness of Proust", writes Edmond Jaloux, "is that he showed, accurately and in all its magnitude, the very canvas of our existence. On the action of time, on our feelings, on this pressure of relativity which modifies constantly our passions and our ideas, on the dangerous mobility of our mind and of our heart; on this continuous divorce between our actions and our motives — and also on sleep, on dreams, on awakening, on jealousy, on forgetting, on the unconscious, on pain, on illness, on death, Marcel Proust has written some definitive things which will not have to be done again."

Two years ago, in a book of poems, his friend Paul Morand had an "Ode to Marcel Proust" which reads today like a premature and delicate oration:

> . . . Proust, from what nightly routs
> are you returning
> with eyes so weary, so lucid?
> What fears, to us forbidden, have you
> known,
> that made you so indulgent and so kind?
> and aware of the travail of souls,
> and of what happens in many houses,
> and aware that love hurts so much?

Some are now comparing him to Saint-

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Simon or to Stendhal, or call him a Balzac of French society between 1890 and 1914. But these are only figures of speech — Proust is Proust. For those who want a careful and detailed comment on him and on his work, we suggest the reading of the January number of the "Nouvelle Revue Française", which will be consecrated entirely to him.

We have not to go a long way from Marcel Proust, to speak of the novel of Jacques Rivière, "Aimée", just published by the same N. R. F. Rivière is proud to consider himself one of Proust's disciples — the dedication of the book makes this explicit. There, the art critic of "Etudes" and the ethnical observer of "L'Allemand" writes a love story. The characters are few, the action contains a minimum of events, and everything centres on the progressive analysis of one feeling, from the first appeal of passion in a man who was only too ready to answer it, to the end of the long anguishing experience, an experience comparable to a fire that lasts as long as there is something to burn and abates only when it has given all its power, destroyed what was to be destroyed, and transmuted that which it left.

Two important contributions to the history of literature are "Servitude et Grandeur Littéraires" by Camille Mauclair (Ollendorff), and "Histoire de la Littérature Française Contemporaine" (since 1870) by René Lalou (Crès). The latter book is a very thorough compilation of 700 pages, written in a non-partisan spirit, and covering the Parnassian, Realist, and Symbolist schools and the more recent, less easily defined groups. As for Camille Mauclair, the author of "La Religion de la Musique" and of many books devoted mostly to literary criticism, he presents a survey of the same period, beginning somewhat later than M. Lalou. Camille Mauclair has known personally every important writer of the last twenty-five years. Besides, there is in his work a constant ethical preoccupation, concerning the status of the man of letters, the social, economic, and moral situation of our days, which adds greatly to its interest.

Among magazines, I would like to point out the November issue of "Les Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui" with a series of delightful literary portraits (Valery Larbaud by Marcel Ray; Vildrac by Durtain; Colette by Salmon; Salmon by MacOrlan; Marie Laurencin by Roché; Gignoux by George Besson). In the "Revue de Genève" under the leadership of Robert de Traz, a vast international inquiry is progressing on the subject of "The European Spirit". This is a sequel to the conversations of last summer at the Abbey of Pontigny, where the ethics of the League of Nations were defined and commented upon.

More literary prizes are being distributed. The Lasserre Prize came as a surprise to Elemir Bourges, who had not presented himself as a candidate. M. Bourges is a member of the Goncourt Academy, and has for many years collaborated in rewarding young authors with the much coveted Goncourt Prize. As there was no clause specifying that the Lasserre award should go to a young man, the jury seized the opportunity and paid a more than deserved homage to the writer of "Les Oiseaux S'Envolent et les Fleurs Tombent" and of "La Nef" — a book we mentioned here a few months ago.

As for the Goncourt Prize itself, we shall speak of it next month. It has just been awarded to Henri Béraud for his book "Le Martyre de l'Obèse"

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(The Martyrdom of the Fat Man), published by Albin Michel.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Books the German Masses Read

THE librarian of the Charlottenburg People's Library sent his yearly symposium letter to the principal popular lending libraries in Germany, asking for statistics as to the most popular authors. Although many libraries failed to reply, the results obtained were most interesting. The favorite author, as might have been expected, was Rudolf Herzog, a writer of patriotic and love romances without any particular merit, who has already grown so rich through his novels as to have bought himself a castle on the Rhine with one of the best wine cellars in the country. Ludwig Ganghofer, the former Kaiser's favorite, a writer of dialect love stories, took second place, but in the third we find a powerful realist novelist of rank, Clara Viebig, and in the fourth place, a modern German classic, Herman Löns, the nature writer, a genius much akin to Burroughs, at home with bird, beast, and every green thing of his moorland home.

The list of favorite foreign authors, often numerically as popular as the home inferior product, is far more creditable. Dostoyevsky takes the first place, followed by Tolstoy, Strindberg, Romain Rolland, Zola, Knut Hamsun, Tagore, and Dumas. Dickens and Mark Twain were asked for only twice, and one bold proletariat apiece ventured upon Kipling and Wilde. The record is pretty good, when one considers the type of reader who frequents these people's libraries, which are not on the same level as the well equipped public libraries of the United States. All librarians reported also that the standard is slowly rising, and this largely thanks to the systematic work of these patient officials, who always attempt to persuade the doubtful reader to replace his intended worthless novel with a book on a similar theme by a better author. The worst rubbish which the lower class reader prefers to devour is of course not contained in these people's libraries at all. The sifting of the reading matter as to quality becomes more and more strict as the price of books continues to increase.

It is probable that the quality of the books read would have averaged lower had the replies come in from Berlin, Leipzig, Munich, Frankfurt, and some other big towns which failed to respond, for as a rule the small town — even among the readers of a people's lending library — shows a better level of taste and inclines less to cheap sensationalism.

Apropos of the price of books, the German Bookseller's Exchange in Leipzig has just given out new figures, which are expected to rise again before Christmas. Every publisher must calculate the peace price of the books he issues, and this organization decides how much per cent is to be added. At present this increase is 220 per cent, so that a two mark novel now costs 440 marks! The measure falls particularly hard upon the schoolbooks, and many schools are furiously buying large supplies in the hope of providing against worse times ahead. Scarcity and the rise of prices have the tragi-comical effect of preventing the issue of new school reading books, so that in republican Germany these readers are still full of tender studies of "An Afternoon with Our Dear Emperor in the Field", and patriotic

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"poems" which were the latest effulgence of patriotism five years ago. Fortunately there is enough classic literature in a German school reading book to smother these individual fooleries.

Splendid books for the people are those which are issued by an extraordinary organization entitled Der Volksverband der Bücherfreunde. This is a vast book club, numbering over a hundred thousand members, who receive the right to buy from twelve books a year upward at absurdly low prices — even in 1921 only twelve marks and eighty pfennigs per volume! In addition to these new books, all achieving a certain high standard of literature, the members have a right to buy the cheap but beautifully printed and tastefully bound editions of the classics which the Verband gives out. The club is of course its own publisher, under the name of the Wegweiser (Guidepost) Verlag. It will interest American readers to hear that one of the books issued this autumn was the German version of "Main Street". The Wegweiser books are not for public sale. They can be bought only by members of the Volksverband der Bücherfreunde. A list of recent titles gives an idea of the wide scope and high quality of the reading matter offered. "Religions of Humanity — Part II: Judaism and Christianity" by Theodor Kappstein; a volume of Epictetus; Poems by Gottfried Keller; one of Fritz Reuter's famous dialect novels; Andersen's Fairy Tales; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers"; a volume of Goethe and another of Schiller; Geierstamm's "Swedish Folk Lore", as well as other books of younger and less famous authors. The existence of this society is a veritable blessing to the book hungry German in the present state of prices — the enormous edition, guaranteed (for no member ever refuses the chance to buy a book), renders the cheap issues possible. Perhaps such an idea might be a success in the States. It has an estimable advantage over the lending library, in that the books read remain the reader's property.

The extraordinary diaries and other literary remains of Lily Braun's nineteen year old son, Otto Braun, killed in the war, which sold in Germany by the hundred thousand, are now to appear in an English edition. Kurt Wolff, the Leipzig publishing house, are issuing a collected edition of the works of Gustav Meyrink, Germany's greatest fantastic-mystic romancer. The first three volumes, "The Green Face", "Bats", and "Walpurgis Night", have already appeared.

Recovered from the strenuous ordeal of his sixtieth birthday celebrations, Gerhart Hauptmann is holding a series of lectures in Holland, in all the principal cities. A disturbing factor at the university celebrations was the fact that the reactionary students, annoyed by Hauptmann's liberal political standpoint, refused to take part in the ceremonies. Hauptmann has now received a message from the overwhelming majority of Berlin students, all who do not belong to this narrow clique, expressing their veneration for the master and their disgust at the slight put upon him by these young hotheads.

"Liliom", Franz Molnar's New York success, is now being played here. Critics are not very kind to its literary merits; in fact Molnar has altogether the reputation of being a playwright concerned rather with the momentary theatrical effect than with the deeper dramatic result. But the title part is in the hands of Germany's greatest comedian, the inimitable Max Pallen-

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berg. Pallenberg, like Coquelin and all great comedians, has a highly developed gift for the tragic, and is at his best in a part which combines the two rôles, or in which the humor is on the edge of tears. Pallenberg was recently playing the hero in the old London success "Grumpy", here rejoicing in the strange name of "Wau-Wau".

Two new books by women poets deserve special note. The first, "Ewiger Ruf" (The Eternal Call), is a volume of tender lyrics of home and child by Grete Gulbrannson, the wife of the celebrated caricaturist of the great satiric weekly, "Simplicissimus". Gulbrannson, who as a born Swede is able to view the German scene with an especially critical, satirical eye, has drawn delicate decorations for his wife's book. The Musarion Verlag of Munich are the publishers. The firm of Steegemann in Hanover are about to publish "Die Söhne", a lyrical drama in eight scenes by Frau Dési Stinnes, the wife of the coal king and trust magnate. Strangely enough, the work is strongly pacifistic. Frau Stinnes is reported to have had the book ready for publication for some time, but to have only just been allowed by her men folk to thrust this strange negation of the Stinnes policy upon the world. It is a tragic story of the conflict between the pacifist son who wishes to reform the world and his martial, war blinded brother. The war widow of one son, the bride of another, the old mother suffer their women's heartaches between the opposing worlds.

Karl Schönherr, the Austrian dramatist, has written a new drama entitled "Er, Sie, Es" (He, She, It). This play sets forth the problem as to whether a sick man has the right to demand the continuance of his marriage. Only two characters appear in this singular piece, "He" and "She".

Berlin has been in the throes of an actor's strike, caused by the frightful deflation in the purchasing power of the mark in the last few weeks. All the important actors have been giving cabaret performances and hastily rehearsed renderings of ancient and modern classics in beer halls and assembly rooms in order to raise strike funds.

Two other new books by women writers are attracting attention. One is a volume of thoughtful short stories, entitled "Wege ins Dunkel" (Pathways into the Dark), full of deep womanly feeling and understanding of feminine psychology, by Erna Grautoff. Frau Grautoff, the wife of the well known art critic, Dr. Otto Grautoff, was best known as the German translator of Romain Rolland, until her first book, "Uta Curetis", published last year, showed her capacity as a novelist. The second book is a novel by Toni Harten-Hoencke, wife of Professor Friedrich Schönemann, formerly assistant professor at Harvard. Her book, "Reifende Saaten" (Ripening Seeds), is a human story of love troubled and triumphant, the scene mainly laid in the author's native town of Kiel. The character of the rugged sea captain Lütt is particularly well done, and the author has used her knowledge of American life as a basis for some interesting discursions on national differences and misunderstandings. Erna Grautoff's book is published by the Deutsche Verlags Anstalt in Stuttgart, Toni Harten-Hoencke's by Johann Schwarck, Wilster in Holstein.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

DURING the next twelve months we shall be persuaded by various methods to purchase books. Marion Humble of the National Association of Book Publishers explained to us the other day just what the "Year Round Bookselling Plan" is expected to do. In this connection, we are glad to announce that any schools, libraries, or clubs who wish the attractive month to month posters of the Association may secure them by applying to us or direct to the Association. Personally, we are much pleased with Bill Johnston's ideas about how to sell books. Though he recently wrote a volume called "The Fun of Being a Fat Man", he has as good a business sense as he has a sense of humor. Says Mr. Johnston, the reason why most people don't buy books these days — most city people at any rate — is because apartments don't provide a place for them. It is as much as your life is worth to stow away a library of books in an apartment house. Therefore, the first step in any campaign for more books should be a bribing of architects and apartment house owners, so that they will be partial to built in bookcases, or hanging bookcases, or folding bookcases, or whatnot. There's more in this than meets the eye. Speaking, however, of the Year Round Bookselling Campaign, a part of it, for February, is to urge the sentimentally inclined to give books for valentines. Now that's a thought, isn't it? We thought so and immediately wrote a verse, or rather verses. Here they are!

My lady of the Valentines is lovelier by far
  Than mountains, hills, or little streams,
Than dawn or evening star.

Now should I send her candy, perfume, or violets,
  Why, those are just the silly things
That every lady gets!

I cannot cut my heart out to send her wrapped in gold,
  I cannot send her kisses,
For distance makes them cold.

So I shall send a story book, as long as it can be,
  And all the time she's reading it,
Perhaps she'll think of me.

The criticisms and reviews of criticisms from readers give us the best glimpse into the minds of our readers that you can imagine. It's delightful. For the first time, almost, we feel as though we were really getting to know you. Please keep on doing it. The prize review this month is by Paul Adams, of San Antonio, Texas, and is of Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt". We should like to publish the review of Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles" which ends, "Ben Hecht, the nounless, has no equal in history or in the contemporary world." However, we'd best not, since we cannot give it the prize. The prize book for next month will be Donald Ogden Stewart's "Perfect Behavior". Contributions for this contest may be sent in at any time. If they arrive after the fifteenth of any given month, they will be placed in the folder for the next month's contest.

Though extremely clever and amusing, "Babbitt" (reviewed in the October BOOKMAN) will enjoy only temporary fame. It is good burlesque, but it is not life, and a book of its kind that does not represent life as it is has no chance to endure.

Mr. Lewis has deceived many readers, and evidently most critics, by mixing up superficial truth with his own interpretations of the psychology of his characters.

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His picture of Babbitt's struggle with his safety razor is perfectly done, but Babbitt's ideas about business, society, and religion are really Mr. Lewis's opinions of what these ideas must be. His Babbitt is really an overgrown, rather dull, though very likable, boy of eighteen. Doubtless there are men quite like him, but certainly he does not represent the great average of successful business men. I speak with some authority because I am a realtor myself, a member of a luncheon club much like the Rotary Club, and a modest but ambitious student of the men and women I know.

One of the best features of the book, I think, is the satire on the correspondence schools; there is plenty of truth and hearty laughter here. The ending is the novel's weakest part; it is a bald compromise with popular taste, a makeshift device to satisfy that great element of the reading public which demands the traditional happy ending. If the book were wholly successful otherwise, this would ruin it.

Of course, "Babbitt" has been widely applauded because most people, especially critics, enjoy feeling superior to their fellows. There is plenty of ignorance and stupidity to laugh at in George F. Babbitt. Naturally he delights the egotist. The novel is a good entertainer, an excellent laugh-producer, but I will make a wager with anybody that in ten years it will be almost forgotten. It is not of the stuff that lives.

Stephen Vincent Benét

Of Wanamaker Book Week this year we saw little, for it was under the management of Wanamaker and not THE BOOKMAN. From all accounts, however, the programs were entertaining and successful. On Friday, which was Poetry Day, we attended. Here was Stephen Benét, looking as youthful as ever, and reading a ballad that was miles long, though excellent. We should like to warn all poets here and now, that no poem over two pages long should be read at a public meeting place. Audiences cannot follow them, unless they have a distinct dramatic quality, unless the story is plain and not too involved by various poetical mannerisms. Rose O'Neill is a striking figure, rather like one of her own drawings. She read some of her poetry, which has both a Celtic and a mystical quality, and told us a little concerning the famous Kewpies. Padraic Colum, just back from Ireland, was there too. He is his usual small elfin-like self. We wonder if his fine verses are actually appreciated to the extent of their real worth in America. Here, too, was Marguerite Wilkinson, Mrs. Waldo Richards with her anthologies, Arthur Guiterman and Clement Wood, John V. A. Weaver, and a lady and a gentleman who sang becomingly ditties from "Blossom Time". This, after all, was poetic enough — at least the young lady who, being exceedingly beautiful, was a fit subject for poetry.

Rose O'Neill

Now that Morris Gest has made a complete success of "The Chauve-Souris", he has decided to import the entire company of The Moscow Art Theatre. To the Al Jolson Theatre, therefore, oddly enough, they have come. Oliver M. Sayler has edited translations of the plays in their repertory. This will insure a partial comprehension, at any rate, of what they are playing. The four volumes on our desk at present are as follows: Gorky's "The Lower Depths", Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Three Sisters", Tolstoy's "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch". Mr. Sayler's introductions to the plays are clever; not only do they give the background but they so asso-

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ciate the plays with the company itself as to give the whole proceeding an intimate and personal quality. Take this, for example, which he writes concerning the première of "The Cherry Orchard":

> Chekhov was overwhelmed by this reception which, without his knowing it, was tinged with sadness by his friends' realization that it was probably a case of "Hail and Farewell!" He had never had very secure faith in the play, strange as it may seem, considering his acute critical sense where the work of others was concerned. During rehearsal he had said, half in jest, half in earnest, "Buy it for three thousand rubles!" "You wish to sell?" came the answer. "We guarantee ten thousand!"
>
> And so it is not remarkable to find him writing to a friend six days after the première: "At the first performance of 'The Cherry Orchard', they gave me an ovation, so lavish, warm, and really so unexpected, that I can't get over it even now."
>
> Nor is it remarkable that the Moscow Art Theatre holds "The Cherry Orchard" almost as holy ground. With this play it bade good-bye to a fellow-craftsman with whom its destiny was strangely intertwined. Its various rôles have been guarded jealously by the actors who first embodied them. And so today nearly two decades after, Stanislavsky still plays Gaieff; Mme. Knipper, the playwright's widow, Mme. Ranevskaya . . .

It is hard to write soberly for February when the spirit of Christmas is still in the air, when the weather is as mild as early spring, and a hurdy-gurdy is playing outside the window; when at an early hour this morning we were still discussing the complex problem of "why Booth Tarkington should have written a play like 'Rose Briar' ", and why THE BOOKMAN should have printed a review of "Gentle Julia" in which a character is mentioned which never appeared in the story at all at all! These are circumstances which tend to annoy us, which take the edge off our typewriter. However, we still have a memory of a recent trip to Vermont. Ah, we can hear you saying, another trip to Vermont! That's all right. There is no better panacea for the woes of town than a sight of a long line of the Green Mountains, blurred into the skyline with snow, or standing out against a pale violet evening sky. A friend of ours recently in Vermont for the first time wrote us as follows:

> I understand now your love of the Vermont hill country, and your feeling that one is nearer peace in the Green Mountain valleys than anywhere else in the world, and I shall defend my own desert lands and Rocky Mountains with less vigor. Grandeur in nature gives one a sense of great solitude and sudden inferiority. Your gentle Vermont in an almost mystic sense draws out the spirit and makes it a part of mountains, clouds, lakes and valleys.

We wish that you could have been with us — Frank Virginia (a name for a novelist, and instead of that he's a gymnast or a prizefighter, or something quite as physical) and ourself — at the top of the Bennington Battle Monument, looking down on a snow storm sweeping along in great flakes over the battlefield, over the place where the Catamount Tavern once stood, over houses and woods and hills. We visited at the Henry Putnam Memorial Hospital, and what an extraordinarily complete plant it is, set off there in the hills, far more beautiful and comfortable than most city hospitals, with Mary Baker as its capable superintendent. How well she knows the secrets of organization. Now that the hospital is running smoothly, she turns her thoughts to gardens and vegetable cellars. "Why", said we to Miss Baker, "can't we arrange a little plot to break a leg?" What a place to be sick in!

Christmas this year was a time of such high activity that we should think everyone would now be sound asleep in bed instead of going on with the usual humdrum life of daily bread. Each year Christmas cards become more

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original. Hereby we publicly thank all senders. Theatrical openings on Christmas eve and Christmas night were so numerous that only a centipede could have attended even a part of all of them. "Johannes Kreisler", the long hailed German importation, opened with leaps and jerks of scenery on the night before the Night Before Christmas. It was a festive meeting, with everyone who wasn't at the innumerable other openings present, and the critics cheerful if not entirely convinced. The forty-two scenes — count them, forty-two — passed with an abruptness that has probably long since been remedied. "Anyway", remarked George S. Kaufman, "you wouldn't call these stage hands a shiftless crew." The audience was a confusion of beautiful ladies with their heads bound in silver wrappings; not so beautiful gentlemen who were paying the eleven dollars a seat for them, and many of whom thought it was worth it; of Peggy Wood, beautiful and calm on the eve of her own new play, "The Clinging Vine"; of Heywood Broun, given in the mixup the same seat as Alexander Woollcott and protesting violently that he wasn't going to review plays any more if he had to sit in the same seat as Woollcott. On the other side of the footlights Ben-Ami moved through the chaos of the fantasy with dignity and beauty, able to survive any amount of scenery, collected when a whole house split apart. In the third act he even seemed to resuscitate the play — but then, we completely admire Ben-Ami. Christmas eve, with our mother, we saw Claudel's beautiful if somewhat difficult "The Tidings Brought to Mary", as produced for the first time by the Theatre Guild. With settings which depend almost entirely on exquisite lighting, and costumes that surpass anything Lee Simonson has done previously, there are times when sheer magnificence of picture carries you far beyond the poetic and not too dramatic quality of the play. It was a friendly audience, too. Marc Connelly and his mother. Pamela Bianco, whom we saw for the first time. She is a wide-eyed, jolly little girl who does not look as though she drew or painted a single picture, which is the way all talented children should look. Pamela's father, too, and her mother, Margery Williams, whose "Velveteen Rabbit" has made so many other children happy this Christmas. Violet Heming and Tallulah Bankhead, both so beautiful that it was hard to see any of the other women in the audience, even Fania Marinoff, in a box with her husband Carl Van Vechten and a high head dress. Christmas night we went to a party instead of to the theatre; but, since much of the theatre came to the party, the effect was the same. Alice Brady was hostess, and we remember many charming things about the evening. There was William A. Brady himself, still with his interest centring on the insects of "The World We Live In". There was Donald Brian, dancing with Ruth Hale, and Heywood Broun looking on from a corner where he was talking with Helen Gahagan, the newly arrived and thoroughly charming star of the new Molnar play, "Fashions for Men". There were the Nashes, Florence and Mary, and many, many more, until an early hour in the morning when Pat Kerrigan finished off the day or ushered in the dawn with his Irish ballads. Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Not?" opened that evening, also, and our mother tells us it's a fine play. Well, if she likes it we shall, and soon we'll see for ourselves. It's very hard, what with one fashion editor in Bermuda and another very much interested in a new orange ball gown

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trimmed with fur, to depend on the feminine element of gossip these days. Speaking of feminine elements, we pause to make our bow to Margaret Lawrence, who captivated and charmed us more than did her new play, "Secrets". This drama, which spans a period of over fifty years and carries the audience from a gun fight in a Wyoming shack to a placid English drawing room, proved interesting throughout but somehow failed to make us forget that we were just in the theatre after all. When the lady villain hissed, "You'll pay for this, John Carlton!" we repressed a wild desire to guffaw. Still, as our companion reminded us, we have never been an enraged lady villain and we have no notion at all of how we'd behave in such circumstances.

Some time ago a young Japanese wrote an essay for THE BOOKMAN. He was a quiet, modest youth, much interested in literature and poetry. His name was Shigeyoshi Obata. Now, he has published what seems to us one of the most attractive books of poetry we have seen this season. With its bright yellow cover, and its decorative Chinese characters, "The Works of Li Po, the Chinese Poet" is a volume of care and precision, and of much beauty. In the preface Mr. Obata praises the work of our poets who have already translated some of Li Po's verse; but with modesty points out certain of their errors. Here is a nice verse to a fellow poet, Meng Hao-Jan:

I like you, my friend, Meng,
Your love of beauty is something known
To everybody under heaven.
When young with red cheeks
You cast aside your carriage and cap;
Now that your head is white,
You lie among the pine trees and the clouds.
You get drunk with the moon
As often as with the transparent wine;
And to the honor of serving the emperor
You prefer the rapture of blossoms.
Your nobility looms up like a high mountain,
Too high for others to attain to;
But they may breathe the rare fragrance
That your soul imparts.

Shigeyoshi Obata

Obata was born in a little village near Osaka, Japan. He is an excellent example of the determination to succeed. As a young boy, he tells us, he was taught the Chinese classics by his father who was an educated country gentleman. After attending various colleges in Japan, he came to America and studied, first at the University of Wisconsin, then later at Chicago and Columbia. During this time he was earning his own way by various methods. He waited on table, tended furnaces, made gardens, washed windows, traveled from one end of the country to another, selling Japanese art objects. One of his plays, adapted from an old romantic tragedy of Chikamatsu, was given by the Pittsburg Dramatic League. For a time he edited a paper

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in Salt Lake City. On all these travels he kept with him a small copy of Li Po's poems, and it was in odd moments that he made his translations. An interesting, an ambitious, and a talented person is this young Shigeyoshi Obata. You will, we think, enjoy his book.

Grace Christie's dance recital at the National Theatre one Sunday evening was a memorable event for us. Never, anywhere on earth or in the sky, had we imagined that there could be such interpretative grace — for one can scarcely call it dancing. It is a pity that London and Paris will again claim this American girl. It is a pity that there seems to be no audience for her in the United States. Surely there was no evidence of apathy on this occasion. As the water lily, she is sublime. She *is* a water lily. Her interpretations of Negro folk songs were subtle, wistful and moving. Her mask dances were excellent. In her mood of comedy, she is not so good as Margaret Severn (who, by the way, is much younger); but her grotesquerie, as in an eagle mask, is unique. At the same performance someone played the piano, and a lady was graceful at the harp; but after all it was Miss Christie whom one remembers.

Dorothy Scarborough, whose short story courses at Columbia University are so popular, and whose essays "From a Southern Porch" were widely read a few seasons ago, is soon to publish her first novel. It is, of course, southern; for above all things else Miss Scarborough is that. Being southern, it will be called something like "Down Among the Cottonfields" or "In Fields of Cotton" or "In the Cottonfields". At any rate, it is sure to be redolent of cotton, and to be filled with quaint humor and incident. At Miss Scarborough's the other day we met for the first time Constance Lindsay Skinner, whose Indian poems we have always admired. "They're fakes, really," she assured us. "I've always attempted simply to transcribe the spirit of the Indian rather than any actual translation." However, Miss Skinner, working as she does constantly in researches on American history, is probably far more authentic than many another who claims to be so. Marguerite Wilkinson, too, was there, having been busy all day correcting proofs of her new book of verse. She has given up writing book reviews, she tells us, and has decided to give all of her time to the production of original work. "There is so little time to write the things one plans", she told us, "that it is inevitable that an author sooner or later will become jealous of the time and effort spent on writing of other people's books." Quite right, Mrs. Wilkinson; but we wager that sooner or later you, too, will succumb to the great temptation of saying your say about some volume you greatly admire. This resolve has not prevented her from completing a book on poetry, designed especially for use in high schools. We have always appreciated the Texan atmosphere of Miss Scarborough's evenings. Folk songs and cowboy songs creep into the conversation. Our best friend lives in Texas. We have always hoped to go there. A Texan has a breeziness and a swift approach to the point of whatever he has in hand that is as unusual as it is refreshing. Hurrah for Texas, say we, and for the success of Miss Scarborough's first novel!

No. 6 of a series of Psychological Monographs edited by various academic gentlemen, and bearing among

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other cover statements, the following: "Psychological Studies from the Catholic University of America", is by Thomas Verner Moore and is called "Percy Bysshe Shelley, An Introduction to the Study of Character". All we can say is that we hope no one ever studies our character that way. However, it makes pretty good reading and bears out the feeling we have had for many months that most authors are psychopathic cases. We shall never forget the kind dean of a western university who, in the eager pursuit of information on his pet theory, asked our mother, "Was he a liar when he was young?" It was tactful of him not to make it, "Was he a liar when he was young, too?" What a difference one word can make! This is the sort of thing they do to Mr. Shelley, if you're interested:

SHELLEY'S FATHER COMPLEX

The cardinal complex in Shelley's life thus became the tyranny of an irreconcilable father. Shelley gives expression to this complex and revenges himself upon his father in "The Cenci". He himself appears in this tragedy as Giacomo who is endeavoring, as Shelley did in reality, to seek a law by which he could force his father to settle something upon him. Giacomo the first born son, as Shelley himself was, complains (Act II, Scene ii, lines 10-13) that

> The eldest son of a rich nobleman
> Is heir to all his incapacities;
> He has wide wants, and narrow powers. . . .

This is only a picture of Shelley himself at war with his father and relentlessly cut off without a proper allowance.

When in a dream one pictures a person against whom the dreamer has a grudge it is much overdrawn, and base emotions and criminal acts are often imputed which have no basis in reality and the dreamer knows that they have not. And so in Shelley's tragedy the old Count Franceso Cenci appears as a monster of cruelty who celebrates the death of his sons with a banquet, imprisons his daughter and finally rapes her.

But Shelley is not content with these dream accusations against his father. He kills him; making his own daughter rise up against him and plot his murder.

When John Cournos wrote his bit for the English "Who's Who", under the heading "Recreations" — which is considered far more important in England than in the United States (and quite properly, we believe) — he wrote, "Reading the Greeks and Elizabethans, watching the folly and wonder of life, visiting music halls and films, and playing with pebbles on the beach." Cournos is the author of three novels, "The Wall", "The Mask", and, recently, "Babel". All of these were ambitious attempts, attempts at artistry, and if none of them was completely successful, they show great power of expression and beauty of conception. Cournos was born in Russia. He came to America when he was ten. He lived in Philadelphia, where he had little schooling but taught himself by extensive reading. Slight, sensitive, almost vibrant, he gives one the impression now of being alive to the slightest current of thought or of action. After a career as a journalist he moved to England, where all of his books have been written. Only recently he returned to America. When he came to see us the other day he seemed to think that he would be obliged to return to England again. "It is more peaceful," he explained. "One can live in a little coast village and do a great deal of writing." Now this is a curious thing. Why not retire to a little Vermont village, or a Maine village, where one can also live cheaply and do a deal of writing?

John Cournos

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However, that is Mr. Cournos's business. We long ago picked him to write our favorite novel; but we suppose that he never will. We want someone of his type, a sensitive immigrant with the old-world eye for color and the new-world outlook, to write a story of New York City in all its complexity. It should be a three or a four volume novel. It should be the "Les Miserables" of New York. The hero should seek adventure, now in the Italian quarter, now in the Spanish, now in the Park Avenue district, now in the underworld haunts of the lower East Side. We think that no Anglo-Saxon could quite do this thing. We think that Mr. Cournos is the man. But perhaps he does not really love New York as we do.

This is the first Gossip Shop note ever written on a Pullman in an upper berth. The Christmas holidays took us to the motion pictures, took us in fact to see Laurette Taylor — and we mustn't forget fat, adorable Michael. Rumors of the screen version of "Peg o' My Heart" had reached our ears — rumors of Miss Taylor's astonishing youth. We have marveled at the child-like Marguerite Clark and her clever interpretation of Mrs. Rinehart's rebellious "Bab". We were even astonished by Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna". We will never be surprised again. (This is a very special Pullman, by the way. The lights go out every half mile.) The adorable Peg whose eyes are the largest and shiningest in the world convulsed the many small boys sitting back of us who doubtless could appreciate her love for the shaggy Airedale and her mischievous inhibitions. And speaking of youth, you would have enjoyed J. F.'s Christmas tree play, "The House Gnomes", as presented by the children of the Henry Meinhard Memorial Neighborhood House. Miss Gosselin, the head worker, invited us to the première, and though the play was given five or six times by various schools and family groups, this performance was really the first and the only one Your Gossip could attend. No properties, no boys — though there were enough of them in the audience, especially in our lap. (A unique trip, this, with darkness again approaching.) Dashing into Frank Shay's bookshop the other day we must have been a sorry sight. We were lost in the Village. We've been lost in Brooklyn, but that is scarcely surprising. Mr. Shay, looking for all the world like a Buddha, addressed us in kindly tones and directed us to our destination, the Hudson Park library. Annie Carroll Moore had invited us down to the Christmas party to hear Ruth Sawyer Durand tell a story written by her a long time ago and told to the children of Greenwich Village just twelve years ago. Those children, of course, are grown ups now, but the audience of dolls, given to the Library many years ago, also, and taken out on special occasions, listened respectfully. Mrs. Durand is a motherly lady, with two children of her own we learned. She was very pleased with the speech of one young Italian who, marching up to her with beaming eyes, said: "You done great!" "The Night Before Christmas", led by several of the librarians, was followed rather feebly. These little children happen to know the Adeste Fideles, in Latin, much better than our own American jingle about St. Nick. Miss Moore told enchanting tales of England. Later, at tea, such talk of fairies! We were amazed — but of course there *are* fairies and it is perfectly sensible to discuss them, isn't it?

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The first night of "Our Nell", that burlesque on small town mellowdrama, was distinctly flavored with a Players' Club atmosphere. We found it rare and amusing, two elements which few musical comedies boast, and Brian Hooker's lyrics as usual were of a high quality. We have always thought that Mr. Hooker should do a piece entitled "From Grand to Comic Opera", or something of the sort. Not only has he done innumerable lyrics for light opera during the past few years but he was the author of two grand opera librettos for music by the late Horatio Parker. We take the liberty of quoting a special lyric from the song hit of the piece. We ask your indulgence because this play was written by A. E. Thomas and Mr. Hooker in what might be termed the high-brow-on-a-lark spirit.

John V. A. Weaver

When you're walking home with Angeline,
With your conscience on a slight incline,
And there's something in her eyes, the way they dwell on you,
So you know that she will never never tell on you —
And a thrill goes up and down your spine
Like they'd painted it with iodine —
You can take it for a sign you're full of vitamine,
When you're walking home with Angeline.

However, of all the musical comedies we have seen in the past two years, we like best "The Clinging Vine", in which John V. A. Weaver's fiancée, Peggy Wood, is starring. We saw it at a special performance on Christmas afternoon, when filled with too much turkey. It would have taken an excellent piece to wake us from lethargy; and this one did. Why, even solemn Cosmo Hamilton who sat near us was caught applauding and F. P. A., too, when Miss Wood sang the song which is likely to be the most popular of the year. We'll leave you to guess which. This sort of thing really ought to be done oftener; but as Zelda Sears, who wrote the book, said in a curtain speech, there are not many actresses who can sing. Miss Wood is deft, beautiful, and her voice is better than ever before. We went home, feeling decidedly in the Christmas spirit, to find a bundle from John Weaver, himself, whom we had been envying all afternoon. It was an inscribed copy of his new volume of poems in American, "Finders", and for once we can say that we think he has improved on an original performance. Naturally, there is not the surprise element that greeted his "In American"; but his ability to portray sentiment has deepened. Weaver is now working, together with every other young man in town, on a play; but his play, we hear, will also be in the vernacular.

We cannot but wish that every town of any size in the country would hold a book fair. Please do, towns, and send us an account of it when you do, and of whether or not anyone bought a book. Shameless propaganda for reading is our cry, and what could be more natural? Mary Roberts Clark, from that home of writing folk, Carmel-by-the-Sea, sends us an account of an affair which, though held some time ago, yet has such original features that we want you to know about it.

This year, California has added another fête to her calendar. On May 17 and 18, the San Jose branch of the League of American Pen Women — although it had been organized scarcely two months — blossomed out with a Book Fair that astonished the community, the adjacent cities, and itself. Books, guests, and celebrities flocked in from every direction. Although over three hundred and fifty people attended the authors' luncheon which opened the event,

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a great many more were turned away. Out of town guests, arriving a full day in advance, found that they were too late for reservations. They had to content themselves with the toast encores which the indulgent authors gave to the overflow crowd gathered in the lanai of the Vendome Hotel where the exhibits were arranged.

Among the prominent writers who spoke were: Dr. David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Stanford University, best known for his scientific publications; Charles Norris, author of "Salt" and "Brass", Kathleen Norris, of whose many books perhaps the most widely read is "Mother"; Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry, among other things joint authors of "The Million Dollar Suitcase"; Gerald Beaumont whose sporting fiction is justly popular; Esther Birdsall Darling, author of "Baldy of Nome"; and the novelist Ruth Comfort Mitchell whose poem, "The Night Court", has been so widely copied. James Swinnerton, cartoonist of the Hearst publications and an artist of repute, was another delightful speaker. A violin number, several toasts from league members, and the beautiful singing of Mme. D'Arcy completed an unusual program.

In the lanai were books, books, books; maps, charts, missals, manuscripts, thin pamphlets, and bulky tomes; autographed letters, photographs, sentiments, and first editions. Here was a volume given by Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV, to Augustus Fitzclarence; there was a copy of "The Anatomy of Melancholy", 1632; and yonder lay Sidney's "Arcadia" once owned by the Brownings.

Three of the most prominent bookmen of San Francisco sent down priceless exhibits under glass. Old San Juan Bautista Mission loaned its hand made choral scores over two hundred years old. Santa Clara Mission sent her ancient illuminated manuscripts which had never been out of the institution before. The College of the Pacific had a rare exhibit. The state, county, and city libraries were represented by carefully chosen groups.

Within hand's reach of each other, the ultra modern "Brass" and "Lucretia Lombard" peered from their table into the glass case where a Cooper manuscript, a segment of gorgeous seventeenth century genealogy, the smallest Bible in the world, an album full of letters from many famous people to "Nick Carter", signed portraits of Harte, Miller, and Twain, with much other heterogeneous matter, enjoyed a peaceful fellowship. Very ancient manuals on costumes and arms with elaborate hand colored plates hobnobbed on the same table with the last puff of "Chimney Smoke". A Swedish Bible, over three hundred years old, looked indulgently at the thin, new, exquisite little "Angel of the Sun" by Edith Daley. Time tinted books from the Press of Antwerp and Venetian volumes from the Aldine Press of the fifteenth century, after their long, long journeying, seemed to find "The Million Dollar Suitcase" a comforting companion. Even the clay tablets from Babylon, said to have been inscribed 3000 B. C., were not exclusive. Although they may have belonged to the "first families" of literature, they made room for the last arrival which chanced to be the book plates and autographs of Geraldine Farrar, originally intended to adorn her autobiography *not yet* off the press. Centuries lay between many exhibits which were a world apart in theme and style and purpose. But all of them held the irresistible lure of — books; old or new, quaint or curious, profound or entertaining, lasting or ephemeral.

Among the countless autographed items, one caught hurried glimpses of old names and titles that stirred the emotions and the imagination. Practically all of our great writers of a generation ago were represented. On one big table were loaded the signed donations of scores of the very best writers of today which were auctioned on the last night of the fair.

Authors, exhibitors, leaguers, out of town guests, and "fellow citizens" had such a happy informal time at the Book Fair that it gives promise of being a yearly institution in "The Valley of Heart's Delight".

Looking over H. M. Bateman's new book of cartoons, "More Drawings", we became fascinated by a drawing labeled "An Irate Parent". Not that we are fascinated by irate parents as a usual thing; but this parent was so very expressive, and somehow he made us think of our poetic parents. Our poetic parents are rather angry at the wild younger generation; but not for the reasons that you think! Radical in most things, the strange young things are violently conservative in poetry. They are quite upsetting the free verse road that our poetic parents laid out for us. The younger poets who are now making their reputations write, for the most part, in rhyme and usual rhythms. What must be done about it? Is free verse to

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vanish? Personally, we think not. Our one answer to those who question us about free verse is another question,

FROM "MORE DRAWINGS" BY H. M. BATEMAN

"An Irate Parent"

"Have you ever read the Psalms?" At any rate, it will do the elder poets very little good to storm and to wring their hands; for what youth wishes to write it will write. We wonder, however, if the public at large doesn't still think that it's the youngsters who write free verse. Let our readers be disillusioned, if this be true.

The second P. E. N. dinner of the season gave us no end of enjoyment, chiefly because of a discussion of acting which took place between Amy Lowell and Alice Brady, a discussion that it would take a far more practised hand than ours to report accurately. Glenn Frank, the editor of "The Century", who sat across from us, recently made a statement that has worried us. Most editors, he thinks, underestimate the intelligence of their audience, and overestimate its store of information. He goes on to say that articles should be written so that the public can understand them without recourse to other sources of information. Now we should be the last one in the world to defend the determinedly obscure. We have a particular weakness which makes it impossible for us to understand much that is published in "The Dial", particularly T. S. Eliot's poem "The Waste-land" (and this is considered by the very intelligent to be a distinct weakness on our part). But on the other hand, Mr. Frank's theory, carried to its logical conclusion, to which he doubtless would never carry it, seems to us to prohibit a certain amount of freedom in artistry. It would soon iron out much charm and substitute journalism for literature, a thing which is too often done in America already. Certainly a few editors must still be looking for the essay that is more intelligent than informative. Perhaps a copious use of footnotes would aid Mr. Frank. Surely a copious use of footnotes would aid "The Dial" (which, by the way, we admire much if only for the fact that it prints an occasional piece of higher literary quality than any other magazine in America). However, enough of that! We think that the P. E. N. is the most interesting organization to which we belong, for here editors, authors, playwrights, and whatnot meet in a fairly small group. Two members of the English centre were there, Mrs. Marion Ryan, an American author who lived some years in London, and Winifred James, an Australian who has lived most of her life in England and published many books there. If there were not some good quarreling at these dinners, they would be failures,

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in our opinion. Kate Douglas Wiggin is the most perfect master of the art of tactfulness, however, and with Alexander Black succeeds in keeping very nearly everyone happy. Some day we are going to give a dinner of our own, to which all BOOKMAN subscribers will be invited, and all our authors. Would that be entertaining?

From the Metropolitan Opera House come these whisperings:

Orville Harrold, famous for a number of years as the brilliant young American tenor, is achieving a new fame — as the father of a brilliant young musical comedy star. His daughter Patti has just made her début as a light opera soprano in "Glory". She is twenty, charming, and the possessor of a very pretty voice. Musical comedy, by the way, is quite a topic around the opera house. As you would expect, Morgan Kingston, the tenor who began life as a coal miner, has had to listen to his fellow singers at the opera make a lot of remarks about the coal shortage. Clarence Whitehill thanks his stars that he has often had to sing the Toreador in "Carmen". Last summer he was presented at the British Court, and raised his bass voice for the ears of the King and Queen. Like Ambassador Harvey, who was with him, he had to wear knee breeches. He wasn't embarrassed. The breeches were not so bright as the Toreador's, but felt a good deal the same. The baritone Danise knows eight languages. He is busily learning another — English.

The activity of the Canadian Authors' Association under the presidency of Jessie Georgina Sime has been noticeable even at this distance. It is announced now that this Association will have a bulletin of its own similar to our own Authors' League Bulletin. In this activity, doubtless John Murray Gibbon, author of the new "Pagan Love" and publicity agent for the Canadian Pacific, was doubtless instrumental; but now that we have met Miss Sime, who came recently to New York to lecture, we are convinced that it was her force, eagerness, and initiative that did much for a really growing interest, here and in Canada, in both the English and the French writers of that neighboring country. Miss Sime has published many short stories, and her "Our Little World", a novel, appeared here not long ago. Fannie Hurst and Miss Sime form an interesting contrast. Miss Sime, tall, vivid, slim, interested in American reactions, finding us first of all "kindly, and the men gallant". Miss Hurst, just as vivid, actively interested at the moment in rehearsals of "Humoresque", the play for Laurette Taylor, an American if there ever was one, with an unfailing intuition for capturing the spirit of immigrant New York. Here, too, was Mrs. Hamlin Garland, as gracious as ever, returned from a visit to England where she and Mr. Garland had not been for years, very happy to be back again but having enjoyed what she termed a homelike time in and about London. We too are going to London soon, and how good it will be to see it in other than war garb. Our first introduction to that great and ponderous capital was an air raid, which we enjoyed sitting in the dining room of the Hotel Savoy, drinking our coffee, and trying our best to be humble in the presence of our commanding officer. This time, we hope our visit will be less military and more literary. Perhaps, after recent violent discussions concerning English and American authors, there will be an equal chance for diplomacy.

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